

# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

NO. 27.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving  
Poly and Gearin, Ship Water and Gas Fitting  
Tanneries and Curving Shops fitted up at short  
notice. **97, 99, and 101 Main Street,**  
**WOBURN, MASS.**  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed January 1st, 1877.

**HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,**  
(Successor to Porter & Young.)

**MACHINIST**  
Steam and Gas Fitter.  
2 MANUFACTURER OF

**STEAM ENGINES,**  
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving  
Poly and Gearin, Ship Water and Gas Fitting  
Tanneries and Curving Shops fitted up at short  
notice.

**SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN**

## Business Cards.

**THE**  
**CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
**WOBURN,**

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for  
Sleighing and Dancing parties. With one of the best  
dancing halls in the Country, and all the facilities for  
caring for parties, the Central House will be found to  
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

**LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.**  
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
specialty.

**A. BUCKMAN.**

Dealer in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack & Boarding

**STABLE,**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

**G. F. JONES,** Proprietor

**TIMOTHY ANDREWS.**

**BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.**  
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,  
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

**E. C. COLOMB,**

**TAILOR,**  
Church Street, - - Winchester.

Having and maintaining a residence as a Private  
Table in one of the best catering establishments  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of  
Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,**

29 Washington St., Boston.  
(Opposite School St.)

Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the  
best manner. \$1.00, \$2.00, and \$2.50  
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, 50c per dozen. First  
x 10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools  
and other institutions \$1.00. Copying of all kinds  
at lowest rates by

**H. S. DUNSHIE,** - Artist.

**HARDWARE.**

**Farming Tools & Seeds,**  
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES.

**Stoves and Kitchen Ware.**

**L. THOMPSON,** NO. 213 MAIN STREET.

**W. N. GRAY,**

**Practical Roofer,**  
STONEHAM, MASS.

Slates, Tin and Gravel Roofing furnished and ap-  
plied. Special attention given to repairing Roof's  
all kinds.

**STEPHEN H. CUTTER,**  
TOWN BILL POSTER

AND DISTRIBUTOR.

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,  
and will be attended to. **Has** control of all Bills  
Boards in town. **Orders** by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

**R. C. HAYWARD,**

Dealer in  
**GROCERIES.**

**FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,**

12 At the Lowest Prices.

**103 Main Street, - - Woburn.**

**MOSES BANCROFT,**

139<sup>1</sup> Main Street, Woburn.

(SOLES' BLOCK.)

**SELLING MACHINES**

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Instalments.

Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
for new ones.

13

**Auctioneers.**

**WILLIAM WINN,**

**AUCTIONEER,**

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL of  
the day, Woburn, promptly attended to.

14

**E. PRIOR,**

**AUCTIONEER,**

Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
Street, Woburn, will be given prompt attention.

15

## SYRUP OF LIMES.

We have added to our Soda Syrups the above, which is highly appreciated by many.

WE ALSO DRAW

VANILLA CHOCOLATE,  
MALTESE ORANGE,  
CHOCOLATE,  
GINGER,  
VANILLA,

PINEAPPLE,  
STRAWBERRY,  
COFFEE,  
LEMON.

Soda 10 Cents per Glass, - - - - -  
Alderney Cream 5 Cents per Glass, - - - - -

20 Tickets for \$1.00.  
25 Tickets for \$1.00.

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist.

Opposite the Common.

16 WOBURN.

## Florist.

S. W. Trembley & Sons,  
FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
ANTIQUES POTTERY,  
161 Tremont street,  
BOSTON 17 MASS.

## Professional Cards.

J. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,  
Opp. the New Public Library Building.  
Office Hours -2 and 7 P. M.  
18 WOBURN, MASS.

Also, a complete assortment of

DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES,

Consisting of

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS,  
PERFUMERIES,  
HAIR OILS, POWDERS,  
PUFFS, FEEDING BOTTLES,

And many articles too numerous to mention, re-  
spectfully solicits the patronage of the general public.

31

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

Office 1 At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.  
Hours 1 At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

21

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

22

## COAL!

Look a specialty of supplying parties who team  
trucks to Woburn, and purchase low, for  
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.

The Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.

The 201

"Stirling Shamokin,"

"GIRARD,"

and "Lykens Valley,"

coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.

I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all

the first class coals in the market. Orders by  
mail promptly filled.

GEORGE S. DELANO,

MEDFORD CENTRE, 23 MASS.

Photographed by

WILL YOU HAVE THE M. BRACE?

Only perfect device ever known

For supporting pantaloons.

No Rubber. No Springs.

Liked by everybody.

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.25

Orders by mail should be

accompanied by a measure

from right front button over right shoulder to left back button.

FOR SALE BY

A. GRANT,

Where all the leading novelties in Gentleman's wear  
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing  
to have at hand when you want them. Business  
Suits to fit every man. Grant's is the place  
where you get suited every time.

32

A. GRANT,

Merchant Tailor

169 Main Street, Woburn.

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

R. PICKERING & CO.,

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts.,  
24 WOBURN,

Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

25 A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 Sibley Block, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and 35 School Street

CHARLES K. CONN,

Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent

— AND —

CONSTABLE,

168 Main St., 26 Woburn.

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HARMONY,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Has removed to

100 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

26 Particular attention paid to Surgery.

27

MEN'S CALF SHOES,

\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.

LADIES' NEWPORTS,

\$2.50 to \$3.00.

All work warranted.

28 Repairing neatly done.

JOSEPH LEATHÉ, 241 Main St., Woburn.

ICE CREAM.

Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug  
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's, will be

FILLED THE SAME DAY.

S. H. PATTEN,

MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM,

PAWtucket, R. I.

PAWtucket, R. I.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 50 cents a line; advertisements, 10 cents a line. Other notices, 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

### INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
Wanted,	3	2	9
Geo. H. Conn,	3	3	1
For or To Let,	3	2	10
W. W. Hill,	3	2	1
H. F. Smith,	3	4	1
W. D. Bartlett,	3	2	11

### THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The 4th was celebrated in a quiet manner in Woburn. The flag on the Common, salutes fired from Rag Rock, and bell ringing, comprised the municipal observances. The citizens chose their own private ways of celebrating, and it is hoped every one enjoyed the day. A horrible demonstration by three men in a wagon drawn by one horse, created a slight diversion early in the day. During the night a mob visited C. W. Oxford and insulted him, and disturbed the neighborhood. We understand that two policemen were detailed for his protection, but if they are specimens of the efficiency of the force, ours is not the best in the world.

During the forenoon a boat race came off on Horn Pond, witnessed by a small number of people. A prize of \$8 had been made up and Edward Payson Holway, Parker L. Richardson, and Frank Hunt were expected to contend. Hunt selected a shell lighter than either of the others, and as the three could not agree as to the weight, Hunt was allowed to pull but not to go for the purse. The three got away in good shape, Richard son inshore, and Hunt in the middle. At the stake boat the judges report Hunt as fouling Holway. Hunt led home, with Holway and Richardson in the order named.

### SHELL RACE, JULY 4, 13 MILES.

Frank Hunt, 10 min. 40 sec.

Geo. H. Holway, 11 min. 29 sec.

Holway was awarded \$5, and Richardson \$3. It is claimed by some that Holway can beat Hunt on equal terms to boats.

Thursday night Walter Kelley, with others, fired a cannon on the sidewalk near Dr. Hutchings' house, and broke two large lights of glass in the front windows of the Doctor's office.

Walter, son of E. W. Champney, had both eyes burned, one of them badly, by a fire cracker.

A son of Thomas J. Harney, of Central Square, caught his clothes on fire with fire crackers, but the timely assistance of Mr. Loren Seale, who was passing at the time, probably saved the boy's life.

A big bonfire on Mt. Pleasant, Thursday night, lighted up well.

Friday evening was pretty generally devoted to private fireworks, and some good displays were made. A big bonfire on Prospect street attracted considerable attention.

A boy named Miles, living on Green street, had one of his hands injured by the explosion of a toy pistol.

During the forenoon, some one threw a cracker into a window in the rear of Lyceum Hall, and a lively blaze occurred in the part occupied by J. P. Fernald, requiring several buckets of water to extinguish it.

Patrick B. Foley was found in the entrance to Lyceum Hall, in the morning with his nose broken. He was taken to his home on North Warren Street.

A neighborhood picnic was held in Central Square on the 4th, in Jonathan Thompson's grove.

St. Joseph and St. Mary Catholic Societies had a picnic on the 4th in Rock Pond Grove, on the south slope of Mt. Pleasant.

The National Band picnicked at Hiawatha Grove on the 4th.

St. Charles Catholic Sunday School held a picnic on Hudson's grounds, Horn Pond, on the 4th, and it was supposed to be a dance in St. John Institute in the evening.

**AMEND IT.**—We understand that Judge Colburn, who is looking over the Woburn By-Laws, does not approve of Section 3 of Article IV, which is as follows:—

Any person who shall kindle any bonfire or other fire on the highways or common lands, or on any other lands, without leave of the Selectmen or Chief Engineers of the Fire Department, shall forfeit and pay a fine not exceeding \$10 for every such offence.

He says that under this By-Law a man could be prevented from building a fire in a stove in a house. This may be so, and the Judge out to know about it. We think the difficulty might be removed by inserting the words "in the open air," between the words "lands" and "without," so that it would read—

Any person who shall kindle any bonfire, or other fire, on the highways or common lands, or on any other lands, in the open air, without leave, &c.

Under the old By-Law, several convictions have been had, and the practice of building fire without permission has nearly ceased. This By-Law is a very useful one, and ought to be retained in some shape.

**Capt. Edmonds**, chairman of the Board of Aldermen of Newton, has gone wrong, uttering forged papers to a very large amount, and is now in jail unable to obtain \$100,000 bail. By the way, whatever was done with Tappan, who embezzled such fabulous amounts from the Rubber Belting Company? And where is Demond, who stole so much money from the Home Missionary Society?

**MUSICAL.**—Miss Alice C. Dyer, who has been pursuing her musical studies in Europe the past three years, was in town on Wednesday. She is a very accomplished singer, and the wish has been frequently expressed that she might be heard in public before her departure for California where her parents reside.

**RUNAWAY.**—Granmer & White's horse ran away on Winn street last Tuesday, and broke the shafts of the wagon. The horse was slightly cut.

**CAFE.**—Hammond's Cafe was re-opened on Saturday.

**SCHOOL COMMITTEE.**—At the regular meeting of the School Committee, all present but Mr. Converse, the following teachers were appointed:—High School, James L. Hanson, Vanie B. Robinson, Sarah J. Kelley, Cummings Grammar, E. H. Davis, Lillian A. Hayward, Fannie C. Wheeler, Mina J. Wendell, Hannah R. Hudson, Sarah F. Stevens, Susan A. Russell, Emma F. Hovey, Elizabeth H. Boyd, Central Grammar, Eliza A. Hayward, Harriet Thompson, Rumford Grammar, Andrew R. Linscott, Mary E. Briggs, Johnson Grammar, Henry B. Wood, Mary E. Hevey, Plympton street Grammar, Frank B. French, Emily W. Eaton, Amanda Sevrens, Union Street Grammar, Jennie E. Skinner, East Woburn Grammar, Ina V. Austin, Cedar Street Mixed, Elizabeth A. Richardson, Cambridge Street Mixed, Julia H. Lincoln, Lawrence Primary, Elizabeth P. Ingalls, Josephine A. Randall, Lucretia K. Tidd, in to the Assessors:—

WOBURN, July 4, 1879.  
*To the Assessors of Woburn.*

**GENTLEMEN:**—Being reminded, upon this anniversary of the Declaration of Independence made by our forefathers, that a partial right to exercise the privilege of voting has been accorded to the women of Massachusetts, we, the several citizens of this town, in accordance with the Statutes of 1879, chapter 223, section 2, request you to assess us for a poll tax, and to return our names to the Town Clerk in the list of persons assessed, so that we may be registered as voters, and have the right to vote for members of the School Committee of this Town.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. Betsey A. Stearns, Mrs. Lucy E. B. Converse, Mrs. Anna M. Kehan, Mrs. Mary S. Stanley, Mrs. Martha C. Higgins, Mrs. Adaline Place, Mrs. Emma M. Hutchings, Mrs. Hattie L. Doyle, Mrs. Margaret T. Pierce, Mrs. Susan Taylor Converse, Mrs. Lucretia T. True, Mrs. Henrietta Lund, Mrs. Helen Blanchard, Mrs. Agnes F. Champney, Mrs. Martha J. Putnam, Mrs. Susan C. Pindar, Mrs. Nancy M. Thompsons, Mrs. Miss Hattie A. Blaisdell, Mrs. Caroline R. B. H. Mrs. Elizabeth P. L. P. Mrs. Anna E. Frost, Mrs. Abby Young, Mrs. Abbie A. Pierce, Mrs. Maria L. Creagin, Miss Mary A. Frost, Miss Bertha Frost, Mrs. Amelia J. Parker, Mrs. Ellen L. Eastman, Miss Clara E. Stearns, Mrs. Sarah L. Simonds, Mrs. Anne B. Tidd, Mrs. Mary W. Eaton, Mrs. Susan B. Tidd, Miss Susan J. Buxton, Miss Angelina Buxton.

DWELLING-HOUSE BURNED.—About 12 o'clock Friday night an alarm was sounded in such a way as to send the firemen all over town. Blowing for the Center and then Five, Hose No. 1 went up Green street, and finding no fire came back and started for Button End. Hose 5 came up town and then up Salem street, a bright light appearing in that direction. Finally a light appeared in Central Square, and after considerable delay the department reached the scene, a double dwelling-house on Page Court. Hose 6 was early on the ground, but attaching to a Main street hydrant did not have hose enough to reach the fire. The house belonged to J. Horace Dean, who is absent with the Phalanx, his wife also being out of town on a visit. One-half of the house is unfinished and unoccupied. The fire was the work of an incendiary, as those who were early at the fire say it was set under the stairs, which could be reached from the unoccupied part. The furniture was got out in a damaged condition. The fire ran up to the top of the building, and was confined there, burning off the French roof and upper rooms. It was insured for \$1,300, which will cover the loss.

His STATEMENT.—Mr. Prescott, who was referred to last week as having made unauthorized collections for the National Band, says that he was one of the directors of the Band, and one of our prominent citizens met him in a saloon and suggested the idea of the concerts. Mr. Prescott thought it would be a good idea, and he would give the Band a surprise. So he got another gentleman to draw up his paper, and very readily got a long list of signers, and reluctantly received six dollars from subscribers who insisted on paying when they subscribed. It was his original intention to surprise the Band with the paper at their meeting on Tuesday evening, but being out of town he could not carry out his plan. In regard to the instrument taken from his boarding house, Mr. Prescott claims it as his property. He at one time had an instrument belonging to the Band, but lost it, and he claims is not responsible for the loss. He then bought another instrument, which is the one in question, and which he insists that the Band has claimed upon.

BURGLAR CAUGHT.—Friday afternoon Mr. J. P. Fernald was in his store, airing some of his goods, the store having been smoked by the fire. Going out for a short time he returned and found Christopher Smith in the store, and immediately gave him in charge of Officer Walsh, who happened to be passing the door, and the young man was locked up. Entrance was made through a rear window. Smith was locked up last year on suspicion of entering the fish market, but was discharged for lack of evidence. Being caught in the act this time, he pleads guilty when arraigned before Judge Converse this morning, and was held in \$500 for appearance before the Superior Court.

THE FIFTH GOES TO NEW HAVEN.—Thursday evening the Phalanx took the 9:15 train for New Haven. Capt. Ellard had 39 men and 3 officers. They were accompanied by Col. W. T. Grammer, Capt. John P. Crane, Capt. Luke R. Tidd, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Lieut. M. S. Seely, Thomas H. Hill, Esq., and Dr. George P. Bartlett. Sergeant J. McFerrin, the overcoat for the whole regiment, thereby securing uniformity as well as neatness. The regiment assembled on Boston Common at 10 o'clock, and took a special train on the Providence R. R., at 10:35.

POLICE COURT.—John Keating, drunk, \$5 and costs. Wm. McCafferty, drunk, \$8 and costs. John Maguire, drunk, \$8 and costs. James Farrell, drunk, \$8 and costs. Thomas McGuire, drunk, \$8 and costs, committed for non-payment. Grace Callahan, drunk, \$8 and costs. John Davin, assault and battery, \$8 and costs. Bridget McGoff assaulted James H. Robushaw on the 4th, and her case will be tried to day.

ACCIDENT.—Geo. F. Luce, of Woburn, employed in a leather manufactory on Harrison Avenue, Boston, had his right arm and hand badly jammed one day this week. A large machine was being moved from one floor to another, and it slipped, catching his arm between the partition and the machine. He received treatment at the City Hospital.

SLIGHT FIRE.—Some one, last Saturday, set a fire under a flight of stairs at the unoccupied Winn Tannery. It was discovered and put out without raising any alarm, and before it had done any damage.

INSURANCE.—George H. Conn has taken the agency of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., of Liverpool, England, and will insure property in Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

THE SAVINGS BANK.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank occurred Friday evening. The Directors met and adjourned for one week.

ACCIDENT.—Granmer & White's horse ran away on Winn street last Tuesday, and broke the shafts of the wagon. The horse was slightly cut.

ACCIDENT.—Geo. F. Luce, of Woburn, who has been pursuing her musical studies in Europe the past three years, was in town on Wednesday. She is a very accomplished singer, and the wish has been frequently expressed that she might be heard in public before her departure for California where her parents reside.

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Burlington.

STATISTICS.—The Assessors of Burlington have progressed far enough in their labors to furnish the following facts:—Whole number of Polls, 184. Total tax on each, \$1.79. Whole valuation, \$4,688.73. Total tax for State, County and Town purposes, \$8,704.49. Rate of taxation per \$1,000, \$11.50. Number of Horses, 200. Number of Cows, 287. Dwelling-houses, 129. Acres of land taxed, 7,255.

Written for the Journal.

Massachusetts Press Excursion.

In our last we carried the account of this trip up to Saratoga. Wednesday we were on the road for 49 miles, and then made a stop at Howe's Cave. The Cave is very near the depot of the same name. It is the second in size in the United States, and is thought to be about eight miles long, but many parts have not as yet been explored. There are many stories told in relation to Mr. Howe's discovering this great phenomenon. One is that he was looking after a cow that he had lost, and on coming to a certain place on the hillside he noticed a great rush of cool, damp air, and on close observation found the cave, which bears his name. Another is, that he noticed that the cows on a hot summer day were always found in that portion of the field, and on closely examining the ground, found the reason for their so doing; but however, we know that it was discovered, for after we had gone into it for three miles, the job was a great deal more than we had anticipated and by far more tedious. As we entered the mouth of the cave a cold stream of air met us, which was very acceptable, considering the suit of clothes that we had on, to avoid getting our own wearing apparel dirty, and the heat of the pelting sun. Having lanterns in our hands we proceeded, but the lanterns did as much good as fire-bugs do in lighting this earth at nighttime. Gasoline aided in giving us a few "welcome" gleams for the distance of half a mile. We walked on, with our courage failing us more and more, almost willing to stop after going in a short distance. Most of the ladies would gladly have turned about and gone out, but there was no guide, so they pressed on. One would step on a stone and go to looking at something, when first thing he knew his head would be solving the properties of the rock around. His underpinning was unsteady, the stone on which he was standing would wiggle and hardly before he knew it, the "shine" on his boots was besmeared with mud, caused by his slipping off. The frequent cry was "look out for heads," then every one wanted to see what was matter, but they soon found out when they saw the guide crawling through a small hole about two and a half feet in diameter. We entered the "Reception Room," "Washington Hall," George was not there, however; "Bridal Chamber," "Chapel," "Sylvan or Crystal Lake," which was a common ditch to the outer world, about ten feet wide on an average, and six feet in depth; "Ghost-room, or haunted Castle," and heard a spectre snoring in deep repose. This phenomenon is caused by a person sitting in a narrow open space and throwing his head backward, snoring in the meantime very highly, thus producing a deafening noise. "Plymouth Rock," "Devil's Gateway," "Museum," "Geological Rooms," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Grant's Study," "Pirates' Cave," "Rocky Mountains," "Valley of Jephoshaphat," "Winding Way," and "Rotunda." Most of these names have been given by Mr. Howe, and visitors. Stalactites and stalagmites are to be seen in large numbers. We last came to a tunnel where we would be obliged to crawl on our hands and knees for about fifty or sixty feet, in order to get through it, but the guide informed us that there was about two inches of water on the bottom of it, and that would make it impossible; "Bless his soul." Turning about we retraced our steps and met another party who had been very slow and had not hurried, advising them to turn about, saying that it was just the same as they had seen. We all joined together on going out of the Cave with very little persuading.

On coming out it seemed as though might had prevailed, and almost in a moment day had thrust itself upon us. After dining at the Cave House, which is a first-class hotel, we started to take the cars for Oneonta, and arrived at that place about seven o'clock, a portion of us going to the Hotel and the rest to the Susquehanna House. Here we were treated in the best of style, a band of music celebrating our advent into town, by giving us a serenade concert. Many small animals, for which we could find no name, were seen at this place by some of the party. On the following day we left for Carbondale, arriving at half past eleven, immediately taking the Gravity road for Honesdale. Let me try and give you some idea of this road. We ascend a high mountain in cars on an inclined plane, then we were attracted by the force of gravity and move by no visible power, no smoke or cinders filled our eyes or soiled our faces. The cars travelled at the speed of most of our railroad trains; we were going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and on an average from twenty-five to thirty. Coal cars go over this road at the rate of nearly forty miles an hour. Honesdale was our place of stopping, and here we took dinner and saw that it was quite a flourishing little town. On our way back the ladies thought that a race would be very exciting, and so at their proposition the cars were unshackled and we were all left to follow one another, but the head one "beat," and the others followed on in their order. If there had been more than one track we think that we might have had very high times. But finally the race was over and we stopped on edge of a precipice 190 feet below. The bank of the track here is all fine coal and dust, which, no doubt, comes "cheaper than dirt." We started on again and reached Carbondale, and then took the cars for Scranton, arriving there and taking lodgings at the Wyoming House. In the evening some visited the Steelworks, while others walked to get some idea of what this flourishing town was. Later there was singing by the Continental Glee Club, and playing by the "Battalion Band," both organizations doing themselves great credit. Let me say here, that at Carbondale a committee from the Scranton Board of Trade met us and made themselves very interesting by explaining various objects of interest. We left Scranton early the next morning for Glen Onoko. We have now just got over one-half of the trip and will conclude in our next.

F. E. G.

Married.

1 North Woburn, July 3d, by Rev. Chas. Anderson, Mr. Thomas S. Curtis, of No. Woburn, and Miss Mary E. Lovell, of Burlington. In New Concord, July 2d, by Rev. S. G. Novocross, Benjamin Chapman, of Woburn, and Margaret Stevenson, of Boston.

George P. Huntington, Rev. Arthur H. Barrington, of Fall River, and Miss Fannie Gilchrist, of Melton.

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HOME MADE BEER.

Splendid Summer drink; made from roots, herbs and barks, used time immemorial; no boiling or straining; easily digested and healthy. Made with our **BEER EXTRACT**.

SOLD ONLY BY

**GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary.**

165 Main Street, Woburn. 63

Died.

Date, name and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, June 29, Stephen R. Rand, aged 32 years.

In Woburn, July 4, Mrs. Damaris B. Flint, aged 75.

In Woburn, June 28, Mary L., daughter of Lewis W. and Margaret Erskine, aged 1 year, 11 months, 7 days.

WEDNESDAYS EXCEPTED.

GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.

WEDNESDAYS EXCEPTED.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies, 25 cents a line. Special notice, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on the address give in what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

### INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
Steamboat Excursions,	5	5	10
O. Ditson,	3	3	14
G. S. Dodge,	3	3	1
Dodge,	3	3	10
Boats to Let,	3	3	10
C. A. Smith & Son,	3	4	1

### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

This startling question is discussed in an English review. It matters but little what the answer is, since one must live,—unless, indeed, you commit suicide; and that is said to be wrong. It depends upon how you take it, whether life is worth living or not; or to use a cant phrase, whether you are an optimist or pessimist. If you look upon the bright side, surely it is worth while to have lived, and to have seen all the changes, not to say improvements, which have come with the years. If you look upon the dark side, still, if you have done your duty, the world is so much the better for your having lived in it.

It is something to have seen the changes in the last few decades. One can hardly make young people believe, at the present day, that those who are by no means old, lived in a day when there was no friction matches! when it was necessary to keep a fire, or use a flint and steel and tinder, or an elaborate match with phosphorus and a bottle of acid. Not an ounce of coal had been found and burned in this country; gas unknown. A few feeble steamboats existed, but ocean navigation by steam was regarded even by the wise, as simply impossible. There was no railways, no cars, no photographs. There was no steam-moving machinery,—only "waterpower"; no sewing machines, no clothes wringers, no telegraphs, phones, nor phonographs. Anesthetics were unknown and people must bear pain as best they might. Guns and pistols had a single barrel with flint lock and steel. California was unknown; the "Great West" was this side the Mississippi. At such a recital, young people open their eyes with wonder, and ask, "Was life worth living when none of these were?" Yet people thought themselves well off. There is a curious old prophecy, by one "Mother Shipton," which every now and then comes up. She seemed to foresee many things: "Carriages" without horses shall go, "Through hills man shall ride," "Around the world thoughts shall fly, in the twinkling of an eye," "Under water man shall walk."

"In the air men shall be seen  
In white, in black, in green."

Of course this last line was merely for rhyme, and it might have seemed to refer to balloon navigation; but the painted cars of the elevated railway may have flitted before the vision of the ancient dame. Here are some of the dates; gas in London, 1813; first railway in United States, 1822; photographs, 1840; coal, 1820; telegraph, 1844; sewing machine, 1845; ocean steamer, 1838; matches, 1836. To the young people, these dates will doubtless seem very far back; but to some people they read much like yesterday and last week. Is life worth living? Some may think it is merely the question what can we see and enjoy; but surely there is a higher purpose. What can we do? What can we become? One can hardly over-estimate the increased facilities for self-improvement and for helping others to a better life.

Now comes the "Bell Telephone," which is a practical way of holding conversation at long or short distances. It is used for thousands of purposes, such as dwellings, stores, offices, shops, factories, fire alarms, anywhere where questions are to be asked, directions given, reply required, or conversation to be held within the limit of a hundred miles. It is wonderful how the people all over the country are adopting its use. The West and South have taken it up in great earnest. It is in, or being put into, all the cities and large towns in each of these sections.

Having seen its workings and how every body is using it, we are glad that there is some prospect of its being introduced into Woburn, and to connect with Stoneham and Winchester. This is to be called the Woburn Circuit. And soon this will be connected with Boston and a radius of thirty miles around Boston. When this is ready, people in the Woburn Circuit can talk upon business or anything else with their friends within this thirty miles of Boston. Do the people of Woburn, Winchester, and Stoneham desire that this should be brought about? If so, will they encourage it by using it in their houses and places of business? If they will do this, they will not be likely to ask the question, "Is life worth living?" For with the Telephone they will be happy in its use and convenience, nor will they feel they have lived in vain.

CENTRAL PRIMARY.—By an omission in copying, the appointment to the Central Primary School was omitted in the last number of the *Journal*. Miss Sarah E. Barron has been so successful in that school, that not to re-appoint her would be cause of general regret, and it was unanimously voted to place her in charge of that school another year. Several of our contemporaries being kind enough to copy our list, will please make this correction.

The long-suffering public would like to know what the Selectmen propose to do about the illegal sale of liquor in Woburn.

The Boston Branch Grocery has now a splendid store, a good stock of groceries, obliging attendants and cheap prices.

New Hampshire "justice" seems to be very much like Lynch law, if we may take the Buzzell case for an example.

Ten children were baptised on Sunday, at the Congregational Church.

### CHEAP READING.

Boston publishers are now complaining of a great dulness in the book trade and attribute the cause mostly to the great quantity of cheap reading thrown upon the market. Many of our readers probably have no correct idea to what extent this affects the publishers of bound volumes. Take for example Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Times*, a work most heartily welcomed as a sketch of the men, women, and events of the Victorian reign, and while the work, thanks to Harper & Brothers, furnish the same reading unbound for twenty cents each. If an American publisher had ventured on a good and serviceable bound volume at a price which while low, would have enabled him to pay a fair percentage on sales to the author, some one would have immediately issued it in newspaper form and thus cause a loss to the publisher of the bound volume. By this arrangement the author, the American publisher who would gladly pay a percentage if he could, and the American reader who wishes a well bound volume of moderate price, all suffer, and the question arises whether we are to find in the future no editions of English works except the high cost English bound, and the cheap unbound editions with which our markets are now flooded. The American publisher, if he could be protected from loss, would gladly send out a reprint which, while bound enough to please the book reader generally, would still be moderate in price. The remedy proposed, which it seems would accomplish the result that every friend of true progress must wish for, is that the English author select his American publisher, and the American his English publisher, and then in place of so much of the common newspaper style as we now have, we should find in both countries bound volumes in every variety of style and at prices corresponding to the demands of all classes. The supplying of reading for a nation so universally given to it as ours, is a subject of vast importance and should be so managed that the best interests of authors, publishers, and readers shall be protected.

POLICE COURT.—Bridget McGoff, for assault and battery, was discharged for want of evidence. Samuel Smith, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Bridget Henchey, drunk, complaint placed on file on payment of costs. James McGuire, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas H. Bishop, drunk, \$3 and costs. Owen Faley, drunk, \$3 and costs. Mary Sheahan, drunk, committed for non-payment of fine. William J. Gillespie, drunk, \$5 and costs. Thomas Cavanagh, drunk, \$3 and costs. Michael McNulty, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas Cunningham, drunk, \$3 and costs. Matthew Kennedy, drunk, \$5 and costs. Joseph Feeney, drunk, \$3 and costs. Bernard McKenna, drunk, \$3 and costs. Hannah Sullivan, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thos. O'Rourke, drunk, \$3 and costs. Patrick McCarty, drunk, \$3 and costs. William Shandley, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Charles Buckley, assault and battery, \$10 and costs; committed for non-payment; Thomas Reddy, drunk \$3 and costs.

BAND CONCERT.—The third concert by the Woburn Brass Band will be given next Wednesday evening. The following programme will be given:—

PART I.  
1. March, Home from Camp. E. N. Catlin.  
2. Grand Selection, Pinafore. Sullivan.  
3. Polka, Cornet Solo. Rollinson.  
4. "When the Quiet Comes," Schonhoff.  
5. Barnum Solo by Mr. Frank Plate. E. Beyer.  
6. Concert Galop. Tornado. E. Hesselein.  
7. March, "The Fairy Spell." R. Smith.  
8. Overture, "Liberator Cavalry." F. von Suppe.  
9. Polka Redowa. E. Hesselein.  
10. Galop. Telegraph. E. Hesselein.  
T. H. MARRINAN, Director.

BIG STRAWBERRY.—One of our readers has given us a slip from a New Jersey paper which describes a big strawberry picked on the Middleville part of the strawberry ridge or plateau in Irvington, New Jersey. It was picked by Mr. Orville Headley, and weighed three ounces and five-sixteenths of an ounce. It measured seventeen inches in circumference. The variety was the Durand Great American. It is charged against it that it is a double berry, something like the two-headed girl. But it is the outgrowth of a single stem, and Seth Boyden's prophecy of a strawberry of pineapple size is again quoted.

PICNICS.—The Unitarian Sunday School enjoyed the day in a picnic on Pierce's Grounds, Horn Pond, last Wednesday. By the way, there are few better locations for picnics than the grove at Horn Pond, and a trifling outlay would make it entirely satisfactory.

The Baptist Sunday School went to Echo Grove, West Lynn, on Thursday in the various Commonwealth, Farnham, and Queen of Winchester, and some private carriages. They had a fine day and a good time.

ACCIDENTS.—Patrick Connolly stepped on a rusty nail Monday and will suffer with a sore foot for some days.

James McDonald, while riding in his cart on Richardson street, Tuesday, dropped the reins which caused the horse to throw him out. The wheel passed over his hip and legs, bruising the flesh badly, but no bones were broken.

Frank T. Woodward cut his hand Sunday, with a grass knife.

SEVENTY-THREE.—The High School Class of '73, with a few invited friends, held their 7th reunion at Nantasket Beach, Wednesday, July 9th. A very pleasant time was enjoyed.

TO NAHANT.—The Methodist Society make their annual excursion to Nahant Garden, Nahant, next Wednesday.

NORTH WOBURN.

FALL.—Miss Ruth Poole fell down stairs Monday, bruising herself quite severely.

ADDITIONS TO THE CHURCH.—The North Congregational Church received an addition of seven members last Sabbath, three by letter and four by profession. E.

BASE BALL.—The "Eurekas" of Woburn played the Winchester High School Nine last Saturday, at Winchester, and came off "first best," with a score of 17 to 13. The following is the score by innings:—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
Eurekas, 0 3 5 1 0 4 0 4—17  
W. H. S., 1 1 6 0 0 1 4 0 0—13

ALMOST A FIRE.—Last Saturday evening some one set fire to a barrel of excelsior in a shed on the premises occupied by Fred A. Forsyth, on East street. Fortunately it was discovered in time to prevent any great damage.

Matthews & Layton have dissolved partnership.

Chew Jackson's best sweet nay tobacco.

### CHEAP READING.

THE FIFTH REGIMENT'S RETURN.—The Fifth Regiment reached Boston from New Haven, a few moments before 4 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, and marched through Eliot, Washington, School and Beacon streets to the Common. The men appeared none the worse for their two day's jaunt, and all the companies maintained excellent alignments, and the men were very steady. The dress parade was given in excellent shape, Maj. Jordan officiating as Adjutant. Col. Trull expressed to the officers, and through them to the men, his thanks for the excellent conduct of the regiment, both as regards discipline and drill. The officers and men are to be congratulated upon the appearance of the regiment, and, judging from the comments of the people in New Haven, everybody there was delighted with the command. The cordial reception and entertainment by the Second Regiment was all that could be desired. An incident took place on the train Saturday, the men putting their hands in their pockets and presenting a purse of about \$175 to Private J. Horace Dean, of company G, who received a telegram Saturday morning that his house and furniture had been damaged by fire. On the route from New Haven, a member of company E was very severely injured by falling across the side or back of a seat. He was almost completely paralyzed for some time, and Dr. M. E. Webb, who accompanied the regiment as acting surgeon, thought the man's spine must have been injured.

The Phalanx did not fall behind the rest of the regiment, either in deportment or drill, during the trip, and were a credit to their town. On the march of July 4th, Private George Converse was sunstruck, but soon recovered. The company arrived home on the 5th train from Boston.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.—The Congregational Sunday School last Sunday voted to hold a picnic next week Thursday, on the Everett grounds, near where the Myopia Club House is situated, and invite the other Sunday Schools in town to participate. The event is looked forward to by the children with great interest, and should the day prove pleasant it will be the picnic of the season.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.—Thursday evening, D. D. G. D. Barnes, of Somerville, and suite, visited Winchester and installed the following officers of the Knights of Honor:—

Dictator, Walter B. Smalley; Vice Dictator, George H. Eustis; Assistant Dictator, Henry F. Clark; Recorder, Edwin C. Huse; Financial Recorder, Charles E. Kendall; Treasurer, Charles O. Billings; Chaplain, Warren F. Foster; Guide, H. F. Stinson; Sentinel, George A. Wade; Guard, George A. Hall; Past Dictator, Irving S. Palmer.

SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.—The School Committee have made the following appointments:—High, Charles L. Harrington, Andrew Woods, Maria A. Parsons; Grammar, Charles E. Swett, Elizabeth E. Marston, C. Isabella Livingstone; Chapin, Mary A. Emerson, Caroline B. Symmes, Wilhelmina F. Smith; Gifford, Laura A. Westcott, Agnes Westcott; Runford, Evelina Davis, Eliza W. Saunders; Washington, Emma C. Richardson; Wyman, Abby F. Johnson; Mystic, Mary S. Spur; Hill, Clara P. Norman; Music, Susan C. Bailey; Highland, Flora S. Quincy.

COURT.—Thomas Quigley was charged by Bridget McCue with assault. It seems from the evidence that Quigley's horse had been impounded, and he took it out of the enclosure. In doing so he pushed Mrs. McCue aside, she placing herself in his way. The case was continued until this Friday evening. The defence was, that he was not aware that the horse was impounded, and that he used no violence with Mrs. McCue. A case was on trial this morning, where a woman was charged with being drunk, and she charged the complainant with assault.

FALL OF THE BELL.—Friday morning quite a lively runaway occurred, C. B. Hawkins' horse, attached to a light express wagon, becoming frightened while the team was being loaded at the stable on Union street. The horse ran into and down Main, barely escaping several teams, until opposite the hotel, when the team struck a buggy driven by Nathan H. Marion, of Burlington, which was badly damaged. Mr. M. jumped out just in season to escape being thrown out. The express team was upset at this point, and the load dumped, while the horse kept on, and was secured unhurt near the corner.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. Jeduthan Richardson had a narrow escape from serious injury at the Highland Station, Thursday evening. In attempting to board the 6:25 train, which was under way, he fell between the platform and rail, where he lay until the rear car had passed. The train was stopped quickly, but Mr. Richardson was found to be all right. His coat was badly torn by being run over. This is the second narrow escape he has had at this same place, and it is the result of the too common practice of attempting to get on the cars while in motion.

FALL OF THE BELL.—While the Baptist bell was being tolled Wednesday evening, the supports spread, letting one side of the bell down. The bell weighs 2,800 pounds, and it was fortunate that it did not come down through the floor. When this bell was being hoisted to its place in the belfry, about twenty years ago, when half way up the steeple it fell to the ground. One man had a leg broken, another a cut on the head, and a boy received a severe cut in the face.

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Chew Jackson's best sweet nay tobacco.

### WINCHESTER.

PROGRESS.—The foundation of three sides of the Brown-Stanton block is in place, and is a good specimen of stone masonry.

BASE BALL.—Another Picked Nine came down from Woburn last Saturday, and succeeded in beating the Winchester Nine. Score, Woburn 17, Winchester 13.

THE "QUEEN OF WINCHESTER" went to Echo Grove, Lynn, on Thursday, with several other barges, conveying the Woburn Baptist Sunday School to a picnic.

A GOOD MARKSMAN.—Mr. Salem Wilder, of Woburn, made a good record at Walnut Hill Range. His name appears near the top of the list whenever he shoots, and on Wednesday "his name lead all the rest," with a score of 201 out of a possible 225. The day was not the best for big scores, but Mr. Wilder bore off the honors.

INSTALLATION.—The following officers of the Reform Club were installed Monday evening:—President, A. E. Rowe; Vice Presidents, W. H. Parker, G. W. Richardson, A. McKenzie; Treasurer, R. Cowdry; Fin. Sec.,

boys are stationed and with quick motions of their hands, separate the bad coal and stones from that which is going to be placed in the market. The coal is moving downward all the time and the various sizes drop into different pockets. Again the coal is loaded on cars and is carried in them to the purchaser. Time prevented our stopping to see the whole operation but we received full information from the courteous gentlemen who accompanied us, and are interested in the mine. We retraced our steps to the elevator entirely satisfied with our visit to the mine and surprised that we were so clean. When we arrived at the first landing some entered the engine room and became interested in the working of the machinery, not being aware of the fact at the time that we were losing one of the most interesting features of the mine by our failing to go up to see the breaker. Returning to our cars, we rode to the Scranton depot where we stopped on a side track, which place was nearer to the Wyoming House, where we were to take our dinner that the Depot. Arriving at the Hotel and after cleaning up, we went to the dining room and there found a meal awaiting us that would all mine visitors good to appease their appetites with. After dinner a short time was given us to see this flourishing city by day and we employed the few moments by taking a walk on some of the principal streets. The city is very lively and has 45,000 inhabitants. Its principal business is the coal trade. This city is the residence of gentlemen, who can never be repaid for the courteous manner in which they treated the Massachusetts Press Association. We are all greatly indebted to the Scranton Board of Trade for the many favors shown us. Sorry, but we had to leave this place and take our cars, which seemed more like home than any thing else, they having been with us during the trip thus far.

We started for the Delaware Water Gap and enjoyed a nice ride through a picturesque country, arriving at our point of destination about five o'clock. Taking carriages at the depot we ascended the mountain to the Water Gap House, which sits on the top of one of Kittitatany Mountains, giving an excellent view of the surrounding scenery. Standing on top of the cupola of the house and looking down in front, we see the Delaware River. A little to the right the Water Gap may plainly be seen, and high mountains rise far in the air. To your left you look down into valleys, quite thickly populated and well cultivated. The scenery to be observed at the Water Gap House, is nowhere in that vicinity to be excelled. The air is quite pure and refreshing. We registered our names and were assigned our rooms. After giving ourselves a thorough washing, and eating our supper, we went out for a short walk. On returning we took seats on the piazza in front of the house and witnessed the display of fireworks, which had been furnished by Mr. B. T. Wells, Pyrotechnist, 18 Hawley Street, Boston. The works were excellent and proved that the donor has for sale the very best that can be had in the city of Boston or elsewhere. The following day being Sunday, some visited the several churches, while others went sight seeing. We started about noon for a ramble, and visited various places of interest, bringing up lastly at the boat landing, where we were conveyed in row boats to an island, here taking a small steamboat and enjoying a magnificent sail through the Water Gap. The water in the Gap is 60 feet deep, and the mountains on either side rise to the height of 1,800 feet. We returned to the Water Gap House, fully satisfied with our short but pleasant trip. The beautiful walks in the vicinity of this hotel are Eureka Glen, Moss Grotto, Water Gap, Cold Air Cave, Cooper's Cliff, Table Rock, Diana's Bath, Moss Cataract, Prospect Rock and Valley View. There are also some very pleasant drives. At a meeting of the excursionists in the evening at the Water Gap House, the following resolutions were adopted:—

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Press Excursion Party, held this evening, it was voted that the funds of the Association be extended to all the railroads and to the excursionists in proportion to the reasonable rates charged, for extra engines and trains, and for the personal attention of road officials to those who are to be engaged in these excursions. The Association will contribute to the reduced rates to those citizens of Cambridge and Scranton, whose attentions contributed so much to the pleasure of the party; and to Scranton, for the efforts of their President, Secretary, and delegates, to interest the visitors and render the excursion a success. The thanks of the Association are particularly extended, also, to Gen. W. L. Burd of the Boston, Hoosac, and Western Railroad, for the cars which accompanied the train from the Water Gap; to Mr. Wm. V. Burd, his son, for his attendance and oversight of the trip; and to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, for the opportunity to visit one of their coal mines; and for the attentions received there. Also, to Mr. B. T. Wells, Pyrotechnist, 18 Hawley street, Boston, for the liberal supplies of fireworks afforded so much pleasure on the night of the 28th.

On Monday morning the party enjoyed themselves in walking and talking over the pleasant time they had spent during the whole excursion. We were again remembered by our Scranton friends who gave us a copy of the New York *Graphic* with supplement, describing and illustrating some of the interesting features of Scranton, Pa., and also a copy of the Scranton *Board of Trade*, a semi-annual publication. At 1 o'clock we eat light lunch at the hotel. All were entirely satisfied with the manner that the proprietors had treated us. We took carriages and arrived at the depot about noon. We were here indebted to the Postmaster who had our mail ready for us. Taking the regular train, we left for our journey home, arriving in New York City at half past three. Here we changed our riding from that of cars to steamboat, embarking on the magnificent steamer Providence. At half past five o'clock we were once more started, and at seven we went to the cabin and eat a hearty meal which was served by the Old Colony Line and did them great credit. We advise all who travel to New York, if they wish to go by the best road, to take the Fall River Line.

We retired early, having listened with great interest to a band concert on board the boat. In the morning when we awoke, we found ourselves in Fall River, and the cars waiting in which we were to ride to Boston. On our arrival in Boston there was a general handshaking; good-byes were said. Thanking all for their kindness towards each other and hoping that on the next trip we might once more meet to enjoy the sights together.

Mass. has been said in some of the papers about the way that the editors go on these trips as deadheads. But to correct these false statements, we will say here that all bill are paid by the excursionists, each one

giving his share. For the benefit of those who made the statements, I will quote the following:—"Judge not, that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." Everything passed off harmoniously during the whole trip, and it seems almost a miracle that so large a party can go on such a time, and have no fault finding. Owing to the efficient officers everything was carried out without a miss. The amount of ground gone over during this trip was more than a thousand miles, and the time occupied was just seven days.

On entering Howe's Cave a Boston editor who had the pleasure of looking at the suits prepared for those entering the cave, has given vent to his feelings in the following lines:

We are the bravest of the brave,  
The explorers of the great Howe's Cave;  
To see the wonders we have all had a chance  
And so have our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.  
But before we went inside,  
We have all tried, to see the wonders inside,  
To fit our clothes, blouses and pants,  
And so have our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.  
And when fixed out so,  
We were then ready to go  
To see attractions which the cave grants,  
And so were our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.  
And I hold that in a Cavern  
There is no place to stand,  
For the floor is all a quagmire,  
Have a decided gentlemanly look in pants  
And so have our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.  
F. F. G.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Harper's Magazine* for August will pleasantly surprise even those readers who from long experience have come to expect in each successive number a new revelation of the possibilities of wood-engraving. Never has even *Harper's* contained in a single article so many and at the same time so varied and excellent a series of landscape engravings as those which illustrate Mr. Benjamin's paper on Lake George. These engravings are from Mr. J. D. Smillie's drawings, twenty-three in number, covering every picturesque feature of the lake from Caldwell to its northern extremity. Of an entirely different character, but of equal excellence, are the engravings illustrating Mr. Gibson's paper, "Snug Hamlet and Hometown." The drawings are by the author, who has taken for his theme an artist's vacation among the scenes of his childhood. The old New England home, with its inevitable garret, the studies of insect-life, of the beautiful landscape views along the Housatonic, and of Hometown characters, and finally the reminiscences of school life, afford unusual opportunities for illustration; and the result here shown is very beautiful, apart from the glamour always cast over reminiscences of this kind. The beautiful engraving of butterflies with which the paper opens has been executed by Edward King, and is only equalled by the engraving of the peacock's feather, by the same artist, in the *Harper's* for August last year. Mr. Roger's illustrations of character for Mr. Ridings paper, "The Nautical School of St. Mary's," are very striking, from their novelty and spirit. This paper is one of unusual interest. The "St. Mary's" is a school of war loaned by the Government to New York, "for the instruction of youths in navigation, seamanship, marine engineering, &c." It is a part of the public school system of New York, being designated "Public School No. 90." Among the illustrated papers in this number is one entitled "Chautauqua," giving an interesting review of the peculiar educational features which have been developed in connection with the Chautauqua Sunday School Association. A fine portrait is given of Dr. Vincent, the founder of the institution. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has eight thousand student members. William E. Griffis contributes a curious and exceedingly interesting paper on "Japanese Rock-Crystal," with illustrations. "Little Barbara," a poem by Will Wallace Harney, is exquisitely illustrated by Miss Jessie Curtis; and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford contributes a short story, "The First Mr. Petersham," which is illustrated by Howard Pyle. In fiction this is a remarkable number. William Black's yachting romance, "White Wings," opens in the most promising manner, and with spirited illustrations. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," begins a new novel, entitled "Mary Acerly." "Young Mrs. Jardine," by Miss Mulock, is continued; and besides these three serial novels, and the story already mentioned by Mrs. Spofford, there is also a very striking short tale by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "Miss Mildred's Friend." An exceedingly important contribution is the paper by Dr. Edward G. Loring, the celebrated oculist entitled "Consequences of Defective Vision." This paper was read before the New York State Medical Society this year, and its suggestions will command universal attention. A paper contributed by Willard Brown, on "The Foreign Indebtedness of the United States," is of national interest, and is remarkable for its masterly handling of a complex subject. The Editorial Departments are full of interesting and timely matter. G. W. Powell contributes a brief but pointed paper entitled "American Forests."

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON  
Makes to order, all kinds of  
CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.  
MAKES LASTS  
For Troublesome Joints.

ANKLE SUPPORTING BOOTS  
For Children with Weak Ankles.  
25 Bromfield Street,  
ROOM 2, BOSTON.

For Sale and To Let.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A large double house, in Woburn Center, corner of Main and Church Streets. Eight rooms in each part, water and gas. Also a quarter of an acre of land, well drained and fenced. Horses pass the door seven times each day. The location is good, and the neighborhood of the best in town. The estate will be sold on a long term, and any person of means or of first-class residence will do well to examine this one. For particular inquiries on the premises of MRS. MARY A. YOUNG.

Eggs.—Choice Brown Leghorns. Eggs from this splendid breed, 50 cents per dozen. By express extra, for packing. Also choice Fowls for sale. FRANK S. PRATT, Bacon Street, Woburn.

TO LET.—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St. M. C. BEAN.

ROOMS TO LET, 211 Main Street, Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

STOVES stored for the season by C. M. STROUT, Agent.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE CO., of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,  
159 Main St., Woburn.  
July 1, 1879.

TO LET.

Whitehall and single, and single scull Boats, at 25 cents per hour, at Boat House foot of Beacon street.

A. W. CORMACK.

A WEEK in your own town, and not a moment risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered. You should try it, and I will see you for it; what you can do at the business we offer. No room to spare here, and you will be wanted. Make your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. You make as much as men, and for special private terms and earnings, which we will fix. \$5.00 per hour. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

GOOD BOARD  
Can be obtained at

\$3.4 and \$4.50 per week,  
with light and airy rooms, at the Winn Street Boarding House.

MARTIN ELLIS, Proprietor.

MANURE and SPENT TAN  
for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn Mass.

The VOICE of WORSHIP.  
FONTS, CONVENTIONS & SINGING SCHOOLS.  
BY L. O. EMERSON.

This splendid new book is nearly through the press, and will be in great demand. For collectors, and those who have not time for it, there are numerous Glees for Social and Class singing, and a good Singing School course. Its attractive contents, with the music, will be a great success, and should make it the most popular of Church Music Books.

THE TEMPLE. For Singing Schools. Composed by W. O. TEMPLE. Will be ready in a few days. First class book for Singing Schools, with large collection of songs, and a good deal of material for the use of choirs. Price \$1.00 or \$1.50 per dozen. Although Singing Classes are especially provided for, both Social and Sacred Music render it one of the best Convention and Choir books.

FATINITZA, opera, is now ready with music in three languages, all the Music and Libretto complete. Price \$2.00 paper, \$2.25 boards.

PINAFOR. Price reduced to 60 cts. The same elegant edition heretofore sold for a dollar. Complete Words, Libretto and Music. All ready for the stage.

Any book mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

PEDESTRIAN.—Massachusetts furnishes the following pedestals who are to walk to Gilmore's Garden, Oct. 6 to 11, for the long-distance championship of America; J. D. Grant, Arlington, Mass; J. Brown, Boston, Mass.

200.—Mr. Joshua B. Smith, the well-known Boston carter and life-long friend of the late Hon. Charles Sumner, died at his home on Norfolk street, Cambridge, at about 2 o'clock Saturday morning.

PEDESTRIAN.—Massachusetts furnishes the following pedestals who are to walk to Gilmore's Garden, Oct. 6 to 11, for the long-distance championship of America; J. D. Grant, Arlington, Mass; J. Brown, Boston, Mass.

200.—Matthews & Layton, Painters, this firm of Matthews & Layton, Painters, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by W. H. MATTHEWS, E. D. LAYTON.

200.—Also, Tennis Nets, for sale by

AMERICAN NET and TWINE CO.,

43 Commercial St., Boston.

BILLHEADS Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.

#### Married.

In Woburn, July 7, by Rev. N. R. Wright, Mr. Garrison, York and Miss Ida M. Rowe, both of Haverhill, Mass.

In Winchester, July 8, by Rev. H. F. Barnes, Mr. Alexander McDonald and Miss Louise Dupee, all of Winchester.

In Woburn, July 8, by Rev. R. Metcalf, Mr. Rodwell S. Briggs and Miss Sarah E. Barber, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, June 21, by Rev. John Quenly, Mr. James A. Mosher and Miss Catherine Kerrigan, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, July 7, by Rev. John Quenly, Mr. George F. Chamberlain and Miss Anna Connolly, all of Woburn.

INSECT POWDER.  
We are making a specialty of Insect Powder this season for destruction of Flies and all Vermin. Sold either in bulk or in Packages.

PERSIAN INSECT POWDER,  
ONLY AT

DODGE'S DRUG STORE,  
165 Main Street, Woburn. 99

#### Died.

Date, name and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, July 11, Elizabeth F., wife of the late Benj. D. Osgood.

In Winclester, Mass., July 8, Ernest Leon, son of Rev. H. F. and Jennie Hanford, aged 4 years, 10 months and 19 days.

In Winclester, July 3, Julia E. Ludington, aged 8 years, 6 months, 2 days.

In Woburn, June 21, Mrs. Emelia Cummings, wife of Dea. John Marion, aged 71 years, 8 months and 21 days.

Funeral services at her late residence, on Saturday, July 12, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Relatives and friends are invited without further notice.

In Lexington, June 30th, Julia, daughter of Bartholomew and Julia Reardon, aged 6 hours.

In Woburn, July 11, Elizabeth F., wife of the late Benj. D. Osgood.

In Winclester, Mass., July 8, Ernest Leon, son of Rev. H. F. and Jennie Hanford, aged 4 years, 10 months and 19 days.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

## Journal Club Column

They had staid at the promenade concert rather later than she wished and when they were well on their way homeward at last, she leaned her head against his shoulder, and her blue eyes looked into his as she murmured, "Dear love, won't you try to notice my eyes the next time, and read from their silent pleading when I wish to go?" He said he would, in fact he swore he would, but he probably forgot, because after they had been married about seven years she tore the tail off his coat one night when she wanted him to come away from a church social, and after she got him home, she kicked him twice in the stomach, pulled his ear nearly out by the roots, sat on his hat, and said: "You thick-headed old mackerel-eyed old idiot, the next time I tell you to come home you climb into your hat and come, or I'll tear the lungs out of you with a croquet mallet!" He "come," the next time.

In a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for \$10—when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for \$10. Father sold one for \$60 the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

General Grant quietly asked the King of Siam if he would resign and accept a position in his next cabinet. The King rolled his eyes round in an incredulous manner, and changing his "Jackson's Best" to the other side of his mouth, said, "I guess I am well enough as Siam."

One day last week a North Hill man made a wager that he could eat 30 eggs in 30 minutes. He lost the money. The first egg did the business for him. It was a young, giddy, inexperienced egg. It was a venerable old sage, and it did it with its little hatch'.

Elevator boy (to a woman who has ridden three times from bottom to top of the building)—"Well, where do you want to get out?" Woman—"Well, indeed, oim not quite sure, but lame me as near the Ould Colony depot as ye can."

"Nothing seems to me so ill-bred," says a young man, "as to to smoke in the presence of ladies." "Well," a friend asks, "how do you manage when there are ladies present and you want to smoke?" "How do I manage! Why, I seem ill-bred."

"Can you remember anything about being baptized?" was asked of a three-year-old girl. "I do I tan." "Well, what did the minister do to you?" "He shoved up my sleeve, and stuck a knife in my arm."

A little Waterloo Sunday-school miss was asked by her teacher, "What must people do in order to go to heaven?" "Die, I suppose," replied the little one. The teacher did not question her any further.

A good-natured traveller fell asleep in a train and was carried far beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke this, isn't it?" said he to a fellow passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

Child, pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific contest between a lion and a crocodile. "What are those things doing pa?" Father, "Talking politics, my dear."

Monday afternoon the lightning struck a powder magazine near Brighton, Ills., containing 51,000 pounds of powder. You can just imagine how astonished the lightning was the next second.

Two men started out on a wager to see who could tell the biggest lie. No 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor—" Whereupon No. 2 stopped him right there and a crocodile.

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health officer's weekly reports, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as the rest put together.

An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for More Men."

A man at Pontypool, Wales, was arrested because he kissed his neighbor's wife, and threatened to do it again. We suspect he didn't fulfill his threat, hence the arrest.

It is said that Adam was taken altogether by surprise when presented with a Cain, but he soon rallied and responded with an Abel speech.

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note saying: "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

"It is the little bits o' things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we can dodge an elephant, but we can't a fly."

Nickelpin wants to know, if one lemon will make a lemonade, how many marlins it will take to make a marmalade.

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.

Shingle weddings are becoming fashionable in Iowa. They occur when the first child is old enough to spank.

An exchange tells of an Alabama lady who cries all the time and yet grows fat. Her fat is laid on tiers.

A boy with his elbows out was asked the cause and replied, "I laughed in my sleeves till I burst them."

Why is a newsboy like a cucumber? Because the older he grows the more of a yell he'll be.

Never hurry a hen in spring-time. She might lay a scrambled egg.

"Scum gentle spring, ethereal vileness scum."

Stick to your flannels till they stick to you.

The seal's kin is numerous.

Continued from first page.

in anguish. As they approached the entrance to Main Street she seemed to lose her self-possession, and, as if distracted, she loosened her apron, took it off, and threw it into the road; then, trembling violently, she began to unbutton her shoes. She was premeditating a leap from the wagon.

A gentleman was walking by the way-side, musingly, with a book in his hand. His attention was suddenly arrested by sharp cries of distress. He saw a wagon driving rapidly toward him, with the driver bent forward excitedly, and a female figure standing erect. "Help! help!" was heard distinctly on nearer approach, and, "Oh, Mr. Deering! dear Mr. Deering! I am being run away with. Help me quick!"

He recognized the voice, and without hesitation sprang to the horse's head, and seized the reins at the bit.

"I'll howl him, Sir," said Dennis. "Never fare; I'm not running away with the young lady. I'll howl Pate, and explain the matter to satisfaction intirely."

Frank Deering caught in his arms the girl who sprang from the wagon. "Clorinda!" he gasped but she answered not. Her trembling limbs sank beneath her; she fell heavily against his protecting arm; then he even blamed himself for having married, when past middle life, the lonely young creature who adored him, the mother of his girls, and the being whose devotion had been the great happiness of his life.

His condition became so deplorable that his physician was called in; and it was late evening when, under the influence of opiates, he fell into a troubled sleep. Clorinda was by his bedside, holding his hand in hers, when Griselda came, worn with weeping, and whispered to her:

"I will not let you die, my child," said Deering, who was kneeling beside her, his face bending over her with ineffable benevolence, and his hand gently laying her forehead and lips with the water Dennis had brought in his cap from a stream in an adjacent meadow.

"She'll be all right again now, sir," said Dennis, much relieved from apprehension as he saw, upon the deadly paleness beneath the tawny complexion, which drops of water were fast washing away, faint blushing tints beginning to rally. "And it's only a joke about the judge. My orders was strictly to drive the young lady round pretty smartly, and drop her at her own door, with Miss Moper's biss compliments, and this note and handkercher to Dr. Bell." And Dennis drew the handkercher from his vest with the flourish of a professor of legerdemain, and a three-cornered note from Miss Jane to the doctor, returning his daughter, with indignant and cautionary fears for her future.

Mr. Deering saw neither mouchoir nor billet. His whole attention was given to the interesting object before him. Never before had he been placed in the romantic position of a chivalric knight succoring a forlorn maiden, and the situation struck his fancy, and, indeed, moved his heart.

"I didn't mean to," said Clorinda, pathetically, clasping his hand with the genuine penitence and appealing confidence of a little child. "Please don't let dear papa know it; don't let any one know it, Mr. Deering."

This was all that happened. Dennis was relieved of responsibility when the evidence and accusation had passed into the hands of "a friend of the family," and he was bound over to silence by a largess so generous that it was sufficient, if need be, to keep his mouth shut for a century, after he had once opened it, in astonishment at his good luck, wider than it had ever been opened before.

Clorinda, recovering strength, and insisting upon walking home, took Mr. Deering's arm for only a short distance, until she was fully nerve.

Thenceforth not a word was said alluding to the adventure. But from that day Clorinda's manner changed: when her sisters observed her new dignity of behavior, and questioned its cause, she simply answered, "I suppose it is time, now that I so old, to behave like a woman." And from that day Mr. Deering knew that her conduct to him was no longer disdainful and aggravating, but respectful and considerate, and that her eyes often looked upon him with the confidence and grateful regard which they gave to no other being excepting her idolized father.

For himself, he was too genuine and loyal a lover to extend to another any share of the devout sentiment he bestowed upon his own beloved and long-betrothed Rosina. But he confessed to a new kindness and brotherly fondness for Clorinda, and he kept a nook in his imagination sacred to the thrilling image of a lovely girl fainting in his arms and returning to consciousness and to life beneath his own breath-giving.

A real nice jolly tragedy! These words might apply to a play written in mimic sketching of some of the sad and bitter experiences of life, but they could not apply to reality. When the real tragedy came, how far off in the dim distance seemed their trivial scorn and feeble mockery!

And this was a real tragedy, a true grief, a sad and bitter sorrow, that had fallen upon the household of that gentle-hearted, blameless man, the unworldly and abtruse Professor Bell.

The shock fell suddenly. It was the summer after Frank Deering's long visit. The day had been fixed for his marriage with Rosina, and all preparations for the event were completed. The wedding was to be on Wednesday noon, and Mr. Deering was to arrive on Tuesday evening.

On Monday morning Rosina did not appear at the breakfast table; but she was frequently late, so the absence was scarcely noticed. Toward noon her elder sister went to her chamber to learn if she were ill. She found the tray of tea and toast sent up some hours before standing, with no morsel tasted, in the antechamber, and the curtains of the alcove in which Rosina slept closely drawn.

"She still sleeps," thought Griselda; "I will not disturb her." And she stole away softly down stairs.

Afternoon came—no sign of Rosina. The above curtains were drawn aside; the bed showed no trace of a sleeper. The family became seriously alarmed. Inquiries were made among her friends throughout the town, but knew nothing of her.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I do not think that it is all because our girls do not think it genteel to do housework, that they refuse to "live out" but because in many cases they

are not treated right. Let those who hire remember that because a girl is poor it is no indication that her heart is not as good or her feelings as tender, as those of her rich sister. Treat your girls with kindness, and if they do wrong or make mistakes, encourage them with kind words, and my word for it they will try again and again, until they conquer the difficulty, and you will feel as if your kindness is not thrown away.

"We embark for Havre in the steamship V—today. We shall have sailed when this reaches you, and shall remain abroad a year. Trusting by that time you will be come reconciled to our marriage."

"Rosina and George Clements."

George Clements was a helpless scapegoat, the detestation of the town. Rosina's attachment to him had never been suspected. On the contrary, her engagement to Frank Deering was the accepted fact; and the wedding cards had been received with congratulations, and confidence in her secure happiness.

This heartless elopement filled every one with astonishment and lament. The wronged and sorrowful father seemed utterly crushed by the blow; it was heart-breaking to listen to his expressions of grief, so full of tenderness for his child, and of blame for himself.

In his wild self-accusation—that most sharp sword of calamity, which pierced this good man without justice—so bitterly did he bewail his unfitness to rear his offspring right, that he even blamed himself for having married, when past middle life, the lonely young creature who adored him, the mother of his girls, and the being whose devotion had been the great happiness of his life.

Frank Deering caught in his arms the girl who sprang from the wagon. "Clorinda!" he gasped but she answered not. Her trembling limbs sank beneath her; she fell heavily against his protecting arm; then he even blamed himself for having married, when past middle life, the lonely young creature who adored him, the mother of his girls, and the being whose devotion had been the great happiness of his life.

"I am dying," murmured poor little Clorinda. It was her first experience of the womanly accomplishment of a veritable dead swoon, from which the "coming to" is painful.

"I will not let you die, my child," said Deering, who was kneeling beside her, his face bending over her with ineffable benevolence, and his hand gently laying her forehead and lips with the water Dennis had brought in his cap from a stream in an adjacent meadow.

"She'll be all right again now, sir," said Dennis, much relieved from apprehension as he saw, upon the deadly paleness beneath the tawny complexion, which drops of water were fast washing away, faint blushing tints beginning to rally. "And it's only a joke about the judge. My orders was strictly to drive the young lady round pretty smartly, and drop her at her own door, with Miss Moper's biss compliments, and this note and handkercher to Dr. Bell." And Dennis drew the handkercher from his vest with the flourish of a professor of legerdemain, and a three-cornered note from Miss Jane to the doctor, returning his daughter, with indignant and cautionary fears for her future.

Mr. Deering saw neither mouchoir nor billet. His whole attention was given to the interesting object before him. Never before had he been placed in the romantic position of a chivalric knight succoring a forlorn maiden, and the situation struck his fancy, and, indeed, moved his heart.

"I didn't mean to," said Clorinda, pathetically, clasping his hand with the genuine penitence and appealing confidence of a little child. "Please don't let dear papa know it; don't let any one know it, Mr. Deering."

This was all that happened. Dennis was relieved of responsibility when the evidence and accusation had passed into the hands of "a friend of the family," and he was bound over to silence by a largess so generous that it was sufficient, if need be, to keep his mouth shut for a century, after he had once opened it, in astonishment at his good luck, wider than it had ever been opened before.

Clorinda, recovering strength, and insisting upon walking home, took Mr. Deering's arm for only a short distance, until she was fully nerve.

Thenceforth not a word was said alluding to the adventure. But from that day Clorinda's manner changed: when her sisters observed her new dignity of behavior, and questioned its cause, she simply answered, "I suppose it is time, now that I so old, to behave like a woman." And from that day Mr. Deering knew that her conduct to him was no longer disdainful and aggravating, but respectful and considerate, and that her eyes often looked upon him with the confidence and grateful regard which they gave to no other being excepting her idolized father.

For himself, he was too genuine and loyal a lover to extend to another any share of the devout sentiment he bestowed upon his own beloved and long-betrothed Rosina. But he confessed to a new kindness and brotherly fondness for Clorinda, and he kept a nook in his imagination sacred to the thrilling image of a lovely girl fainting in his arms and returning to consciousness and to life beneath his own breath-giving.

A real nice jolly tragedy! These words might apply to a play written in mimic sketching of some of the sad and bitter experiences of life, but they could not apply to reality. When the real tragedy came, how far off in the dim distance seemed their trivial scorn and feeble mockery!

And this was a real tragedy, a true grief, a sad and bitter sorrow, that had fallen upon the household of that gentle-hearted, blameless man, the unworldly and abtruse Professor Bell.

The shock fell suddenly. It was the summer after Frank Deering's long visit. The day had been fixed for his marriage with Rosina, and all preparations for the event were completed. The wedding was to be on Wednesday noon, and Mr. Deering was to arrive on Tuesday evening.

On Monday morning Rosina did not appear at the breakfast table; but she was frequently late, so the absence was scarcely noticed. Toward noon her elder sister went to her chamber to learn if she were ill. She found the tray of tea and toast sent up some hours before standing, with no morsel tasted, in the antechamber, and the curtains of the alcove in which Rosina slept closely drawn.

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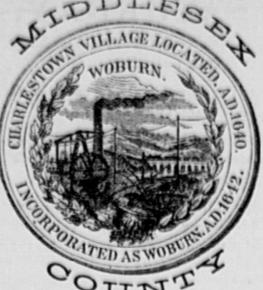
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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

NO. 29.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
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Leather Machinery,  
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Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.  
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shaving  
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings  
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answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

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Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,  
Dealer in

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on

hand.

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Livery, Hack & Boarding

STABLE,

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G.F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.

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WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

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TILLOR,

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tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishment  
in Boston, and in his services to the citizens of  
Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
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Farming Tools & Seeds,

PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,

Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

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STONEHAM, MASS.

Shale, Tin and Gravel. Roofing furnished and ap-  
plied. Special attention given to repairing Roofs of  
all kinds.

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TOWN BILL POSTER  
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Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
posters in town. Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

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GROCERIES,

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,

12 At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

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(SOLES' BLOCK.)

SEWING MACHINES

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments

Liberal Prices allowed Old, Machines in exchange  
of new ones.

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WILLIAM WINN,

AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
severalable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OFFICE,

Woburn, promptly attended to.

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E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER,

Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 164 Main

street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

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We have added to our Soda Syrups the above, which is highly appreciated by many.

### WE ALSO DRAW

VANILLA CHOCOLATE,  
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CHOCOLATE,  
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VANILLA.

PINEAPPLE,  
STRAWBERRY,  
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Soda 10 Cents per Glass,

20 Tickets for \$1.00.

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25 Tickets for \$1.00.

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Physician and Surgeon,  
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HAVE THE  
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No Rubber, No Springs.

Liked by everybody.

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.25

Orders for mail should be

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159 Main Street, Woburn.

Office (At Boston, 10 A.M., to 4 P.M.  
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

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## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reprints, 50 cents; a line, 1 cent. Special notices, 10 cents. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line. The figure printed with the subscriber's name on the bill, shows to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
Copeland, Bowes & Co., Mortgage's Sale,	3	7	2
C. A. Smith & Son,	3	4	10
Wanted,	3	8	4

## WHAT WILL THEY DO?

We, last week, remarked that a long suffering public would like to know what the Selectmen propose to do about the illegal sale of liquor in Woburn, at which the *Adversary* speaks up, and wants to know how long this long suffering public will grumble because somebody else doesn't do its work for it. The functions of government are delegated by the people to its officers, who are qualified by their official oaths to perform those functions, and are rightfully held accountable if they do not perform them. Our amiable contemporary remarks that it has not the slightest doubt that if "positive, tangible evidence" is obtained and presented to the Board of Selectmen, the police, or "other proper authorities," those implicated will be promptly prosecuted. Neither have we. If the matter was presented in that light, the Selectmen or "other proper authorities" would hardly care to take the responsibility of refusing to prosecute. "But," says the *Adversary*, "who is to furnish this evidence?" Are the Selectmen to abandon the other important town business, and make it their business to go around and hunt up evidence of the illegal sale of liquors? If there is any body in town, whose business it is, more than it is the Selectmen's let him be set to work. The Selectmen are the highest authority in town. They have charge of the police, and the police regulations. Latterly, we know, Selectmen have held that they should only notice violations of law on complaint, but we hold that it is a mistaken idea, and without authority. The citizen retires at night secure in the thought that his person and property will be safely guarded. It is not his place to sit up all night to guard his property, because he has selected officers for the purpose and cheerfully pays them for the responsibility that they voluntarily assume. Neither is it his place to frequent the places where liquor is sold to note infringements of the law and prosecute the violators. It is the duty, principally, of the Selectmen, who can delegate their subordinates to perform the task. They have refused to license several applicants, and they logically accept the responsibility of seeing to it that these men do not license themselves. They are Overseers of the Poor, and well know that a very large per cent of pauperism is due to intemperance, and they further know that the sale of liquor indirectly increases the amount we have to pay annually for outside relief. They are the Board of Health, and are not unmindful of the fact that sanitary considerations have little weight in the neighborhoods where liquor is freely sold. They are our local "Police Commission," and it is pretty well understood that the police go only so far as they are directed to by the Selectmen. The public has no desire to shirk its duties. It made an effort in April to secure a good government, a government that will give us good streets, a healthy sanitary condition, a freedom from all sorts of lawlessness, good schools, good fire department, and all that is comprehended in the expression "good government." It found good men and true who were willing to accept the responsibility, and we believe the Selectmen will not be found wanting now that they know how the people feel about the matter. More than three months of the official year has passed, and while the people are not "grumbling," they do most respectfully desire to know what the Selectmen propose to do about it.

**SAVINGS BANK.**—The adjourned annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank was held last Friday evening, and the following officers elected:—President, John Cummings; Vice Presidents, D. D. Hart, Jacob Brown, Patrick W. Kinney; Trustees, Stephen Nichols, G. R. Gage, A. E. Thompson, W. T. Grammer, William Winn, N. Wyman, P. L. Converse, Samuel Cook, John R. Carter, C. A. Jones, B. Hinckley; Clerk, James N. Dow; Investment Committee, John Cummings, D. D. Hart, Jacob Brown, P. W. Kinney, Wm. Winn, P. L. Converse, S. Cook; Auditors, A. E. Thompson, C. A. Jones.

**THE genial Dick Deadeye of the *Adv.* breaks forth into song, on learning that a contemporary has been appointed on a board to select a candidate for the Naval Academy, and refers with that happy humor which is his especial charm, to the time "a many years ago," when the appointee became a printer's devil, and subsequently achieved great distinction. If that devil could have foreseen half-shell journalism, when he was young and tender, how much that was disagreeable he could have avoided.**

**RUNAWAY.**—Grammer & White's driver left his horse standing in front of Mr. True's house on Montvale Avenue, while he was delivering goods. The horse took the opportunity of running away, but becoming entangled with the reins when near Eastern Avenue was thrown down and secured. The wagon was injured and the goods delivered promiscuously.

**JUST THE THING.**—When going to a picnic, a bottle of lime juice or lemon syrup will be just the thing to carry for making a cool and refreshing drink. Hill has just received a new invoice of lime juice.

**The weather this week has been very hot. Patten's ice cream, and other refrigerators have been very busy.**

**The boys say that high blueberries are very large and plenty this year.**

## THE STATE PRISON.

There must be something wrong about the management of the State Prison. We hear of incendiary fires, strikes, conspiracies, and latest a plot for a wholesale breaking out. It is expected that reckless men of the criminal class, confined in a State Prison should spend a large part of their time on the problem how to circumvent their jailors, and regain their liberty. They cannot be contented with their lot, unless they happen to be philosophers, and take the time spent in prison as a necessary part of their dubious profession, to be served like an apprenticeship, and with as little friction as possible. Such men generally conform to the rules of the prison, and endeavor by good conduct to relieve the bitterness of their imprisonment and shorten its duration. The rules of a prison like the regulations of an army protect as well as restrain, and prisoners have certain "rights," which they prize as highly, and cherish more jealously, than do their brothers who are at liberty. Infringements of these rights are the principal causes of uneasiness and insubordination, and when a prison is in a state of ferment, as is the case at Concord, there is reason to believe that something is wrong in the management. Complaints of the cruelty and injustice of the Warden are frequently made, and may there not be some foundation for them? To be sure, the testimony comes from the criminals, and they are not always credible witnesses. A cruel and arbitrary man can only secure subordination by superior force, and constant vigilance, while a more judicious man achieves the same results with far less friction. It would seem that there is something worth investigating at Concord, and not impossible that the demand for a change in the chief office should be heeded.

**UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.**—Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, Member of Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, is to nominate a candidate for appointment as a cadet of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, such candidate to be examined at Annapolis, on September 22d, next. A competitive examination of all applicants for such nomination will be held on Tuesday next, the 22d day of July, 1879, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the Prescott School Building, in East Somerville, before a board of examiners, consisting of Charles G. Pope, Esq., of Somerville, John L. Parker, Esq., of Woburn, and Dr. C. W. Stevens, of Charles-town. All applicants must be actual residents of this Congressional District; must be of such condition politically that they would be able to vote if they were of sufficient age thereafter; must be at the age of admission to the Academy, over fourteen and under eighteen years of age, and at least five feet in height. They will be subjected first to a rigid physical examination, and such as are not thereby rejected, will be examined in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, English grammar, and geography. Each applicant must furnish said Board a certificate from his present or last school teacher, that he is of good moral character, and in the opinion of such teacher, reasonably qualified to submit to such an examination, or such other evidence in place thereof, of his mental and moral qualifications, as said Board may require or accept. Every cadet has to agree to serve the United States eight years from the time of his admission to the Academy.

**INSTALLATION.**—The following officers for the ensuing term of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F., were installed on Monday evening by R. W. G. D. D. Duncan Macfarlane and suite, N. G., William H. Matthews; R. S. N. G., Lycurn Burnham; L. S. N. G., Charles E. Cooper; V. G., Thomas J. White; R. S. V. G., Samuel Skelton; L. S. V. G., Etienne C. Colombe; R. S., Albert P. Barrett; Treas., Orlando M. Brooks; Warden, William H. Reed; Conductor, Oliver M. Wade; O. G., Cyrus Lamb; I. S., Everett R. Skinner; R. S. S., Frank Lippitt; L. S. S., Isaac A. Howe. Messrs. L. Burnham, G. M. Buchanan, and C. E. Cooper were appointed a Finance Committee for ensuing term. Large delegations were present from Medford Centre, West Medford and Arlington, and after the installation the company repaired to Central House Hall, and partook of a bountiful collation which was furnished by the members of Crystal Fount Lodge. Speeches were made by several of the visitors and members of the home lodge.

**FIRE.**—Tuesday evening, a lamp in the hands of L. A. Sweetser, at his home on Union street, caught fire, possibly from overfilling. Mr. S. started to throw it out of doors, but the flames burning his hands he was obliged to drop it, when the bottom of the lamp came out, and spread the burning fluid on the floor. The oil carpeting and wood-work of the room was somewhat scorched, as was some clothing which was hanging near.

**SELECTMEN.**—2d regular meeting Thursday, Cummings absent. On the matter of grade of Canal street, voted to meet the abutters and Water Commissioners on Monday July 21, at 6 P. M. Re-application for opening of Page Place to New Boston street, was referred to clerk of the Board to investigate and report.

**ANTI-CRUELTY.**—Rev. J. F. Winkley, of Trinity Episcopal Church will lecture on Friday evening, on the prevention of cruelty to animals. This is a subject that is being considered more than formerly, and it is hoped that there will be a full attendance.

**The Woburn Band was honored with a large audience Wednesday night. They play at Winchester next Wednesday evening.**

**BITTEN.**—Monday, Edward C. Collamore was quite severely bitten in the right hand by a dog belonging to Charles Bancroft.

**POPULATION.**—The assessors give the population of Woburn this year at 10,694, a gain of 249 over that of last year.

**The weather this week has been very hot. Patten's ice cream, and other refrigerators have been very busy.**

**The boys say that high blueberries are very large and plenty this year.**

## HEAVY STORM.

A heavy storm of wind and rain swept over Massachusetts on Wednesday afternoon, and Woburn received a passing notice, although not so heavy a visitation as in some places. The wind made great havoc among the trees, in many cases stripping them of leaves and branches, and occasionally destroying them altogether. In front of 74 Main street, a large horse chestnut, three feet in diameter, and planted there by the late Willis Buckman, upwards of forty years ago, was twisted up near the ground. In its fall it carried down a section of telegraph wire and two poles. Across the street the tornado destroyed a cherry tree in Miss Flint's garden. A pear tree in James Bland's garden was split in two parts. Shade trees on Summer street suffered. The awnings on Curtis's Drug store were torn into ribbons, and the Clothing store awning next door suffered some damage. A. E. Thompson's wagon was going down Main street, when the sun shade was suddenly snatched away by the wind. Grammer & White had similar experience but the shade was broken when it came down. The awning at their store played strange antics, but did not break away. The wind broke in a window in the cupola of John S. True's house, No. 78 Montvale Avenue, and also broke a window on Everett Avenue last Tuesday evening.

**PASTORAL CALL.**—Rev. A. B. Dascomb, formerly of Winchester, has had a call to the Congregational Church, Bellows Falls, Vt. He will preach there for six months, and when a prison is in a state of ferment, as is the case at Concord, there is reason to believe that something is wrong in the management. Complaints of the cruelty and injustice of the Warden are frequently made, and may there not be some foundation for them? To be sure, the testimony comes from the criminals, and they are not always credible witnesses. A cruel and arbitrary man can only secure subordination by superior force, and constant vigilance, while a more judicious man achieves the same results with far less friction. It would seem that there is something worth investigating at Concord, and not impossible that the demand for a change in the chief office should be heeded.

**RUNAWAY.**—A horse belonging to Mr. Ellery Carter, left standing in front of one of our stores, ran away on Tuesday, but was secured without having done any damage. Fortunately Mr. Carter escaped unharmed.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**—*Peterson's for August* comes to hand early, and is richly stored with entertaining and instructive reading which all will appreciate, while its fashion plates, patterns, and full description of the latest novelties in dress and embroidery work, render it indispensable in every family who would know the constant changes in style and be able to select from them at a mere nominal cost. The supplement in each number which has a pattern for some article of ladies or children's wear, could not be purchased alone for less than the price of the number, thus making it decidedly the cheapest magazine of its class in the country.

**PERSONALS.**—Deacon Thomas F. Shepard is at Westminster, Vt., with Rev. A. B. Dascomb. Mr. John R. Cobb, Miss Annie P. Sharon, and Miss Louisa Johnson are at Birchdale Springs, Concord, N. H. This popular resort is well filled with summer boarders, and the proprietors Messrs. Wm. Adams and H. K. Stanton, so well known in Winchester, leave nothing undone that will please their guests.

**BASE BALL.**—The Winchester High School Nine played a Picked Nine last Monday, beating them 23 to 11, as the following score will show:—

HIGH SCHOOL.		PICKED NINE.	
R. O.		R. O.	
Grandison, ss.	3 0	Winnser, c.	2 2
Stoddard, p.	3 1	Eaton, p.	1 2
Wright, c.	3 1	Norman, if.	1 1
Nichols, if.	1 3	Schilling, lb.	0 1
Pratt, r.	1 2	Archie, d.	0 1
Richardson, ss.	1 2	Law, cf.	0 3
	23 15	Carter, C. 2b.	2 1
			1 2
			1 1

**PICNICS.**—About 100 of the Methodist S. took barges, Wednesday morning for Nahant. The storm instead of interfering with the merrymaking, added to the fun as from their shelter they could look on and enjoy the good sights in safety. The ride home after the storm was particularly enjoyable. The whole affair passed off pleasantly without accident, and was pronounced by all, a "good time." They think there is no place like Nahant.

The Episcopal Sunday School held a picnic in the grove on the west side of Horn Pond, Wednesday. The party numbered about fifty and had a very pleasant time till the shower came up, when they took shelter in the ice house and reached home without getting wet much.

Some fifty of the ladies and children at Central Square held a picnic, in Baldwin's Grove last Friday and had one of the pleasantest gatherings of the season.

**FIRE.**—About 11 o'clock Wednesday night, a fire was discovered in a shed adjoining the house occupied by Charles E. Taylor, expressman, on Salem street. An alarm was promptly given, but before the firemen could reach the place, the fire had been put out with pails of water. Two barrels and a box were burned. The probable cause of the fire was hot ashes in a barrel.

About 12 o'clock Wednesday night a second alarm was given, this time for a fire on Flagg street. A barn belonging to Michael Ferrin, Jr., was burned, with the contents. The fire department responded promptly, and prevented the spreading of the flames. The barn and contents were insured in the Royal for \$500. The loss was about \$150. A horse which was included in the insurance was out at pasture. The fire was probably of incendiary origin.

**BASE BALL.**—The Eurekas of Woburn played a Lexington nine, on Lexington Common last Saturday, and defeated them by a score of 17 to 9. The most interesting feature was the heavy batting of the Eurekas, who made twenty base hits, as the score shows.

**EUREKAS.**—LEXINGTONS.

R. BH.		R. BH.	
McCarty, 3	5	Hutchinson, 3	5
Richardson, E. 3	5	Reed, 0	1
Fitzgerald, 3	2	Green, 1	0
DeLoracion, F. 1	1	Leaven, 0	0
Flowers, 0	1	Rogers, 0	1
Flanders, 1	4	Jewell, 1	1
Hayward, 2	1	Gleason, 0	1
Richardson, P. 2	1	Davis, 2	1
Buck, 3	2	Hendley, 2	2
	17 20		9 10

Umpire—Numm. of the Harvards.  
Scorer—Ed Hart.

**DROWNED AT NEWBURY.**—Mr. Cyrus Holmes, was drowned in Newbury, N. C., on the 30th ult. He was walking on the pier, and caught his foot in a defective plank and fell into the water, and although he was immediately taken out, he could not be resuscitated. Mr. Holmes was about 42 years of age, a son of Rev. Cyrus Holmes, who formerly was principal of Warren Academy. Mrs. Holmes was on a visit to friends in Massachusetts at the time of the accident. Mr. Holmes served with distinction in the late war, and was an officer in the Custom House at Newbury. He had relatives in Woburn and Winchester.

**PICNIC.**—A picnic party composed of about 500 sailors and friends of the Sunday School connected with the Orthodox, Methodist, Unitarian and Baptist churches, left Winchester, Thursday morning in barges for Everett Heights. The Woburn Brass Band accompanied them, adding greatly to the pleasure of the affair by their music. The place chosen for the picnic is pleasantly situated in Arlington a short distance from the Edward Everett place, which the overlayings will bring the total up to \$45,300, and the rate of taxation will be about the same as last year.

**ACCIDENTS.**—Tuesday, William T. Kendall had one too badly hurt by a piece of floor joist twenty feet long, being thrown it at H. S. Converse's lumber yard.

**ANTI-CRUELTY.**—Thursday a man in the employ of Mr. Frank Pusey at the George Winn farm, cut his shoulder severely while handling a scythe.

**MURDER WILL OUT.**—The murderers of Jennie P. Clark have been arrested, and their punishment should be speedy and sure. We wish a similar good fortune could have attended the search for the murderers of Frank Davis.

**OPEN AIR MEETING.**—The Young Men's Christian Association will hold an open air Praise meeting on the Common, next Sunday, day, commencing at 5:45, P. M. Mr. S. C. Abbott, of Lowell, and others will speak.

**EXCURSION.**—About twenty of the members of the

**BOSTON REAL ESTATE.**—If there is any barometer whose rise and fall marks the true condition of the times, then real estate is that instrument. It moves slowly, sometimes almost imperceptibly, yet it does move. Are the times improving, according to this unfailing barometer? Most assuredly, we think, they are. Since the great building epidemic, there has not been so sure an indication of their return, as the lookout of today. All over the city, buildings are going up, repairs are being made, and large enterprises are in process of becoming realized. But there is no excitement, the gambling spirit is entirely crushed. There are few people who care to build a whole street and take their chances. If a man has a lot of land, he erects a building upon it; if he has plenty of money he purchases land and does likewise. People are working upon certainties now, not upon chances or for an unreasonable love of speculation. Boston proper has felt the warm wind of success, and when that breeze has warmed the hearts of our city capitalists it will fan into life the money men of our suburban districts. The tide has turned, it is not yet flood water, but it is running in; slowly perhaps, but it can only run one way. For years there has not been so good a time to build. Timber can be bought for one-half the price at which it sold a few years ago; bricks are at half price, land very low and labor can be obtained at 50 per cent. less compared with what it cost a few years since. A house which in 1868 would have required an outlay of \$20,000 for its erection, to-day may be built for half that sum. Look at our Back Bay! The tidal wave of revival is washing over that territory to-day, and it is springing into prosperous activity. We have had our years of famine; now the days of harvest are coming, they are in fact upon us, and we are beginning to gather the sheaves already. Shall we after a few busy, thriving years, experience another season of prostration? Let us hope not. The experience of twelve years of hard struggle has taught us a lesson never to be forgotten, so that when the good times are fairly upon us we shall meet them soberly and quietly, and treat them so well that they will not part company with us in a hurry.—*Traveler*.

**HE WANTED A PAPER.**—He came in with a very eager look on his face, and inquired whether the proprietor could furnish him a copy of just sixteen weeks ago. He wanted it specially for something there was in it. The publisher is always ready to accommodate friends, and proceeded to set the office boy at work to hunt up a copy of the paper of the desired date. After half an hour's search, during which the publisher had dropped his work to entertain his customer, the paper was found.

"Ah, that's the very one I want," said he. "I'm so glad you found it. How much is it?"

"The usual price, five cents," was the reply.

"What! Five cents? Five cents for an old paper? I didn't suppose you charged anything for old papers."

But the publisher insisted that the paper was worth the money, and the customer went off in a huff, leaving the publisher to reflect upon the good sense and liberality of mankind in general and newspaper patrons in particular.—*Rome Sentinel*.

**LEARN A TRADE.**—"I never look at my old steel composing rule," said a printer, who became something more, "that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted, I can go back to the type case and be sure of work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job, work, book work, and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of self-made men. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench, or, if you please, to the printing office or the artisan's bench, or, if you please to the farm—for to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please."

**THE REV. A. D. MAYO.**—The Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Springfield, Mass., combats the growing idea that more than a common-school education is too much to give at public cost. He says that, so far from there being any danger of educating our children too highly, the greatest evils which threaten our country arise from ignorance. What we want is a higher average of intelligence. The old idea that a good education is only needed for the profession is exploded, and the best effect of this higher training is to enrich and ennoble our common American life. Those who have just graduated from schools and seminaries should be encouraged to take their education into every-day avocations, into shops and stores, and into the home as well, and not to believe that is to be of no benefit to them unless they launch themselves upon the crowded sea of professional life.

**LOBSTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.**—A quantity of live lobsters were recently sent by the United States Fish Commissioners to California and arrived there in good condition. This is the first appearance of the genuine lobster on that coast, and it was expected that there would be some difficulty in getting them there alive, but at Winnemucca they were met by a fresh supply of ocean water, after which their condition greatly improved. When they arrived at Oakland wharf they were immediately taken on board a tug, which steamed out to the reef, where they were liberated. On their way out they were placed in a fresh supply of water caught from the incoming tide, which seemed to greatly delight them. They were nearly all females and were estimated to have about 1,000,000 eggs.

**Three cows were shipped at West Danvers in a box car.** When the train arrived at the Newburyport depot the car was found empty. The cows had broken loose and jumped out while the train was moving, and the next day they were found by the railroad people and forwarded to their purchasers. The strangest part of the story is that there was no scratch or injury on the animals.—*Peabody Press*.

**THE SODA-WATER SEASON.**—The soda-water days have come, the sweetest of the year, when all go in for soda straight, instead of lager-beer. Soda-water is simply carbonic acid gas soaked in water. The carbonic acid gas is obtained by pouring sulphuric acid over marble chips or dust. The gas is passed through water several times to free it from all trace of the sulphuric acid, and is then pumped into a strong steel receptacle, in which is pure water. The soda-fountain is generally an elaborate marble affair, costing from \$50 to \$5,000. Generally a soda-fountain in a drug store will pay the rent of the store at least, and sometimes much more. Fountains have from one draught tube and five syrups to six tubes and twenty-two syrups. At some places they have the pure fruit syrups and at others—they say they have. The first patent for soda-water was taken out in England in 1807, yet the soda-fountain in all its glory is only to be seen in America. In this country there is at least \$12,000,000 invested in soda-water manufacturers, fountains, etc., and yet you can get a drink for five cents. The tariff used to be ten cents, and then a young man with a party of ladies dreaded the sight of a fountain or the sound of its sizzle, but hard times had the same effect on soda as on everything else. If the price was further lowered to three cents there is little doubt but a great increase of consumption and profit would result.—*Albany Argus*.

**GOOD ADVICE WELL STATED.**—At the General Association of Congregational churches in Worcester recently, Rev. Mr. Batt of Stoneham spoke a healthy sentiment concerning the local paper. Its substance was: Brethren, treat well your local paper. Too often you don't do it. We are apt to slight it. We value our city papers coming from the great centres of news, but think of our home paper as only a home affair. When a friend is at our house and takes up our home paper, too often we apologize for it as hardly worth notice, look around for our city daily to put into his hand instead of that, and speak of that with a slighting remark. Don't do it brethren. Treat it better. It will be better if you do better by it. Take an interest in it. Take pride in it. Give it your helping hand. There are a hundred ways in which you can help the community by doing so. Without assuming any dictatorship or appearing forward you can make your healthful suggestions as to books and other reading matter, and thus in a quiet interesting way attract and lead by a large hearted influence the home reading of the whole community. Ministers sometimes think the local paper of no account. They don't give it the encouragement to make it of some account. They and the good people treat it with something of a slight, when in fact the paper treats them better than they treat it. Your local paper goes into your homes and is a power among them. Respect it and strengthen it to make it worthy of respect.

**THE UNION ARMY.**—A statement is issued by the war department, giving the number of men furnished the Union army by each state and territory and the District of Columbia, from April 15, 1861, to the close of the rebellion. It shows that the total number of volunteers was 2,678,967, divided as follows: Maine, 72,114; New Hampshire, 36,629; Vermont, 35,262; Massachusetts, 152,048; Rhode Island, 23,699; Connecticut, 57,379; New York, 467,407; New Jersey, 81,010; Pennsylvania, 366,107; Delaware, 13,670; Maryland, 50,216; West Virginia, 32,068; District of Columbia, 16,872; Ohio, 319,659; Indiana, 197,147; Illinois, 259,147; Michigan, 89,372; Wisconsin, 95,424; Minnesota, 25,052; Iowa, 76,309; Missouri, 109,111; Kentucky, 79,025; Kansas, 20,151; Tennessee, 31,022; Arkansas, 8,289; North Carolina, 3,156; California, 15,725; Nevada, 1080; Oregon, 1810; Washington territory, 964; Nebraska, 3,157; Colorado, 4,093; Dakota, 206; New Mexico, 6,661; Alabama, 2,576; Florida, 1,290; Louisiana, 8,224; Mississippi, 545; Texas, 1,965; and Indian Nation, 35,030. The troops furnished by the southern states, were, with the exception of those from Louisiana, nearly all white. Florida furnished two regiments of cavalry; Alabama one white regiment; Mississippi one battalion, and North Carolina two regiments of cavalry.

**NOTICE!**—It is not to be supposed that steam is not in time coming into more general use on street railroads, to the great relief of horse flesh. The opinion is expressed that in less than six months every street car in the city of New York will be run by steam. This would seem to be altogether too short a time in which to effect so great a change. Says a correspondent of a Boston paper: "The fourth motor will be on Third avenue this week. The motor consists of a load of compressed steam, which propels the wheels without any water or fire. One stationary boiler supplies each motor with compressed steam enough to take it ten miles, or to the end of the line and back. The motor, which runs ahead of the car, takes up about the same room as a pair of horses. They are easily stopped; never bark; don't need watering, feeding or grooming; never get sick; and are said to be cheaper than horses." As the first motor went down the Bowery, an urchin was heard to shout: "Hi, Johnny! 'ere comes a live horse—car-drawn! itself! Hi!"

**IRRISOLUTION.**—It is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in itself, but it leaps to vice, creeping upon its victim with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet he is about to drain is poison yet he swallows it. He knows—for the example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors—that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs, and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it. How beautiful on the contrary, is the power of resolution enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations! Avoid the contraction of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

**Three cows were shipped at West Danvers in a box car.** When the train arrived at the Newburyport depot the car was found empty. The cows had broken loose and jumped out while the train was moving, and the next day they were found by the railroad people and forwarded to their purchasers. The strangest part of the story is that there was no scratch or injury on the animals.—*Peabody Press*.

**With every wish that the Bennett Arctic expedition may prove a success, we are far from expecting more than will naturally result from the choice of a good crew, skillful officers, enthusiastic scientists, and a full equipment of provisions, supplies, and instruments. The accident of a favorable season, or shift of the polar ice fields, may open to the Jeannette a score or two miles of nothing beyond those hitherto attained by man, but the ship herself, however improved or strengthened, is not calculated for ice navigation. It is a little singular, when one reflects on the subject, that so many vessels incapable of forcing their way through even a few inches of ice or sludge, have been sent out by governments and individuals to further Arctic research, while such vessels as the Newfoundland seal fishery has evolved, have only in a single instance been employed. Had Mr. Bennett bought a steamer, instead of a yacht, we should have higher hopes of the pronounced success of his enterprise.—*Journal of Commerce*.**

**Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote: "It is a great source of consolation to us that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood writing, lecturing, or faring, so that while our strength lasts, we have thousand blockheads, taking offense at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poor-house." And so may a man become truly independent.**

**People who expect to have to pay the cost of the publication, services of a lawyer or a physician, seem to think a printer can give them not only his services, but place at their disposal the resources of his office free of cost. Printer's wages, ink, paper, rent, insurance, and taxes, cost as well as other thing. This should be remembered when asking the editor, for the use of his paper for advertising purposes, and a little pay should not be begrimed. That's the way we make a living for ourself and others.—*Wakefield Citizen*.**

**Married.**

In Stoneham, July 4th, by Rev. W. J. Batt, Mr. Granville Bowtell and Miss Mary L. Parker, both of Woburn.

**INSECT POWDER.**

We are making a quantity of Insect Powder this season, for the use of Fleas and Vermin. Sold either in bulk or in packages.

**PERSIAN INSECT POWDER,**  
ONLY AT  
DODGE'S DRUG STORE,  
105 Main Street, Woburn. 99

**Died.**

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Concord, July 9th, Fannie, daughter of Michael and Annie McCaffrey, aged 11 years, 9 months and 4 days.

In Woburn, July 10th, Mary, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Gaine, aged 30 minutes.

In Woburn, July 11th, Ellen Doherty, aged 62 years.

In Woburn, July 12th, Jacob Skinner, aged 65 years.

In Woburn, July 13th, Humphrey M. French, aged 4 years and 5 months.

In Woburn, July 14th, Catherine, daughter of Mark and Susan Faherty, aged 5 years.

In Woburn, July 15th, Joann Hartley, aged 79 years.

In Woburn, July 16th, Arthur J., son of John J. and Ida Skinner, aged 3 months and 27 days.

**GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.**

**WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON**

Makes to order, all kinds of

**CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.**

MAKES LASTS

For Troublesome Joints.

**Ankle Supporting Boots**

For Children with Weak Ankles.

**25 Bromfield Street,**

ROOM 2, BOSTON.

**For Sale and To Let.**

**WANTED.**—A small upright refrigerator, for which cash will be paid. E. T. HOWARD at Grammer & White's, 216 Main St., Woburn. 106

**HOUSE FOR SALE.**—A large double house, in Woburn Center, corner of Main and Church Streets. Eight rooms in each part, water and gas. Also a room, an acre of land, with fruit and shade trees. Horse cars pass the door several times each day. The location is good, and the neighborhood of the best. It is well built, and can be sold on favorable terms, and any one in want of a first-class residence will do well to examine this one. For particulars inquire on the premises of MRS. MARY A. YOUNG.

**EGGS.**—Choice Brown Leghorns. Eggs from this reliable breeder, 50 cents per dozen. By express 2 days for packing. Also a few Chicks for sale. FRANK S. PRATT, Bacon Street, Woburn.

**TO LET.**—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St., M. C. BEAN.

**ROOMS TO LET.**—211 Main Street, Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

**STOVES** stored for the Season by C. M. Stout, Agent.

**By WILLIAM WINN,** Auctioneer, Pleasant Street, Woburn.

**Mortgagee's Sale.**

To Patrick Ferren, the supposed owner of the equity of redemption, and to all persons interested therein.

**IRRESUANT.**—A small upright refrigerator, for which cash will be paid. E. T. HOWARD at Grammer & White's, 216 Main St., Woburn. 106

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Journal Club Column

**W**A woman who opened a small millinery store in the western part of the city, engaged a painter to paint her a sign. When it came home the other day, she saw that it read:—"Mrs. J. Blank," etc., and she called out:

"You have got an extra 'S' in Mrs., and you must paint the sign over again."

The painter saw the error, but he did not want the job of correcting it, and he replied:

"Madam, haven't you had two husbands?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were a Mrs. when you lost the first?"

"I was."

"And do you think a woman can go on marrying forever, and not lengthen out her title? Mrs. means a married woman or a widow. Mrs. means a woman who has been married twice, and is young enough to marry again, and only yesterday a rich old coon was in our shop, and said if he had any idea that you were heart-whole he'd come up."

"Oh, well, you can nail up the sign," she interrupted.

And it is there to-day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**W**An exchange speaks of a Vermont editor's wife presenting her husband with a fourteen-pound daughter. Oh, yes, we remember the circumstance. The editor received the donation with his accustomed suavity, and puffed the following before he discovered that the gift was not sent for the usual puff:—"A magnificent baby has been laid on our table by Mrs. —, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best that we have under our notice this season. We return thanks for the generous gift, and can only add that we hope that the printer will be similarly remembered by many other of our readers." When the editor discovered what a blunder he had made, he took a solemn oath not to write another puff, not even if his cellar was filled with water-melons and his back yard with cordwood.

**W**A common type of persons are those who never will consent to be outdone on any subject. One of these marvel-mongers, relates a contemporary, was talking to a friend at a railway station the other day, when a very small man toddled down the platform. "Look at that little creature!" the friend said. "By Jove, that is the smallest man I ever saw in my life!"

"Really?" his companion carelessly rejoined.

"Really? Yes, really, and truly, too. Do you mean to say that you have ever seen a smaller?" said the friend; and he soon had his answer.

"My dear fellow, I know a man so small that if he has a pain he can't tell whether he has a sore throat or a stomach-ache."

**W**An amusing incident is related of the recent visit of Henry Ward Beecher to Hartford, Conn., as chaplain of the Thirteenth New York Regiment. The horses for the field and staff were furnished there, and when the stout and solid-looking boy selected for him was led out, Mr. Beecher inquired whether he was perfectly safe. The stable proprietor replied in the affirmative.

"Perfectly safe and reliable?" asked the chaplain.

"Perfectly so," replied the proprietor. "He will go anywhere, and is not afraid of the military or cars. There isn't a mean thing about him."

Mr. Beecher looked the animal over for a moment, and then quietly remarked, "I wish he belonged to my church."

**W**A witty druggist on a cold night last winter was woken up by a terrible rapping at his door. Going down, he found a poor fellow who wanted to purchase a dose of salts. The shop was entered, the dose prepared, and a half-dime put in the drawer. "How much did you make in that operation?" asked his wife, as he got into bed. "Four cents," was the reply. "A shame it is," returned the irritated dame, "for a man to disturb your rest for a dose of salts."

"Recollect, my love," said the druggist, "that one dose of salts will disturb the man's rest more than it has mine, and reflect that these little inconveniences always work well in time."

**W**Two newsboys were standing in front of an Oswego cigar store when one of them said to the other:—"Have you got three cents?" "Yes." "Well, I've got two cents; give me your three cents and I'll buy a five cent Havana cigar." "All right," says No. 2, handing over the money. He enters the cigar store, procures the cigar (on credit possibly), lights it, and puffs with a great deal of satisfaction. "Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2; I furnished more than half the money." "I know it," said the smoker, "but then I'm president and you are only a stockholder; you can spit."

**W**There is lots of fun to be had at little private picnics when the party goes up a stream in a large boat to a pleasant woodland. All you have to do is to lug three baskets of provisions and a box of croquet to the boat, and then help row it and get four blisters on each hand, and then climb a tree covered with briars to adjust a swing, and work yourself almost to death swinging a girl who never seems to get enough of it, and then reverse the order of things until you get home. There is lots of fun in it. Fun? Why, it is just reeking with it.—*New York Star.*

**W**"Have you enjoyed our strawberry festival, boys?" "Oh, yes, sir," exclaimed a company of boys. "Then," asked the teacher, seeking to append a moral, "if you had slipped into my garden and picked those strawberries without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?" Every little boy in a stained and sticky company shrieked out, "No, sir." "Why not?" "Cause," said little Thomas, with the cheerfulness of conscious virtue, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

**W**"Marion," he asked, in that style which a big brother assumes when patronizing a little sister. "Marion, do you know that the earth turns round?" "Of course," said Marion, resenting the imputation of ignorance; "that's the reason I tumbles out of bed."

**W**The postage stamp knows its place after it has been licked once.

*Continued from first page.*

"Seventeen years ago, in company with my husband, we were on our return from Brazil to the United States. We had been there quite a number of years and had accumulated a handsome property; but not been pleased with society or government, we decided to turn our possessions into money and return to New Orleans, our native home. We carried out this design so far as starting homeward. We took a steamer to Rio Janeiro for Panama, at which we arrived safely. Here we engaged passage on a New York packet, and continued our journey. The day following our embarkation at Panama, my husband discovered a suspicious-looking man stealthily watching him. This gave us much uneasiness, and to add to our trouble just then I gave birth to a daughter. Shortly after this event there came on a fearful storm. It lasted for several days, and it was feared the ship with all on board would be lost. Still in the midst of these terrific scenes that strange man hung about us. We decided he was a robber, who had some way learned of our money, and only waited an opportunity to secure it. The storm finally drove us into the port of Matamoras. Here quietly, and as we thought unobserved, we went ashore. Our first movement was to secure rooms at a hotel, intending to let the packet pass on and go by the next steamer ourselves.

"The first night at the hotel that same man, with another whom I had not before noticed, entered our room and struck my husband a blow that made him senseless. I sprang out of bed, when a liquid from a vial was forced into my mouth, and immediately I was helpless—unconscious. When my reason returned my husband and I were in a sailing vessel and out at sea. My child was not with us. I was told it was dead, but I never fully believed it. My husband was alive, but it was evident he could not live. His skull was badly fractured and he did not know me. The second day he was thrown overboard before my eyes. The men told me they had been hired to throw both of us into the sea, but if I would behave myself and cook for them, my life should be spared. I do not know how I lived or what happened during the days that followed. All that I remembered of that terrible past is that I found myself imprisoned in a lunatic asylum in Messina, Sicily. I now think that for a period I was actually crazy, but when I recovered the past all came back to me. My husband and my child, all—were remembered. Oh, God! how I suffered! I was not badly treated, but allowed no privilege whatever. I begged for pen and paper that I might write to my friends and apprise them of my situation, but this was refused. By-and-by a party of Americans visited. I saw them, heard them speak, and oh, how my heart leaped for joy! They believed my story; I was released and furnished with money and returned to my native country. Knowing that my husband had been saved, I came directly to New Orleans and from there to Matamoras. After a little inquiry I ascertained that my daughter was living and where she could be found. I came, but not a day too soon. The same man—that villain standing there"—pointing toward Vernago, "not content with the destruction of the parents, has been plotting against the child. Yes, it was he that entered our room that fatal night and struck the fearful blow. I know him. I could never forget him."

She ceased speaking, and her eyes wandered to Vernago. Then reaching out both arms the two were locked in a firm embrace.

"My child? My darling child!" the mother moaned.

"Yes, mother. Dear, dear mother!" she sobbed a moment, then added: "I have been so happy here all the days of my life, while you have been so miserable—so very miserable; but we will both be happy now and hereafter."

"You have heard the evidence," remarked the lieutenant, addressing the culprits. "You can consider yourselves under arrest."

"Who are you?" asked Vernago, with a sneer, "that you take so great an interest in the affairs belonging to others?"

"I am simply a Lieutenant obeying the command of my superior."

The sentence was scarcely spoken when there was a flash, report, and a ball flew past the lieutenant's head, lodging in the wall. Thus, unintentionally, a preconcerted signal was given, when every door was thrown open and each presented a goodly array of bayonets.

"Dash through the window," shouted Vernago, "it's our only chance."

It was the last sentence he ever uttered. He had broken the sash and raised himself upon the window sill, when he dropped back into the room, pierced by a bullet from the lieutenant's pistol. Loretto attempted to escape through the same opening, but fell back across the body of his late companion. Both were dead. Vengeance had been swift.

"Remove the bodies from the room and bury them," commanded the lieutenant, "then return to your quarters."

The soldiers obeyed with alacrity, and quiet was soon restored.

Then followed a scene of congratulation to her who had suffered so much and who had at last reached a haven of rest. It was evident she would not live long to enjoy it; yet the Don, in the fullness of his heart, declared she would never leave them, and that if kindness and love could make her forget the painful past, she would be happy again. Eloise cried and laughed alternately.

"Why should I not be happy?" she said.

"I have now two mothers—two dear, dear mothers."

Sebastian's brother and the lieutenant did not leave the villa until the next morning, when they returned to Matamoras. From that time on for several weeks the lieutenant was an almost daily visitor. Eloise was not displeased at his presence, and grew to watch his coming—so to be sad if he did not come. Thus an attachment was formed, and at the time the Federal army moved on Monterey, they were openly engaged.

The marriage, however, did not take place until after the war, when the lieutenant resigned his commission and settled down in the villa the happiest of men.

In the fulness of time Eloise's mother was taken from them, and soon after the Don and his wife followed. Eloise and her husband

were the sole possessors of the Sebastian estate, and after many misgivings they decided to dispose of it, and remove to the North.

They came and selected a pleasant home on the banks of the Ohio, where they were happy and contented when the first gun was fired on Sumter. This roused the martial spirit of the companion of "Old Irons and Ready," and girding on the armor he went forth again to fight the battles for the Union. On his sword blade to-day is the simple inscription, "For Eloise and my country!"

**THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.**—The time fixed for the assault was the night of the 15th of July. Starting out from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles above Stony Point, at noon on this date, Wayne and his 1200 infantry took up the line of march over roads and paths so excessively bad and narrow that it was eight o'clock in the evening before the van reached the vicinity of the enemy's position. Compelled to pass over high mountains, across deep morasses, and through difficult ravines, the column was stretched out the greater part of the way in single file, and only recovered its formation at the final halt. The point where they stopped was near the house of one Springsteel, a mile and a half from the British works, and there Wayne made his last disposition for the assault. First he went forward with his principal officers, and reconnoitred the approaches to the fort. Returning, he divided his force into two storming columns—so far modifying Washington's plan, which proposed but one such column—and arranged all details. It is interesting to note that one of the last things the bold soldier sat down to do was to write a letter to a friend, expressing his emotions on the eve of the desperate work he supposed he had in hand, and to request that the education of his children be provided for. "I am called to suit," he wrote, "but where to breakfast? Either within the enemies' lines in triumph, or in another world."

The plan as finally decided upon was to advance simultaneously, on the right and left, and break through into the works from nearly opposite points. His right column, which Wayne made the strongest, was composed of Feibiger's Virginia men, then Meigs's Connecticut, with Hull's Massachusetts following. The left consisted of the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders, under Butler, and Murfee's North Carolinians in the rear. The final instructions to the corps were pointed and imperative. Both columns were to move to the assault with unloaded muskets, and do the work with the bayonet alone. If any man should attempt to load his piece on the way, he was to be put to death upon the spot. The utmost silence was to be observed until the parapet of the main work was gained, when all, as they entered, were to shout the watch-word of the night—"The fort's our own!" To distinguish them from the enemy in the darkness of the night, every soldier and officer was ordered to fix a piece of white paper in the most conspicuous part of his hat or cap. That the main bodies might meet with as few obstacles as possible in their forward course, each was to be preceded by a "forlorn hope," which was to act as a surprise party; and still in front of this were to be placed twenty volunteers, under a determined officer, who were to cut away the abatis. For the right column the "forlorn hope" consisted of 150 men, under the gallant De Fleur, and the advance guard of twenty, under Lieutenant Knox, of the Ninth Pennsylvania; for the left column Major Steward led the one party, and Lieutenant Gibbons, of the Sixth Pennsylvania, the other. These officers had been assigned to these posts of honor either by lot or because of their previous knowledge of the ground. Finally all things arranged, the whole body moved forward, at half past eleven o'clock at night, with a steadiness and determination that argued nothing but success.

As in the case of all military exploits where victory depends upon precision and rapidity, the assault which now occurred was accomplished in a remarkably brief space of time. Three-quarters of an hour after midnight, and all was over. Even Caesar's condoned despatch would have been too long to announce the result. The light infantry came and conquered. They "saw" nothing; it was dark.

**HANGING.**—It is refreshing to notice that one man has been hanged without making a confession. Buzzell, the New Hampshire murderer, as alleged, who suffered the penalty of the law last Thursday, declined to yield to the pressure brought to bear upon him by his chaplain and the prison officials.

On one side, protection and repression; on the other, freedom and competition. If the South wants to share in prosperity and civilization of the future, it must study and acquire the ideas which lead in the way of progress.—*Herald.*

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**THE JOURNAL.**—The 29th volume of the *Journal* is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

**ALL THE WOBURN NEWS.**—The *Journal* is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

**THE STORIES.**—The *Journal* is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

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**FRIDAYS at 2 o'clock, P. M.,**—The *Journal* is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

**TO EXAMINE ANY AND ALL DISEASES OF THE HOUSE.**—The *Journal* is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

**CONSULTATION FREE.**—The *Journal* is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

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**TERRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.**—The *Journal* is essentially a newspaper, and first of all it will continue to give

**Pain is a blessing. It banishes disease. When ever the bowels become irregular, use**—The *Journal*

# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

NO. 30.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.  
Mills and Steam work of all kinds, Shafing  
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings  
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short  
notice.  
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,  
(Successor to Porter & Young.)

## MACHINIST

Steam and Gas Fitter.

MANUFACTURER OF  
STEAM ENGINES,

Mills and Steam Work of all kinds, Shafing  
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

## Business Cards.

THE

CENTRAL HOUSE,  
WOBURN,

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for  
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best  
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for  
carrying parties, the Central House will be found to  
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.

3 Catering on the most satisfactory terms a

specia

A. BUCKMAN,  
Dealer in

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.

4 Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
S T A B L E ,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, 5 Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.

AT THE RAILROAD STATION,

WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

E. C. COLOMB,  
T H I L O R ,

Church Street, - Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practical  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishment  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,  
294 Washington St., BOSTON.

(Opposite the School St.)

Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the

best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50 per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First

and second, \$4.50. Club Pictures in various sizes and families, 12 tickets for \$1. Copying of all kinds

at lowest rates by

H. S. DUNSHEE, - Artist.

HARDWARE.

Farming Tools & Seeds,

PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,

Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET,

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Practical Roofer,

STONEHAM, MASS.

Slate, Tin and Gravel Roofing furnished and ap-

plied. Special attention given to repairing Roofs of

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Boards in town. 50 Orders by mail promptly at-

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GROCERIES,

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,

12 At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - Woburn.

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139½ Main Street, Woburn.

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SELLING MACHINES

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Instalments

Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange

or new ones.

13 Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,

AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, - MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF  
FIRE, Woburn, promptly attended to.

14 E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER,

Office, 89 Court Street, - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 164 Main

Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

15

## SYRUP OF LIMES.

We have added to our Soda Syrups the above, which is highly appreciated by many.

### WE ALSO DRAW

VANILLA CHOCOLATE,  
MALTESE ORANGE,  
CHOCOLATE,  
GINGER,  
VANILLA,

PINEAPPLE,  
STRAWBERRY,  
COFFEE,  
LEMON.

Soda 10 Cents per Glass, - 20 Tickets for \$1.00.

Alderney-Cream 5 Cents per Glass, - 25 Tickets for \$1.00.

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FLORISTS,  
And dealers in  
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INSURANCE AGENT,

NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 20

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SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

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WHITEHALL, SINGLE & DOUBLE SCULLS.

At the Boat House foot of Beacon street, Woburn.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor,  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Other notices, 10 cents a line. The figure quoted on a subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

### INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
Probate Notice—Gibson,	3	3	9
O. Ditson,	3	5	7
A. Cummings,	3	3	8
Trotter's Sale,	3	3	8
G. S. Dodge,	3	3	7
Piano For Sale.	3	4	7

**THE TAXES.**—The ordinary expenses of the Town with the State and County Tax, could have been met the present year with a tax of \$13 on a thousand. But the Water Loan of \$15,500 which was passed at the April meeting, will increase the rate to \$13.30. The Statute of 1875 in regard to municipal indebtedness, wisely provides that every town or city that contracts a debt must put the interest on said debt, and at least eight per cent. of the principal, into the next tax levy. This, the vote for Water Works extension, under this law, increases our taxes \$1,845.00 the present year, to meet which an extra tax of 30 cents on \$1,000 becomes necessary. The Tax is as follows:—

State Tax,	\$ 2,375.00
County Tax,	3,431.22
Appropriations and overlay,	102,227.46
Water Works extension,	1,845.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$109,878.68</b>

**GREAT FURNITURE SALE.**—The furniture of the Clarendon Hotel will be sold at auction in Boston next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The list includes some first-class furniture, and all the articles are substantial and in good condition. Persons desiring to furnish rooms, or to add to the furnishing of their houses, will find this an excellent opportunity. The sale will take place in a large and commodious store on Tremont street, opposite Lagrange, only a few doors from Boylston street. Parties wishing to attend this sale can take the horse cars at the Lowell depot, and go direct to the store. See advertisement.

**OPEN AIR MEETING.**—The open air meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association last Sunday evening was a success. At the hour appointed there was a good audience which increased to several hundred as the meeting progressed. Mr. A. W. Palmer, President of the Association, presided at the meeting which was opened with singing, led by Mr. H. W. Johnson with a parlor organ, and members of the Association, on the band stand. Mr. F. Burdick made the invocation, which was followed by Scripture reading and remarks by Mr. Palmer, Mr. C. W. Nute offered prayer, after which Mr. S. C. Abbott, of the Lowell Y. M. C. A., made a brief and earnest address, to which the audience gave close and respectful attention. Mr. S. H. Cochran made the closing prayer. The services were interspersed with the singing of gospel hymns.

**The case of Charles H. Pollard and Joseph H. Buck, coal dealers of Stoneham, charged with omitting property from the schedule of their assets, in fraud of the bankrupt law, has been on trial in the United States District Court for nearly a week. Messrs. Pollard & Buck were defended by T. H. Sweetser, C. W. Bartlett and J. W. Johnson, Esqs. The case was a complicated one, involving many technicalities, but those who followed the evidence carefully, and heard the charge of Judge Nelson, which was strongly for the defendants, were surprised that the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Exceptions were taken, and the points raised will be argued next week.**

**THE NAVAL CADETSHIP.**—A competitive examination of candidates for appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, was held in Somerville, on Tuesday. Eleven boys appeared, four of whom were rejected by the medical examiner, and one withdrew. Of the six who completed the examination, Alonzo Evans McIntire, of Medford, was first, and Charles French Williams, of Somerville, was second. Hon. S. Z. Bowditch has nominated Master McIntire as the Cadet, and Master Williams as alternate. The six applicants represented Lynn, Malden, Medford, Somerville, Stoneham, and Woburn, respectively.

**The only difference between the murder of Miss Hanson at the hands of an assassin and the murder of Buzzell the alleged instigator of the crime, was that Miss Hanson had no warning, while Buzzell was deliberately murdered by the Sheriff, contrary to the principle that a man shall be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb. And now it is stated that Cook the confessed murderer is to be tried for the offence, after having been used as a witness against Buzzell. Truly New Hampshire justice is but little better than Texan.**

**Prof. L. Whiting Mason, of Boston, having been appointed by the Imperial Government to found a National Conservatory of Music at Tokio, Japan, in January next, has nominated Mr. Benjamin Cutler, now professor at Stuttgart, for the violin in instruction, and for the organ and piano, Mr. Ephram Cutler Jr., the organist of the First Unitarian Church in this town.**

**We notice that the Brockton *Advocate* is now published by Mr. Arthur E. Fessenden, a Woburn boy. We congratulate him on his arrival at the honorable position, and have no doubt that the energy and intelligent skill he has shown in other departments of the business will enable him in this new field to achieve high rank.**

**COLLEGIANS.**—Of the High School Class of '79, eight have passed successful examinations at colleges. Perkins and Lounsbury have passed at Harvard; Cummings and French at Amherst; Ward at Tufts; Parks at the Troy Polytechnic; Miss Whittemore at Vassar; and Mills at Waterville.

**STILL ALARM.**—Sunday afternoon, the fence surrounding J. Skinner & Co.'s tannery, on Green street, caught fire from hot ashes emitted near it. The fire was discovered by members of Highland Hose, No. 5, and put out without a general alarm.

**A GOOD SIGN.**—A very neat sign painted by Matthews, has been put up on Grand Army Hall.

**Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.**

**BAD WATER.**—The people of Somerville, Charlestown, and East Boston are grumbling a good deal about the bad smelling and tasting water the Mystic Board are furnishing. They say the water is green, and is liable to produce disease in the drinker. The trouble is in a little green vegetable which the doctor's call *clathrocytis aruginosa*. A plant by any other name might smell as bad, but we should hope not. The Water Board doesn't seem to know what to do about it. Horn Pond has a good deal of this little plant in its water, and when we reflect that but for the happy discovery of the spring when our water works were being constructed, and the determined attitude of Commissioner Tidd respecting the utilizing of the spring, Woburn might be as bad off as Somerville and Charlestown. We take a drink from our faucet, and pledge the health of the man who saved us from the dreadful clathrocytis.

**SOMERBY IS DEAD.**—Thursday George A. Somerby, Esq., a prominent member of the bar, died of heart disease at his summer residence in Framingham. Mr. Somerby's early experience as a lawyer was at the Bar of Middlesex county, where he was a contemporary of Gen. Butler, the Hon. Charles R. Train, and Mr. Sweetser, of Lowell. His practice in Boston was very extensive, and though a man of strong physique, there is no doubt that the business which pressed upon him caused him to overtax his powers. As a jury lawyer he probably had no superior in Boston. His name was made familiar in the community by his defence of Leavitt Alley, who was tried in 1872 for the murder of Abijah Ellis. Mr. Somerby was a native of Exeter, N. H., and at the time of his death was in his 58th year.

**GREAT FURNITURE SALE.**—The furniture of the Clarendon Hotel will be sold at auction in Boston next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The list includes some first-class furniture, and all the articles are substantial and in good condition. Persons desiring to furnish rooms, or to add to the furnishing of their houses, will find this an excellent opportunity. The sale will take place in a large and commodious store on Tremont street, opposite Lagrange, only a few doors from Boylston street. Parties wishing to attend this sale can take the horse cars at the Lowell depot, and go direct to the store. See advertisement.

**BAND CONCERT.**—The Woburn Brass Band will offer the following programme for the fourth concert next Wednesday evening:—

**BASE BALL.**—The Eurekas of Woburn were defeated in their second game with the Winchendon High School nine, last Saturday. Out of the fifteen to twenty games which the Eurekas have played during the past two summers and the present they have lost but two before this. The score was as follows:—

**HIGH SCHOOL.**—**EUREKAS.**

R. BH.	R. BH.
1 2 McCarthy, c.	2 2 Richardson, E. B.
1 0 Richardson, F. B.	1 3 Lane, B.
1 0 Richardson, F. B.	1 1 Swain, B.
2 1 F. B. Richardson, p.	1 1 F. B. Richardson, p.
2 3 Nichols, B.	1 1 Nichols, B.
2 1 D'Lorica, B.	1 1 Cutt, c.
2 1 Ellison, c.	2 3 Ellison, c.
1 0 Jenkins, B.	2 2 Bryant, B.
15 10	12 13

**ACCIDENTS.**—Joseph W. Bedell, at work on a union splitter, at Fox's currier shop, last Tuesday cut two of his fingers very severely in the machine.

**MONDAY.**—Thomas Quinn had his right hand badly crushed in the hoisting machinery at Rammell & Murdoch's shop on Conn St.

**ACCIDENTS.**—Governor Talbot having considered the matter fully, has, by the advice of friends and in accordance with what he deems his duty to the Republican party, concluded to allow his name to be presented to the Republican Convention. This means of course that the Republican ticket will be Talbot and Long, and the opposing ticket will embrace the names of Butler and French.

**GOT AWAY.**—Saturday morning as James Graham was driving a young horse on Main street, near New Boston, the animal got over one of the shafts, and threw Mr. Graham out. The horse then ran down street and into Capt. Walter Wyman's yard, where it was captured. The only damage was a broken shaft.

**DOWNER'S LANDING.**—The Congregational Sunday School went to Downer's Landing last Friday and had a pleasant picnic. The steamer John Romer conveyed the party from Mystic Wharf to the Landing. The day was spent very happily. One little boy lost his hat in the bear den, but Brain after mousing it a while carried it across the den to the entrance, where it was recovered.

**IMPROVEMENT.**—The outside of Lycenum Hall is being renovated and greatly improved. Since this became a paying institution it appears much better, and when the mastic is applied according to the plan of twenty-five years ago it will be a beautiful building. Slater is gilding a sign to go over the front door.

**PARALYSIS.**—Mrs. Humphrey Chadbourne had a shock of paralysis last Tuesday. Her daughter was visiting at home, and heard her mother fall, and going to her room found her as above. Mrs. Chadbourne is improving, although still suffering from the effects of the shock.

**MISSING.**—James Cullen, of Water street, aged 29, has been missing since Monday, July 14. He has a wife and several children. Dennis Walsh, of Buck street, disappeared the day before. It is thought that Cullen and Walsh went away together.

**VACATION.**—T. C. Boyce, driver of Hose 1, has gone to the Provinces on a vacation. During his absence the carriage will be in charge of Hoseman Philip McCann, of Hose 1.

**SOLD.**—The last of the hand engines owned by the town—the Jacob Webster left town on Thursday, having been taken by a New York firm in exchange for hose.

**ALARM.**—An ineffectual attempt was made last Sunday evening, to create an alarm of fire in the centre. The cause was a fire in the direction of Lexington.

**A GOOD SIGN.**—A very neat sign painted by Matthews, has been put up on Grand Army Hall.

**Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.**

**RUNAWAYS.**—Grammer & White's horse ran away on Tuesday, spilling a load of barrels, but doing no other injury.

**J. EDWARD GAGE.**—J. Edward Gage's horse ran away on Conn street, Tuesday evening, but was stopped at Fowle street, without having done any great damage.

**THURSDAY EVENING.**—Thursday evening a horse attached to an upright piano for sale.

**THIRTY.**—The rate of taxation this year in Winchester will be \$12.30 on a thousand.

**TO THE BEACH.**—The Queen of Winchester took a party to Chelsea Beach on Thursday.

**GOOD TIME.**—If your watch doesn't keep good time, let Mr. Davies look at it. You can find him in Stone's Block.

**MR. S. C. SMALL.**—Mr. S. C. Small attended the Red Ribbon Convention at Quincy, on Wednesday, and presided at the evening session.

**FEMALE SUFFRAGE.**—Four Winchester ladies have demanded to be assessed, and will vote for School Committee in the Spring.

**AN EVENING RIDE.**—A party of young people went to Lexington, Wednesday evening, in the Queen of Winchester, stopping at the Massachusetts House for a supper and dance.

**BUTTER.**—The butter train Wednesday evening, brought 88 packages of butter, principally consigned to A. M. Smith, of Woburn. It made a big load for Barker's large express wagon.

**PROGRESS.**—The new brick block is fast taking shape. The floor covers a portion of the cellar, and the ring of the bricklayer's trowel gives hope of a speedy completion of the building. Brown expects to be in it by the first of September.

**BAND CONCERT.**—The Woburn Band came down on Wednesday evening, as announced in the *Journal* last week, and gave a very fine concert on the Common. The band stand was moved up near the flagstaff, the better to accommodate the large audience which gathered to listen to the music.

**A PRIZE FISHERMAN.**—Mr. P. W. Swan, who was a passenger on the Empire State on Thursday, took the prize of a season ticket on the steamer, by catching the largest cod fish during the trip. His fish weighed 124 pounds. A Down East lady came within half a pound of the first prize, and was awarded five excursion tickets.

**ALMOST A DISASTER.**—On Tuesday, a carriage drawn by two horses, and containing two ladies and two gentlemen, crossed the railroad track, and as they did so one of the iron bars fastened one brace of the pole to the axle gave way, and the carriage became unmanageable. The horses behaved well, and were easily stopped, after which the damage was repaired, and the party continued on their journey.

**A MIDNIGHT WALK.**—One of our young men, journeying not long since in Canada, desired to leave the train at Kingston. Unfortunately the evening was warm and he became asleep, and when the train stopped at Kingston he was dreaming of the Everglades, or something far away, and so continued, until rudely awakened by the unenthusiastic conductor who had an eye to his fares.

**MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.**—The result being that the young man got off at the next station, and plodded back twelve miles to Kingston, where he arrived tired and dusty at midnight. Since then he has been as wide awake a traveller as one could wish to see.

**PERSONALS.**—Mr. H. W. Plummer has just returned from a short sojourn in the Pine Tree State, where he has been enjoying the pleasures of country life. Mr. Jonathan Clark and daughter are among the Green Mountains. Messrs. H. A. Emerson and D. B. Winn are at Hyannis, trolling for blue fish. Arthur Conant, Thomas Bruce and Frank L. Brown, are camping out at Hyannis Port. Mr. Wm. Boynton and family are also at the same place. Hyannis seems to have great attractions for Winchendon people. Mr. John Hovey is at Calais, Me. Mr. C. L. Harrington and wife are at Greenfield, Mass. Mrs. Bailey and son are at Brooklyn, N. Y. Messrs. C. H. Dunham and G. G. Stratton are down East fishing. Dr. Winsor is off the coast, yachting. Mrs. Dunham is at Oak Bluffs. Mr. E. D. Bangs and family are at Brewster, on the Cape. Mr. Webb and family are at Lake Winnipesaukee.

**BASE BALL.**—There was a game on the Common, Saturday afternoon, between the High School boys and the Eurekas, of Woburn, resulting in a victory for the Woburn Nine. The following is the score:—

**H. S. NINE OF WINCHESTER.**

A. B.	L. B.	T. B.	P. O.	E. B.
6	2	6	0	3
1	0	1	1	2
5	2	1	1	3
6	3	4	1	0
5	2	2	2	0
5	1	0	0	4
5	2	3	6	0
5	3	2	1	9
<b>Totals,</b>	<b>47</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>27</b>

**EUREKAS, OF WOBURN.**

**MCCRORY, c.**

A. B.	L. B.	T. B.	P. O.	E. B.
6	2	6	0	3
1	0	1	1	2
5	2	1	1	3
6	3	4	1	0
5	2	2	2	0
5	1	0	0	2
5	2	3	6	0
5	3	2	1	9
<b>Totals,</b>	<b>51</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>27</b>



Journal Club Column

"I have been wrecked; got chilled through; gimme some brandy," said a dilapidated-looking individual, as he sailed up to a bar at a Chestnut street drinkey yesterday. "I am a survivor feelin' pretty rough; but I guess I'll get over it."

"Wrecked!" said half a dozen young bloods standing around, in amazement.

"I've been wrecked," he said. "Ah! that's good fill her up again. It's hard to break the chill."

One youth more venturesome than the rest, here essayed to touch the hem of the survivor's garment, and at just that moment forty cents worth more of brandy disappeared. "Now charge that to Tom Collins," added the wrecker.

"No, you don't," said the barkeeper, "no Tom Collins business for me. I've hunted for that feller afore. If you were wrecked, why, we don't mind fittin' ye up free, but we ain't so green here to charge drinks to Tom Collins. That man's gone West."

"Tell us about the wreck," interposed one of the bloods; "give the man something more to drink, or his teeth will drop out with chattering."

Another drink, three fingers high, rolled peacefully down his throat.

"I've been wrecked," said the survivor. "You see, we wuz cunnin' down the Schuykill canal on the 'Lively Jane'; the cap'n he sung out, 'Low Bridge.' The boys all ducked but me. I was standin' abaf the shaf' nor by no'east of the chicken coop, when the cook's galley was struck by that ar bridge, and afore I could say i—"

Just then the bar-tender handled the fellow out of the door by the top of his collar, and the sit-down place of his pantaloons. He sailed gracefully through the air, and landed on a mud-pile in the middle of the street, and as his nose ploughed up the accumulated mud there was a splutter and a mumbly, and the familiar expression was wafted on the gentle zephyrs, "I've been wrecked!"—*Philadelphia Record*.

David Davis has sold his boom for leaf lard. And we serve notice on the intelligent compositor that we are going to send down this exceedingly mild-mannered joke every day until it comes out something like our idea of it, if we have to keep it up for the next ten years. We have been greatly pleased to read it "form," "farm," "fern," "foam," "film," "fame" and "fume," and we have faith to believe that somebody will yet set it up "boom." Now then, score us seven laps and go on with the walk.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

It is all wrong to let your church choir go off singing in the opera of "Pin-afore" between Sundays. A dreadful thing recently happened on this account at funeral. The pastor, a tall, white-haired man, much resembling an admiral, arose in the pulpit, and had no sooner finished, in a sing-song tone, the remark, "We miss him in his usual haunts," than the choir sprang to their feet and shouted in return, "And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

"I say, you fellows have got a queer notion of punctuation," shouted an up-town man to an ice cart driver. "What makes you put a period after every word on the side of your cart?"

"Oh, that's 'cause we have to stop so often."

There was a degree of coolness in the reply thoroughly in keeping with the driver's vocation.

Little Billy was told:—"Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten in the distribution and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously for a minute or two, he asked:—"Mamma, when little boys starve to death do they go to heaven?"

A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered:—"Martha, I—I do you—must have—are you aware that the Good Book says—er, says that it is not g-g-good that man should be alone?"

"Then hadn't you better go home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

A Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charley bald dead; he had only money."

"I could sing," said an old Chicago class-leader, the other evening, "if 40,000 sawmills were all run full blast in the same block, and they couldn't put me out!" "No," said a musician, who was standing near by, "but you might put the sawmills out."

"Glad to see you up so early," said the young lady boarder in the country, as she encountered the "hired man" in her morning walk; "the early bird catches the worm." And to her confusion he innocently answered:—"I didn't know they were catching, marm."

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds.

"My dear," says he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?"

"No," says she to him, "help the fence."

Now it is said that the poor cuss who appears in the patent medicine almanacs with the sign of the zodiac attacking him at various points, was once editor of a local newspaper, and neglected to collect subscriptions in advance.

David Davis' name in Arabic is "Babel-eb-jub-bub-jub," which by interpretation is, "The three masted, broad-bottomed boat of all booms." The judge is said to be very proud of it.

An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts, it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouts immediately and grows in its place.

An old bachelor asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it is better in the dark."

Miscellaneous.

**THE FOURTH IN IRELAND.**  
We have receive the Cork *Daily Herald*, of July 7, containing the following account of how the Tourist excursion spent the fourth:—

An American excursion on a very extensive scale has been organized this year to the principal cities in Europe. The excursion has been got up by Mr. Tourist of Boston, and the arrangements are carried out under the excursions agents, Messrs. H. Gaze and Son, of London. The parts numbers altogether 272 persons, and is divided into two sections. The first section of ninety left New York on the 21st of June in the Anchor steamer Bolivia, and arrived at Moreville, North of Ireland, on last Tuesday.

The second party, consisting of 182 persons, sailed a week later, and will be due in Glasgow on Tuesday. A large number of those who arrived at Moreville landed there, and proceeded on a tour through Ireland, under the direction of Henry Dore. After visiting the Giant's Causeway and other noteworthy places in the North, they arrived in Dublin, and thence came to Cork. Here they enjoyed the river scenery and a trip to Blarney. Friday being the Anniversary of American Independence the American excursionists deemed it proper to celebrate the occasion, and they had a special entertainment provided at the Imperial Hotel in honor of the day. Mr. W. H. Hackett, lawyer of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, presided, and prayer was opened by the Rev. C. P. H. Nason, of Chelsea, Mass. When dinner had been discussed, the Chairman delivered a short address, expressive of the pleasure which they had derived from their visit to Ireland, but adding that although they had in the pleasure scenes around enough to win them from their native land—still, that day brought back fond memories of their own country (applause).

Mr. Luther L. Holden proposed the first toast, which was that of "Her Majesty the Queen." The toast was drunk with cordiality. Mr. H. M. French, lawyer, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, responded. He paid a high tribute to the Queen as a just and wise sovereign, and as a true and good woman, and spoke of the bond of sympathy existing between England and America. Her Majesty's life was a lesson to all countries, and it showed that a woman might aspire to the highest place and that her influence could be exercised in the highest as well as the lowest stations. They should not forget the occasion that brought this celebration about.

William reached over and lifted him into a sitting position at one movement and commanded:

"Ar'r ye goin' to dust over thar an' kiss the bride?"

"Blast your bride, and you too!" growled the passenger.

William drew him over the back of the seat, laid him down in the aisle, tied his legs in a knot, and was making a bundle of him just of a size to go through the window, when the man caved, and went over and sat.

One by one the men walked up and kissed the widow, until only one was left. He was asleep.

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"Now, then," said William, as he put on his coat, "this bridle tower will be resumed as usual, and, if Mary and me squeeze hands or git to laying heads on each other's shoulders, I shall demand to know who laffed about it, and I'll make him e-imagine that it's a hull booz full of the biggest kind of sawlogs, an' more coming down on the rise. Now, Mary, bitch along, an' let me git my arm around ye!"

**SINGULAR FACTS ABOUT ELEPHANTS.**—The extent to which the elephant can be trained is remarkable. He will lift the largest teak log, and teak is among the heaviest of woods, and arrange them in piles. He will push a log with his foot against the saw and carry the sawed wood in his tusks and trunk. In all these manœuvres he is directed by the mahout, who sits on his neck and manages him with a goad, or more generally by the word of mouth. Sometimes an elephant is so wild and untameable as to be dangerous, and yet he will serve his masters. We saw one animal pushing logs about, who had killed four or five of the workmen. He was kept in order by a lad who carried a sharp spear, keeping the spear always near the elephant's eye. The spear was little more than a moral influence. If the elephant really wished to attack his keepers, a spear would be of little use beyond a stab or two. The memory of these stabs, however, was as effective to the elephants as chains or thongs, and he rolled his log about in the most unconcerned manner. The manner in which the elephant kills his victim is to rush upon and trample him or to throw him in the air with his trunk and trample him when he falls. The animal has immense power in his trunk, delicacy and precision in touch, as well as crushing strength. It will pick up a banana or a wisp of grass as surely as a log.

There is no efficient way of punishing an elephant except by the aid of other elephants. A few days before we came to Rangoon one of the animals demurred to go on a boat. Two others were then marched up, and under directions of the mahout, they pounded the resisting animal with their trunks until, for his life's sake, he was glad to embark.

Elephants learn the ways of civilized labor. When the bell rings for dinner he will drop his log and march away. If he has been trained to rest on Sunday, no power can make him work on the seventh day.—*Letter from India*.

**THE GEESE.**—A peasant, with a long rod in his hand, was driving some geese to a town where they were to be sold; and, to tell the truth, he did not treat them overly politely. In hopes of making a good bargain, he was hastening on so not to lose the market-day. I do not blame the peasant; but the geese talked about him in a different spirit, and, whenever they met any passers-by, abused him to them in such terms as these: "Is it possible to find any geese more unfortunate than we are? This peasant harasses us so terribly, and chases us about just as if we were common geese. The ignoramus does not know that he ought to pay us reverence, seeing that we are noble descendants of those geese to whom Rome was once indebted for her salvation, and in whose honor even feast-days were specially appointed there!" And do you want to have honor paid you on that account? a passer-by asked them. "Why, our ancestors—" I know that—I have read all about it; but I want to know this—of what use have you been yourselves? Why, our ancestors saved Rome!" Quite so; but what have you done? "We? Nothing." Then what merit is there in you? Let your ancestors rest in peace—they justly received honorable reward; but you, my friends, are only fit to be roasted!"

**THE GOSLING.**—"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman. "What would you take me for then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

"Why do you look so savagely at me?" asked a gentleman of a lady.

"Oh! I beg your pardon; I thought it was my husband," she replied.

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds.

"My dear," says he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?"

"No," says she to him, "help the fence."

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**"SA-LUTING THE BRIDE."**—There was a marriage in the upper end of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern road the other day, says the Detroit *Free Press*. A great big chap, almost able to throw a carload of lumber off the track, fell in love with a widow who was cooking for the hands in a sawmill, and, after a week's acquaintance, they were married. The boys around the mill lent William three calico shirts, a dress coat, and a pair of white pants, and chipped in a purse of about twenty dollars, and the couple started on a bridal tour within an hour after being married.

"This ere lady," explained William, as the conductor came along for tickets, "are my bride. Just spliced 56 mints ago. Cost \$2, but burn the cost! She's a lily of the valley, Mary is, and I'm the right bower in a new pack of keards. Conductor, sa-lute the bride."

The conductor hesitated. The widow had freckles and wrinkles and a turn-up nose, and kissing the bride was no gratification.

"Conductor, sa-lute the bride, or look out for tornadoes!" continued William, as he rose up and shed his coat.

The conductor saluted. It was the best thing he could do just then.

"I never did try to put on style before," muttered William, "but I am bound to see this thing through if I have to fight all Michigan. These 'ere passengers has got to come up to the chalk, they has."

The car was full. William walked down the aisle, waving his hand to command attention, and said:

"I've just been married; over thar sots the bride. Anybody who wants to sa-lute the bride can do so now. Anybody who don't want to will her cause to believe that a tree fell on her!"

One by one the men walked up and kissed the widow, until only one was left. He was asleep.

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**ON THE ICE SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**—People who sport on the ice now-a-days, skinning the glare plain on their patent grooves and flat bottoms, may have some curiosity to know how their barbarous ancestors managed to enjoy the slippery pleasures of winter without such appliances. It seems they did have "gay times" on the ice, about London at least, no less than seven hundred years ago, and the method of their sport is described by a historian of the twelfth century as follows:

"Many young men played upon it; some striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; others make themselves seats of ice as great as a mill-stone; one sits down, many, hand in hand, do draw him, and one slipping on a sudden, all fall together; some tie bonds to their feet and under their heels and shoving themselves with a piked staff, do slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air or an arrow out of a cross-bow. Sometimes two run together with poles, and hitting one the other, either one or both do fall, not without hurt; some break their arns, some their legs, but youth desireth of glory in this sort, exerciseth itself against the time of war."

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**AND WHALE OIL SOAP**

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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

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NO. 31.

## Machinists.

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Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short  
notice.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,

(Successor to Porter & Young.)

MACHINIST  
Steam and Gas Fitter.

2 MANUFACTURER OF  
STEAM ENGINES,

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving  
Pulleys, Gearing, etc. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

## Business Cards.

THE  
CENTRAL HOUSE,  
WOBURN,

Lee Hammond, Proprietor.

Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN.

Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G.F. JONES, Proprietor.

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.  
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,  
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,

Church Street, - Winchester.  
Having been ten years experience in the  
tailoring business, in some of the best tailoring establishment  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of  
Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,  
294 Washington St., Boston.

Opposite School St.  
Photographs in every style painted and finished in the  
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50  
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First  
8 x 10 Photographs \$2.00. C. D. Pictures to schools  
and other institutions. Tickets for \$1.00. Copying of all kinds  
at lowest rates by hand.

H. S. DUNSHEE, - Artist.

HARDWARE.

Farming Tools & Seeds,  
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,  
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET,

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.

WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,  
promptly attended to. **2** Has control of all Bill  
Boards in town. **2** Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
GROCERIES.

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - Woburn.

MOSES BANCROFT,  
139 Main Street, Woburn.

(SOLES' BLOCK.)  
SELLING MACHINES

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments

Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
or new ones.

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF  
FIRE, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,

Office, 89 Court Street, - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

GOOD BOARD

Can be obtained at

\$4 and \$4.50 per week,

with light and airy rooms, at the Wm Street Board-  
ing House.

MARTIN ELLIS, Proprietor.

TRUSSES  
fitted and perfect satisfaction guar-  
anteed by

WILLIAM W. HILL,  
DRUGGIST,  
Opposite the Common.

118

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.

### THE BROOK.

BY E. N. R.

Brook that flowest purely, clearly  
Over pebbles brown and gray,  
Oh, I love thee sing-song dearly,  
Heard twixt organ pipes of spray.

First neat rocks and hemlocks swelling,  
Through the wood thou tak'st thy way,  
Till thy streamlet broader swelling,  
Comes to meadows sweet with hay.

There the sweet ferns, perfume breathing,  
Nod their greeting unto thee;  
And the flags, their green blades sheathing,  
Salute with martial dignity.

Now beneath the rocks resounding  
With a distant deep muffled tone:—  
Soon into the daylight bounding  
With a laugh at darkness flown.

So thro' sun and shade, ne'er fearing,  
Ever onward, ever sure;  
Sunlight makes thee look more cheering,  
Shadow graver, but more pure.

Would I might, my sins subduing,  
Make my life a streamlet pure  
As thy waters, ever doing  
Work that shall with truth endure.

### Selected Story.

#### THE DREAM.

Sensations were something like angel  
visits in St. John's parish—very few and far  
between. Sometimes a breeze of news  
would blow in from the great outside world  
to make a little ripple on the surface of so-  
ciety, and people went about for a few days  
talking of the matter which had stirred them  
up from their usual repose. A stagnant,  
peaceful, uneventful repose—as most of the  
few inhabitants of St. John's Dene found it.  
It was a small, aristocratic village, with its  
one church; and really, the doings of that  
church constituted about all the business  
that arose there. The St. John's people  
prided themselves on this sleepy kind of ex-  
istence, and to speak of any dreadful event  
in connection with them, such as a theft or  
an elopement, would be sure to bring down  
the indignation of that pretty place. Some-  
times an event occurred among themselves  
which furnished food for chat and gossip for  
several days, and then life went on as it had  
been going on before the little social whirl-  
wind came to set the atmosphere of St.  
John's Dene in brisker motion than usual.

Just now something great had occurred. The  
sleepy old organist, Mr. Gray, suddenly  
resigned his position as organist in St.  
John's church. He had occupied the po-  
sition for many years, and everybody re-  
garded him as a fixture. Accordingly when  
he announced that he was going away from  
St. John's Dene, and that the trustees of  
the church had better be looking about for  
some one to fill his place, people were all  
astir with excitement. Not so much that  
the quiet old man should be leaving them,  
as they should want a successor to him.

It was all managed very quietly. The  
clergyman, Mr. Thorpe, proposed a gentle-  
man whom he knew—a young man of good  
family, who was not a professional, but  
would take the place for a time. He was  
not rich, and the salary would be useful to  
him. And then they turned and shook  
hands with himself at the church door.  
Letty Thorpe, with her usual disregard of  
conventionalities, invited him under her  
mother's very eyes and hearing, to the par-  
sonage on the following evening, where they  
were going to have a small party for  
music.

"I will come," he replied, smiling; and  
Alice Cramer, standing by, thought what a  
pretty smile it was, and how it transfigured  
to momentary beauty his otherwise plain  
face. "At present I seem like a man in a  
desert here, knowing nobody."

"We will introduce you to plenty of peo-  
ple to-morrow evening," cried chattering  
Letty. "And this is Miss Cramer, of the  
Grange, my very particular friend."

Mr. Leith bowed to Alice, and if he did  
not absolutely say the introduction was a  
pleasure, his eyes certainly expressed it.  
Letty was beginning to talk again; but at  
that juncture her father came out of the  
little vestry door and approached, and the  
young lady had to subside into silence.

Robert Leith settled himself down in Mr.  
Gray's old apartments, and speedily became  
at home in St. John's Dene. He was a  
gentleman, and he was a truly magnificent  
player on both organ and piano; two very  
good essentials to success in society. The  
parson and Mrs. Thorpe took a great fancy  
to him; they saw that he was, in every sense  
of the word, a good man, and he was well  
known to some relatives in London. It was  
from these relatives that Mr. Thorpe  
had heard of him. Miss Letty became nearly  
as intimate with him as a sister, and patronized  
him extensively. There was no other  
kind of love in her heart for him, and she  
made no scruple of saying so openly, to  
himself and to others; he was not the kind  
of man she could ever suspect for her true  
knight. Mr. Leith laughed, and said he  
hoped she would let him be as her brotherly  
knight, then and always; he would serve  
her with all a brother's fealty.

"Why do you call yourself a German?"  
she asked him one day.

"I never do call myself a German," he  
replied. "Other people, I believe, call me  
one sometimes."

"Why should they?"

"I am half German. My mother was  
German, and I have been a great deal in  
Germany."

"And your father was one of our clergymen,  
and he had a great living, papa says."

"Yes," said Mr. Leith. "But my father  
and mother both dead now, and I am alone."

"They died while you were at Oxford?"

"At Cambridge—not Oxford. My father  
wished me to go into church also; but I  
preferred music."

"Do you mean to say you are going to be  
a professional?—a real professional?—to get  
your living by music?" cried Letty, opening  
her eyes wide.

"I have a very little income at present,  
just what suffices to keep me in bread and  
cheese—truly it is little more than it does—  
and I am content to plod on patiently and  
work and wait and perfect myself, and per-  
haps in time I shall be one of our great com-  
posers such as those great masters Mozart  
and Beethoven," replied the young man in  
simple candor.

"But why did you come down to St.  
John's Dene?" wondered Letty. "This  
place will not help you on to greatness."

"I came to St. John's Dene because I  
was ill. Ailing, that is," he added, correct-

ing himself. "Some of my good friends  
thought London was too close for me, and  
that I was overstudying besides. They  
chanced to hear that this place wanted an  
organist, and they said if I would only con-  
sent to come here for a time, the country air  
and the rest would set me up."

"But you study here. I have heard you  
say so."

"Oh, yes. That I should do wherever I  
might be living. But I am already as much  
better as it is possible to be."

"So you don't intend to stay here! You  
only came for a time."

"That is all."

"I am very sorry; and so I think  
Alice will be. You see we all like you very  
much already. It is such a change from old  
Gray. He was seventy at least, and took  
snuff."

Robert Leith laughed. It was not the  
first time he had heard himself favorably  
compared with Mr. Gray.

In return for the kindness shown him at  
the parsonage, Mr. Leith asked to be  
superintendent Letty's music. That young  
lady had no very particular genius for it; she  
was careless and impatient, and she never  
sat down to the piano without setting Mr.  
Leith's teeth on edge. A little good in-  
struction and some steady practising would  
improve her greatly, as he represented Mrs.  
Thorpe, and they gratefully thanked him,  
and accepted his offer.

"I wonder whether the young man would  
take Alice as well?" said Mr. Cramer, one  
day that the clergyman was calling at Dene  
Grange. "Since Mrs. Bird left, Alice has  
missed her music lessons. He might charge  
me first-class terms for it."

"I have no doubt he would take her," said  
Mr. Thorpe. "But as to charging—I don't  
know that he would accept anything at all  
for it; he will not for Letty. He is not a  
music master, you know."

The grand full chords seemed in perfect  
harmony with the peace that sat in her  
heart.

"Then that, of course, puts an end to the  
matter," returned Mr. Cramer. "I will  
have nobody teaching here who is above  
being paid for it."

The person laughed to himself. He knew  
the old gentleman's failing. "I will ask him  
whether he will undertake Alice, and charge  
for it," he said aloud. "If he declines there's  
no harm done."

Mr. Leith did not decline; he accepted it,  
a slight color flushing his face as he did.  
Not at the idea of being paid, but from the  
gratification of teaching that most charming  
girl.

"Mr. Cramer may pay me as much as he  
likes," he observed, with a laugh. "A  
guinea a lesson, if it pleases him."

"You will have to name the terms yourself;  
mind that it is Leith. And the more you  
charge the better he will think of you."

"I will call a guinea a lesson, then."

So the lessons to Miss Cramer began; two  
a week. Generally speaking, Alice took  
them at the parsonage; though sometimes  
Mr. Leith went to the Grange to give them.  
Mr. Cramer took rather a fancy to the young  
man in his condescending manner, finding  
him prudent, gentlemanly, and intelligent;  
and he occasionally invited him to dinner.  
Afterwards the young man would play for  
an hour or two on the magnificent grand  
piano, and Mr. Cramer would listen with a  
softened heart, and fancy that the old time  
was back again. His wife, of whom he  
had been very fond, was a delightful musi-  
cian, and she used to play to him at these  
twilight hours.

In that summer the dream of Alice  
Cramer's life came to her. There are times  
in the lives of all when the one grand dream  
of love must arise; the sweetest, best dream  
of all the dreams we ever know in this world.  
And some of us wake to a beautiful reality,  
and some of us to a bitter sense of loss and  
disappointment.

Alice had never loved. She might have  
had her ideal, drawn out of poetry and  
romance, but she had never found it realized.  
When Robert Leith came, she felt as she  
had never felt before. Sometimes wonder-  
ed why it was the old vague restlessness  
was gone from her. But she soon knew;  
she had come to still the longings and the rest-  
lessness of a heart which yearns for some-  
thing it has never known, told her all.

And he loved her from the first. He saw  
in her a woman with a sweet and womanly  
soul, with a tender and trusting heart; and  
he felt that it would be safe for any man to  
give his happiness into the keeping of such  
a girl as that. Alice would never betray the  
man with all a brother's fealty.

The summer days went by, and during  
their coming and their going these two  
learned the most beautiful lesson of life  
from the great and universal teacher we call  
God.

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 50 cents a line.  
Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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### INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
Bryant & Stratton School,	3	5	6
W. H. Nichols, c.	1	1	1
A. A. Clement,	3	3	3
C. A. Smith & Son,	3	4	2
G. S. Dodge,	3	3	1
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**THE YEAS AND NAYS.**—We have received from Bro. George A. Marden, of the Lowell Courier, who is also Clerk of the Mass. House of Representatives, a charming brochure containing the poetical roll call with which he responded on the last day of the session of the Legislature to the demand for "the yeas and nays." Very properly he selects the words just quoted as his title, and we can imagine the fun which it first reading induced, and which its subsequent perusal has encouraged. The members of course enjoy the fun better than anybody else, because they appreciate all the points, and many lines that seem only ordinary to the outsider, to them are full of meaning. Some of the more prominent men, however, are hit so fairly that every one can see the point. Of the Beverly statesman he writes—

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if not all, of the members. Rand & Avery have printed it on wide pages with  
blue borders, making the vehicle as attractive  
as its lading.

**IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.**—It will be  
remembered, that the son of Jacob E.  
Eaton, while lighting the street lamps at North  
Woburn, in January, 1878, was injured by striking his foot against a board  
lying over the sidewalk. He brought an  
action against the Town to recover damages  
for the injuries sustained, and at the trial in  
the Superior Court, the Judge ruled that he  
was acting as the servant of the Town at  
the time of the accident. The exceptions  
taken to this ruling have been sustained by  
the Supreme Court for the following reasons,  
and a new trial ordered:—"The plaintiff  
was not employed or paid by the town, and  
was not its servant or agent. He had the  
same right as a traveller would have." E. A.  
Upton for plaintiff; T. H. Sweetser for  
defendants.

**HOW IS THIS?**—A young man came into  
our office last week who complains that Mr.  
Parker persuaded him to withdraw from the  
competitive examination for a candidate for  
the naval cadetship. He feels that he was  
unjustly treated, and himself and some of  
his friends have a suspicion that this was  
done from a fear that he might be in advance  
of some favorite competitor for whom the  
"examiner for the navy" wished to obtain  
the position.—*Woburn Advertiser*.

The young man was persuaded by his  
own fears, after a long struggle with his  
arithmetic questions in which he scored 4 in  
a possible 100. He expressed himself as  
"perfectly satisfied," and he did not feel  
that he was "unjustly treated," until after  
he had seen the *Advertiser*. Neither the  
boy nor his friends have any such "suspi-  
cion," as is expressed above.

**MISSING.**—James Dudley has been missing  
from his boarding place for a week.

### HOW WOMEN MAY QUALIFY AS VOTERS IN WOBURN.

To entitle a woman to vote for School Committee, she must be a citizen of Massachusetts, and at least 21 years of age; she must be able to read the State constitution in the English language, and to write her name (unless prevented by physical disability); she must have resided within the State one year and within the town six months prior to the election, and she must have paid by herself, or her guardian, a state or county tax assessed upon her in 1878 or 1879.

Practically three steps are necessary before she can vote,

#### 1. ASSESSMENT.

If she is already assessed for 1878 or 1879 this step may be omitted. If not, she must go, on or before September 15, 1879, to the Assessor's office, in Bank Block, 171 Main street, hours from 8 to 9 A. M., and from 3 to 4 P. M. There she must ask to be assessed for a poll tax, stating that she was on the first day of May, an inhabitant of Woburn. A blank form will be given her, which she must fill out with a complete list of her real and personal property, or income (if otherwise qualified) entitled to vote on paper, show to what time the subscription is paid, and any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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**AMERICAN PUNCH.**—The August number of *Punch* is received. One of its pictures represents Bro. Jonathan sitting in a chair which covers America, one of his feet resting on the Isthmus of Panama. In the distance is Europe, and on the shore a group of laborers. Jonathan sits with legs crossed, one hand in his pocket, and the other holding a fan, and coolly remarks:—"Wal, I've no objection to your buildin' a canal across that strip o' land, deawon along my foot there; but it must be done under my protection,—not otherwise." The number also contains a very suggestive biblical cartoon. The size of the David Davis party is a source of merriment. In an eating house picture, the portrait of the editor is introduced very neatly. *Punch* improves as the temperature rises.

**ACCIDENTS.**—Walter Russell, employed at Dow's, dropped a chisel on his great toe, cutting off the chord. The chord was brought together and joined, and it is hoped that he will recover the use of that member.

A man named Davis, driver for R. Pickering & Co., received a severe cut in the arm on Monday. He was pulling ice on the runs at the ice house, when his hook slipped and he fell back, striking his arm against a chisel which was lying on a tier of ice near by.

Wednesday, Jacob Brown took his carriage to Pollard & Parker's shop, and after leaving it, put his little son Winnie on the back of the horse for a ride home. On entering Main street, the horse commenced to run, and the lad slipped from his seat but clung to the harness, until opposite Park street, where he lost his hold and fell to the ground, striking on his head. He was taken to Dodge's drug store, where his wounds were dressed, and then to his home.

Friday morning Patrick Noon, residing in Cummingsville, in attempting to get over a stone wall, fell and sprained his left ankle badly.

**POLICE COURT.**—John H. Whalen, drunk, \$3 and costs. Mary Maguire, drunk, sentenced to the Reformatory Prison at Sherborn for 6 months. Henry Johnson, malicious mischief, \$5 and costs. Daniel Fahey, drunk, \$5 and costs. James Kelly, drunk, fined \$5 and costs, committed for non-payment.

**OPEN AIR MEETINGS.**—Last Sunday evening there was an open air meeting at the band stand on the Common, by the Young Men's Christian Association. Messrs. Nutt, Andrews, Palmer, Dodge, and Symonds took part. There will be another meeting at the same place, Sunday evening.

**WOBURN IN THE AUSTRALIA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.**—At the exhibition which opens in Sydney, Australia, on the first of September, John Cummings & Co., will exhibit leather, and Dr. Ephraim Cutter invalid chairs.

**GRAND ARMY.**—Post 33 is making preparations for a picnic at Downer's Landing, in connection with Posts 75 and 148. There will be a special meeting of Post 33 next Thursday evening.

**NEW PASTORATE.**—Rev. W. S. Barnes, has accepted a call to supply a church in Montreal, for six months, and will enter upon his new pastorate on the first of September.

**A FAST COMPOSITOR.**—Croft, the young man who won the seventy-five hour race at Music Hall last week, is a printer—evidently a fast one.

**C. A. Smith & Son** are advertising bleached cotton sheets for less than the price of the cotton.

**REURNED.**—Denis Welsh, who was reported missing last week, has returned home.

### THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The following is a list of the periodicals now to be found on the tables of the Library Reading room. It will be seen that the range of reading matter is very wide, which should, aside from the book department, attract to itself a large circle of visitors. Most of the Magazine literature of the day is of excellent quality and permanent value. The various denominational reviews give an opportunity to study the leading ideas set forth by each. It is commendably true, however, that all of these are broader than the particular party they represent. Harper's Magazine, Scribner's Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, Appleton's Monthly, St. Nicholas, Blackwood Magazine, Princeton Review, Popular Science Monthly, North American Review, Saturday Magazine, Littell's Living Age, The Nation, Harper's Bazaar, Harper's Weekly, Bibliotheca Sacra, Baptist Review, Unitarian Review, Methodist Review, Church Review, Catholic World, Woman's Journal, Dwight's Journal of Music, American Historical Register

is immediately telegraphed across the country. Kearney is nobody and I might add, he never will be anybody. It is a peculiarity of California people to stand just so much before they arise in their might and crush an evil. Kearney weekly gathers his band of admirers on the "sand lots," and pow wows to them, talks blood, but sniffs danger quicker than any of his hearers, and lately has been conspicuous by his absence in case of trouble. In short, Kearney is a coward. San Francisco people do not fear cowards. But let mob violence once assert itself, and as in times gone by, the president leaves his bank, the merchant his office, the clerk his desk, and shoulder to shoulder they march forth to defend the right and stamp out mob rule. They demand no troops. They do it themselves and see that it is well done. Don't let New England people think California will allow Kearney to become a growing evil. The evil he has caused already is, that you listen to what he says and refuse to come to us, to settle with us, and be of us, for fear such sentiments express the feelings of more than the mob. You believe the future of a country is fraught with danger which will allow such unbridled license in speech; and you are right. California should and will put her foot on this reptile and that at the polls in September next. A word now of our State at large, for this may catch the eye of someone who may be thinking of going there to settle. We want you. We want the steady-going native New England families; they give us tone. But—a word of caution. California is overstocked with first class brain unbacked with capital. Thousands are idle. Men go there forgetting that our business must, at best, be limited. Our cities are overcrowded, but our country is large, and anyone having moderate means can buy a small ranch, stock it and do well. We hardly ever hear of an unsuccessful farmer, they begin small and grow, and there lies the future of our goodly State. I look not to its mines, but to its broad fields. There is California's true wealth. You have your choice—its beautiful valleys, its noble hillsides; you can choose between the coast and the warmer inland climate, each and all offer their own advantages. To you who intend visiting our State for pleasure, don't get it all in the well beaten tracks. Go to the wild northern coast, travel the almost trackless forests, look at the wild rock bound coast, watch the grand old ocean break on those rocks as it breaks no where else in the world. As my pen thus glides along and I touch on forbidden ground, my mind wanders back to days and weeks spent amidst the grand old canons in the northern counties of the State, and I realize how little can be said. It seems as though to write of them were to commit sacrilege. The touch of human hand spoils the picture. It is there, no one can take it away, no one paint or describe it, words strip it of its grandeur.

It was the job room. The foreman had just put into type an elaborate "job," and was stepping back to take a squat at the "justification." A little in his rear was an open elevator-way. The office-boy, fresh from school, took in the situation with the wonderful but acknowledged intuition of the newly-graduated scholar. He had heard of Michael Angelo in the great dome of St. Peter's stepping back, back, all unconscious to his wrapt admiration of his beautiful creation that in another instant would be over the staging's verge, to be dashed to pieces on the marble floor below. He remembered that at this juncture an assistant flung a paint brush steeped in paint full drive at the master's fresco, destroying its beauty at one fell stroke. He thought how the great man rushed to save his darling painting, thus preserving his own life. Quick as thought the office boy seized a mallet and threw it at the laborious "job," knocking it into pieces. But, alas! how differently are great minds affected by circumstances so nearly the same. The foreman didn't rush at the upset type, crying, "my poor job!" He turned right around and discharged the boy.—*Boston Transcript*.

Monroe D. Conway, in a recent letter, attacks the ruling classes of England for their hostility to the French republic as marked by their obtrusive mourning for young Louis Napoleon. To Mr. Conway the so-called prince is simply a dead youth who in trying to kill Zulus got killed. Multiply that dead youth and his mourning mother by a million or so, says Mr. Conway, and you have what the Napoleons have done for other youths and their mothers. Multiply it by another million or so, and you will have what this youth, had he lived, must have tried to do for the sons and mothers of France. The royal princes affected an unreal grief, for they went from the funeral to the Comedie Francaise in the evening. The ruling classes of England instinctively behaved a republic where once obscure men like Greve, Gambetta, Hayes or Grant can rise to eminence. They hated the North during the civil war, not that they loved the South, but rather because they hoped to see the end of the great western republic.

I wiped away the weeds and foam, I fetched my sea born treasures home; But the poor, unsightly, noisome things Had left their beauty on the shore, With the sun, and the sand, and the wild up roar.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

WHERE THE SPIDERS GO.—A black hornet was observed one day a few weeks ago flying in a sitting room in this city, and the occupant of the room noticed that the insect deposited a small piece of mud on the wire supporting a picture frame. It was not disturbed, and it repeated the operation five or six times a day until it had built a cell about one inch long with a cylindrical cavity three-eighths of an inch in diameter, in which an egg was laid and the end then closed. This process was repeated until six cells had been completed in like manner, when the hornet laid aside its trowel and betook itself to other fields of labor. Yesterday the nest was removed and was found to contain larva in various stages of development, from the full grown chrysalis in the cocoon to the young larva just hatched. There were three larva just changed to the chrysalis form, and in these cells were the remains of several spiders. In the cell, and placed above the youngest larva, were fourteen spiders, some of them quite large, and the larva appeared large enough to have eaten half a dozen. This is a very interesting instance of instinct, and is not superior to the reason of some animals? The nest was placed under a glass and further developments are awaited.—*Lawrence American*.

WITHOUT EYES.—The youngest child of Mr. Stinson of Dover South Mills, Me. now eight years old, is a great natural curiosity, having been born without eyes. He has eye-brows and eye-lids, but there is nothing which indicates the presence of eye-balls, and doctors say that he has nothing whatever in the nature of an eye organism. There are slight openings between the lids, but they are apparently not more than a quarter as long as they would be for the natural eyes. The little fellow is perfect in every other respect and is an unusually bright boy. He has never been heard to utter a word of complaint at his condition, and he invariably rebukes his friends if they give expressions to any pitying words. That he appreciates, however, the misfortune that afflicts him is shown by this fact: His little niece had a cataract upon her eye, and he had heard fears expressed lest it should destroy her sight. It was not long after this that his mother heard his voice in an adjoining room, and going quietly to the door she was surprised to hear him praying to God that the little baby might not become blind.

Even the peanut trade has its romances, it seems. A wholesale fruit dealer in Hartford found in a bag of peanuts the other day one with a tag tied to it, which was fastened together by a thread. On the tag was written:

"Open the nut and take out the slip of paper; give it to the prettiest girl in your place and request her to do after the note says. The writer is a man of means and connected with a large establishment in Norfolk, Va."

The nut was then opened, and upon a small slip of paper, in fine writing, was the following:

"Whoever finds this not give it to a pretty girl and request her to write to P. O. Box 123, Norfolk, Va., for mutual benefit. Am a young business man." There is no telling but something interesting will grow out of this peanut, though it is truly an unromantic product in general.

A JOKE THAT WAS CARRIED FAR ENOUGH.—Marketmen are bound to have their joke whenever possible, and their friends are always regarded as fair game. Wednesday, however, was rather a warm day for the trick that was played on a good-natured customer who visited one of the markets with a wheelbarrow to make purchases for a large household. While he was loading up the vehicle with sundry joints of meat, baskets of vegetables, boxes of fruit and scraps of dog meat, some of the sly ones who happened to be disengaged secured the wheel in such a manner that it was certain not to revolve, the rope used being very cleverly adjusted so as not to be readily perceived. When the purchases had been made and the customer started homeward, his departure was witnessed by quite an assemblage of the marketmen, whose smiles spread to the faces of others as it was seen all in the vicinity that the perspiring fellow was propelling a wheelbarrow which did not wheel. After he had got around a corner his attention was called to the rope by a philanthropist who thought the joke had been pushed far enough. As he untied the wheel his face showed that he appreciated the humor of the situation, and there was a laugh in his voice as he remarked: "Well, I thought the darning thing needed oiling or something!"

It was the job room. The foreman had just put into type an elaborate "job," and was stepping back to take a squat at the "justification." A little in his rear was an open elevator-way. The office-boy, fresh from school, took in the situation with the wonderful but acknowledged intuition of the newly-graduated scholar. He had heard of Michael Angelo in the great dome of St. Peter's stepping back, back, all unconscious to his wrapt admiration of his beautiful creation that in another instant would be over the staging's verge, to be dashed to pieces on the marble floor below. He remembered that at this juncture an assistant flung a paint brush steeped in paint full drive at the master's fresco, destroying its beauty at one fell stroke. He thought how the great man rushed to save his darling painting, thus preserving his own life. Quick as thought the office boy seized a mallet and threw it at the laborious "job," knocking it into pieces. But, alas! how differently are great minds affected by circumstances so nearly the same. The foreman didn't rush at the upset type, crying, "my poor job!" He turned right around and discharged the boy.—*Boston Transcript*.

He was a good man. His voice was ever heard for the right, and his last breath was blown down the barrel of a shotgun to see if it was loaded. It was.

COURTESY EXEMPLIFIED.—While at Providence, R. I., says a writer in the Springfield Republican, I met Mrs. Mary A. Livermore at the house of a friend. Attable the conversation fell upon the subject of politeness. The hostess told of a friend of hers, a little antique in her manners, for whom a reception was given by one of the Beacon street aristocracy, Boston. At dinner the guest poured out her tea in her saucer to cool it—a method of refrigeration which was quite *à la mode* thirty years ago. The guests looked surprised, and some were inclined to smile at her simplicity and ignorance of high-toned propriety, but the lady of the house poured some tea into her saucer and drank it therefrom. This was considered a hint to all, and the guest was immediately placed at her ease. Mrs. Livermore said: "I was once the recipient of a very marked politeness of a similar sort. When I was in London my husband and I received a verbal invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to her house the next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation, and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbors or intimate friends. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a very large and brilliant party assembled in my honor. There I was in a plain carriage-dress, bonnet, black gloves!" "What in the world did you do?" inquired a young girl. "Why, I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and re-assured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All in full dress and the ladies without hats, and hair elaborately dressed; I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the *faux pas* somewhat disturbed, and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered, ' Didn't you think, Mary, that all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?' I looked around and they were all bare-handed! Moreover, I observed that half-a-dozen rapidly increased till we were in a majority; and I soon discovered that no lady who arrived after I did had removed her hat. Now, that is what I call politeness!"

He was a good man. His voice was ever heard for the right, and his last breath was blown down the barrel of a shotgun to see if it was loaded. It was.

#### Married.

In Woburn, July 29, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, Capt. George W. M. Hall and Miss Catherine F. Woodberry, both of Woburn.

#### FOR HOME USE.

"SHERIFF" has become so popular a trade name for the famous old DODGE DRUG STORE, that we now put it in bottles for home use. Will keep indefinitely. Refreshing; Healthful; Economical. Sold only by

Geo. S. Dodge, Pharmacist,

165 Main Street, Woburn. 121

#### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, August 1, Susan R., wife of Oliver Green, aged 50 years, 3 months.

Funeral at the house, Sunday, August 3, at 1:30 P. M. Relatives and friends invited.

Mr. W. Jordan, son of Patrick and Dennis Jordan, aged 2 days.

In Woburn, July 29, Mary E., daughter of Morris and Ellen Carr, aged 11 months.

In Woburn, July 29, William L., son of James A. and Mary Getchell, aged 1 year, 9 months and 16 days.

In Woburn, July 29, Francis, son of George and Mary A. Reynolds, aged 16 days.

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In Woburn, July 2

## Journal Club Column

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.—It was plain enough to all other passengers on the ferry-boat that the two were in love and engaged, yet the girl seemed to doubt his fervor, just a little. Therefore, as the boat reached midstream she leaned over and tenderly said:

"Johnnie, I am going to test your love. I am going to jump overboard, and if you really love me I know you'll jump after me and save me."

"Yes, I'll jump after you," he slowly replied, "but, but—"

"But what, Johnnie?"

"But if I were you I'd take off my shoes first. Just the moment they haul you out of the water every woman in this crowd will rush to see whether you wear No. 2's or No. 5's, and if you are in your stocking feet they can't get the size."

The girl drew her feet under the chair, sighed once or twice and did not regain her old enthusiasm until the boy came along with peanuts.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT SIEVE.—The following appears in the Danbury *News*, and is a story of P. T. Barnum:

When P. T. Barnum, a young man, poor and in debt, left Danbury, he said to Judge Whittlesey:

"I will pay that bill when I get rich."

The Judge drew down his official features and disdainfully replied:

"That will be when a sieve hold water."

In a few years the visionary young man was in a condition to pen the following brief letter to the judge.

"I have fixed that sieve."

THE day before a Turkish girl is married, she is taken to a bath by her lady friends and lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony. A year or so afterwards her husband breaks the whole sugar bowl over her head.

AN eccentric English gentleman, a candidate for Parliament, was addressing his constituents. A man in the crowd called out: "What about the Liquor bill?" "Well," said the candidate, "mine was uncommonly high last year. How was yours?"

"Why does lightning never strike twice in the same place?" Prof. Worton asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is singular that nobody has ever thought of that reason before.

"I suppose the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man, as the church bells were calling the worshippers one Sunday morning, to which a clergyman who was passing, replied: "Yes, my friend, but the fire is not in this world."

"Probably no man so fully realizes the hollowness of life and human ambition as the man who ladies a teaspoonful of new-laid horseradish into his mouth under the impression that it is ice-cream.—*Hawkeye.*

"Are you building air-castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?" said a landlady to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee-cup. "No madam; only looking over my grounds in Java," replied Jones.

THE Virginia bell-punch is overshadowed in Shakespeare—wonderful man that Shakespeare, Macbeth remarks to an attendant, "Go bid your mistress when my clock is ready, she strike upon the bell."

She was an Albany lady who informed a visitor who came to see her new house that she was having "nicks made in the walls in which to place statues, and in one of them a bust of her husband."

"When a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

How much more bitter than wormwood and gall is it, when you attempt to kill that is to press your girl's head close to your own, to be jabbed in the ear by the pin that holds her hat on.

The lover who vows that he is willing to die for the object of his choice means no more than the man who borrows five dollars and agrees to "drop around to morrow."

Two men went down the street this afternoon. One slipped and fell, and the other entered an eating-house. One got shamed bad and the other got baked shamed.

They were sitting down by a bush. She asked the name of it. He put out his arm around her and she said, "O, Leander!" and he said, "That's its name."

Two small but benevolent infants in the park: "O, dear, my beetle's only got five legs." "Break anozzer one off, Johnnie, so he won't be lame."

Grandma—"Yes, children, when I was young as you are, I used to walk in my sleep." Tommy (eagerly)—"Say, gran'ma, what time did you make?"

One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair white. "Because," he replied, "I am twenty years younger than the other."

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note saying: "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

Ambiguous: "Oh, look Louis! Fred just sent me this sweet little puppy. Wasn't he kind?" "Yes, dear, but it's just like him."

An experienced boy says that he regards garters and his mother's slipper as about the same, as they both make himoller.

The reason why Tommy didn't seem to incline to make room for his uncle was because it was a carbuncle.

Thompson says you may talk of your blue-glass cures; but there is nothing like the sine-cure after all.

If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she then be? She would be a he(s)then.

Continued from first page.  
and wept bitterly. The dream had come to an end; and it had been so sweet a dream! He put his arms about her as if to keep her. Heaven alone knew how hard it was to let her go.

A footstep—and they were interrupted by the indignant father. His face was perfectly livid.

"Alice," he cried, hoarsely, "leave the room. I forbid you to speak to that man again. Do you hear? If you do, I will turn you from my door. Remember that. And you, sir! you—"

Mr. Cramer fairly choked with passion, and could not go on.

"I am going, sir," answered Leith. "I was but taking my farewell of your daughter; for I have no intention of defying your mandate; from my earliest childhood I was taught to render implicit obedience to parents. God bless you, my darling," he added in a whisper to Alice as he passed her. "We may not meet again, but I shall never forget you."

Robert Leith went out from the house like one walking in a dream. He never looked at the angry man who stood at the room door with his threatening arm stretched out to point the way; he saw only the face of his lost love, white with pain and wet with tears.

St. John's Dene got a most unexpected sensation. That same day it was made known that the new organist had resigned his post in the church, and was gone. Absolutely gone. Gone altogether away, bag and baggage. No reason was assigned by him in either of the two notes he sent; one to the clergyman, the other to the principal church warden, announcing his resignation and departure. But people had not been living with their eyes quite shut, and the cause was guessed at. St. John's Dene was in resentful despair. Where on earth were they to find another organist at a pinch? and who would play for them next Sunday?

"This comes of engaging a young man who is not a professional!" grumbled the parson quaintly. "We had better have old Alice Cramer could have told them all about it had she chosen. Her ruffled old father, entrenched in his pride and his selfishness and his wealth at Dene Grange, could also have told, and to better purpose. But never a word or hint came from either. Just about this time Mrs. Bird came back; and poor Alice was seen abroad with her, as she used to be, her face sad now, but making no sign.

Robert Karl Leith disappeared from the sight and knowledge of St. John's Dene. Other sensations arose by degrees for that stagnant place, and he arose by degrees for that stagnant place, and he was soon utterly forgotten. The new organist was a plodding man with a wife and seven children, and a bald head. His style was more flourishing than Mr. Gray's; but he had not the magic touch of Robert Leith, which had turned the simplest tune into a nameless melody.

The next great sensation which, in the course of a year or two, arose for St. John's Dene was the death of the owner of Dene Grange. The Grange and all the rest of Mr. Cramer's property became his daughter's. Poor Alice was rich enough now and her own mistress; but she had never got over her life's disappointment, and her heart was sad. Mrs. Bird stayed on with her at the Grange; and at the end of a year, when the deepest of her mourning garments were put on, they went travelling.

The sunshine of a summer day lay over the German landscape. The languid tints of September had come before the August warmth had gone, and to-day the hazy earth seemed to have lost its sharp clear outlines in a vague indeterminacy. The mountains, wrapped about in their warm, purple atmosphere, were something seen in dreams, half-forgotten, and yet real. The hills far away were only the ghost of hills. The river, flowing swiftly through the valley, was the one thing in all the scene that seemed full of life and action.

Alice Cramer sat upon a great rock, over which the fingers fairies had woven a carpet of green moss, and looked away across the purple splendor of the afternoon, and thought. She had nothing to do but think now. She was alone in the world, free to go and come as she pleased. Over the sea the grave was growing green in the churchyard nook where her father slept his last sleep.

The years that had come and gone since the man she had loved, and whom she never had forgotten—whom she never could forget—had kissed her and left her with a breaking heart, had brought some changes to her. She had grown more womanly; there were traces of the refining work of sorrow in her face. But it was a pure and beautiful face still.

In all these years she had heard but once of Robert Leith. Chancing to open a newspaper which especially noted the doings of the art world, both of music and painting, she saw his name—Karl Leith. It was not appeared there. The paragraph stated that he had gone abroad to study. That was all. Since then he seemed, as before, to have dropped out of her world, leaving no trace behind him.

This afternoon, as Alice sat in the quiet of the summer-autumn day, she fell to thinking of him. No very unusual thing. She wondered if their paths would ever meet again. If he only knew that nothing kept them apart now, unless some cruel fate was interposing, would he come to her? In the last days of her father's life the old man's spirit left him; and he told Alice that if the time could come over again he might not oppose her. So there was no impediment now. And then the thought came to her, dwelling on these past things, that perhaps Robert had forgotten her. But he had told her at the last that he never would forget her, and she believed she could not. She judged him by herself, you see.

The quaint German village below her grew dim as the sun dropped out of sight behind the mountains. She fancied that the valley, full of a cool, purplish-gray mist, now that the sunset had come, was a sea; and then she laughed at herself for such fancies.

The clatter of wheels down the rocky road

## WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

## Miscellaneous.

PHONETICS AND DYSPERISIA.—Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, has written a letter to the *London Times*, which will interest some of our readers, not only because it shows Mr. P.'s dietary habits, but also from its illustration of his peculiar way of spelling. Americans and Chinese are not the only singular people.

*Ser:* A friend suggests to me that ei aut to reit a letter to the *Teinz*, plasing mei ekspekkers in contrast with the editorial sunning-up on Mr. W. Gibson Word's vegetarian letter in the *Teinz* ov last Thursday. The konkuzhun areived at iz:—"So long as ov spesial kauz iz tu be maid on the strength, a peurli vegetale deiet mal suiz." Az mei leif has been won on spesial ekspekkonal aktiviti, the fact that it has been maintained on a vegetale deiet aut to be noon, na diskushon on deiet has been admited into the *Teinz*.

Mei deietetik ekspekkers is briefli this: About forti yeer ago dyspepsia wor speling mei tu the gravis. Medikal adizver recommended animal food three teinz a dai insted ov wuns, and a glas ov wein. On this reijmen ei wus nothing beterd, but rather wurs. Ei avoided the meat & the wein, gradikal reckekuerd mel dijstiv pouer, & hav never sin noan, bei eni pain, that ei hav a stumak.

Theez forti yeerz have been spent in kontinuous laibor in konkeshon with the invention and propagaation ov mei sistem ov fonotik short-hand and fonetik spelling, korespondenz and the editorial deitz ov mei weibl jurnal. The siksti-feyr yeerz ov aij, ei kontinu the kustom ei hav foload aul thro this peiod, ov being at mei ofis at siks in the morning, summer and winter. Til ei woz fitti yeerz ov aij ei never took a holdial, or felt that ei wonted won; and for about twenty yeerz in the first part ov this period ei woz at mei desk foarteen ourz a day, from siks in the morning till ten at night, with too ours out for meel. Twenty yeerz ago ei began to leev of sitks in the evning.

Ei attribut mei health and pouer ov endearans tu abstinen from flesh meets and alkohol drinks. Ei kan kum tu no other konkuzhun when ei see the effekt ov such ekstended ourz ov laibor on other men hoo eet meet and drink wein or beer.

Ei hav riten mei later fonetakali, az iz mei kustom, & shall feel oblijid if it be aloud thus to appear in the *Teinz*.

EIZAK PITMAN.  
*Fonetik Instituet,*  
Bath, 27 Januari, 1879.

TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE.—"What place do you call this?" asked the native.

"Gorham," said the native.

"What does it amount to?" asked the passenger.

The native said it was a favorite summer resort. The passenger stared at him in dumb amazement, and then he looked around him at the beautiful panorama of sloping hills and climbing mountains bathed in the morning sunlight, white mists curling about their heads, cloud shadows sailing across them swiftly and noiselessly as phantom ships; gray rocks, mossy slopes, sighing pines, the soft blue of the summer sky, the changing greens of meadow and mountain, the flaky white of the summer clouds, and yawning wearily, stretched himself out and said: "I don't see the attraction," and went back into the car for a little nap. I saw that same man when we were on the boat. He was lying on a sofa reading, when suddenly looking up, he noticed that the cabin was deserted. He came out where the cabin was, and asked: "What's the matter?"

Somebody told him we were passing through the "Thousand Islands." He looked around for about fifteen minutes, and said:

"There don't appear to be many of them."

Then he went in and resumed his book, and when we were all going ashore at Montreal I heard him asking when we would come to the Rapids. And yet this man was not travelling on business. He was travelling, we heard him say, simply for pleasure and to see the country.—*Hawkeye.*

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

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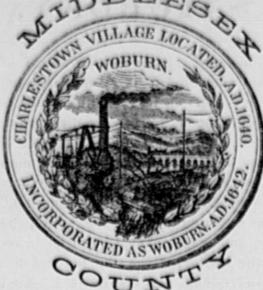
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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

NO. 32.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,

And Manufacturers of

Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shifting  
Pulleys and Gearing. Steam, Water and Gas Fittings  
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short  
notice.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,

(Successor to Porter & Young.)

**MACHINIST**  
Steam and Gas Fitter.

MANUFACTURE OF

**STEAM ENGINES,**

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shifting  
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

## Business Cards.

**THE**

**CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
WOBURN,

WOBURN,

One of the most popular resorts out of Boston for  
Sleighbell or Dancing parties. With one of the best  
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for  
carrying for parties, the Central House will be found to  
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.

Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,

Dealer in

**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**

160 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

4

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
**STABLE,**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G.F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

**BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.**  
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,  
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

6

E. C. COLOMB,  
**TAILOR,**  
Church Street, - - Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practical  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishment  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of  
Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

7

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,**  
294 Washington Street, Boston.  
(Opposite the School St.)

Photographs in every style made and finished in the  
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50  
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First  
and Second class, \$4.00. Club Pictures, \$10.00  
and families, \$12 tickets for \$1.50. Copying of all kinds  
at lowest rates by

H. S. DUNSHEE. - Artist.

9

**HARDWARE.**  
Farming Tools & Seeds,  
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,  
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET,

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main street,  
promptly attended to. **40** Has control of all Bill  
Posters in town. **29** Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

11

R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
**GROCERIES.**  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,

12 At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

MOSES BANCROFT,

139½ Main Street, Woburn.

(SOLES' BLOCK.)

SELLING MACHINES

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Instalments

Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
or new ones.

13

**Auctioneers.**

WILLIAM WINN,

AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, - - MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF  
the day, Woburn, promptly attended to.

14

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER,

Office, 82 Court Street, - - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

15

UPRIGHT PIANO  
FOR SALE.

A new Upright Piano, 71 oct., made by the Emer-  
son Piano Co., will be sold very cheap for cash.

16

S. ELLIGOTT, Winchester, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,

And Manufacturers of

Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,

Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shifting  
Pulleys and Gearing. Steam, Water and Gas Fittings  
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short  
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SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

**Professional Cards.**

JOHN G. MIGUIRE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

168 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to  
9 P. M.

George H. Conn,

INSURANCE AGENT,

NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 20

WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.

No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.

Office at Boston, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

21

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,

24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

22

LONDON and LANCASHIRE

FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the

above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-  
ham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,

159 Main St., Woburn.

July 1, 1879.

95

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team  
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for  
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.

The

20

Stirling Shamokin,"

"GIRARD,"

and "Lykens Valley,"

are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.

I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all

the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail  
promptly filled.

96

GEORGE S. DELANO,

MEDFORD CENTRE, 23 MASS.

By strict attention to the many details of the busi-  
ness, and by CAREFULNESS IN DISPENS-  
ING MEDICINES, he hopes to merit the patronage

of the public.

ICE. ICE.

The subscribers have just stored over

3000 TONS OF ICE

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn  
Pond, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade.

No pains will be spared to

ANSWERED WITH DISPATCH.

R. PICKERING & CO.,

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts.,

24 WOBURN,

Office 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

25

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 Niles Block, Boston.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

26

CHARLES K. CONN,

Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent

AND

CONSTABLE,

168 Main St., 26 Woburn.

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HARMON,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

100 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

Particular attention paid to Surgery.

27

MEN'S CALF SHOES,

\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.

# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figure given with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

### INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Page	Col.	No.
Real Estate at Auction,	3	4
" " " Nichols,	3	4
" " " Mortgage Sale,	3	4
" " " Counsel,	3	5
" " " Cushman,	3	5
Proposals for Building,	3	1

### MYSTIC WATER AND THE TANNERS.

Strenuous efforts are being made by the Mystic Water Board to make scapegoats of the Woburn and Winchester tanners, and divert attention from their own shortcomings. Their first scheme for a sewer was a comprehensive one, but it imposed such onerous conditions upon the manufacturers that it was opposed in the Legislature by Senator Cummings and Representatives Coffin and Winn. Their second sewer was apparently built more to pacify Somerville water takers than to carry off impurities, for it was built on one line only, and so small and with so slight a fall, to be only an apology for a sewer. Some of the Woburn tanners have built catch basins at their own expense, and run their waste water into the sewer, but others have not, and the Water Board is now standing out for less than \$1,000. They did not attempt to enforce the law under which their little sewer was built, but bring action under another law, made last winter for another purpose. When the little sewer was projected, Boston was asked to build larger and take in Woburn sewage, but they very curiously declined, and strengthened in several ways the opinion that is strongly held here that they did not intend to do more than appear to clean the water in order to make a good trade with Somerville. Messrs. James Skinner & Co. have written a very comprehensive letter on the situation, in which they complain of the action of the Water Board, who they say not only never consulted the tanners in regard to the location of the branch sewers, but in many instances took land where it was impossible to build a sewer, in order to oblige the tanners to ask for a new location, knowing that in such a case the party asking for the same, would be in their power and have to give their land without remuneration. The writers say—

The proprietors of these tanneries have, at all times, been willing to drain the sewage from their property into the Mystic valley sewer the moment the same was ready to receive their drainage, and they have so stated many times to the water board, and when this board state that they have refused to do so, they state what is absolutely false.

The tanners have refused to pay for the catch basin, and to give their land to the city of Boston without full compensation, and to agree to keep the catch basin in repair at their expense forever.

Many of these tanners, located on Russell brook, so called, have prescriptive rights to drain their water into the brook. This right cannot be prevented from being done. This is also the natural drainage of the town of Woburn, and every citizen of said town has a right to drain into it. The city of Boston should have built a sewer large enough to take the contents of this brook. Instead of doing so, they build a sewer not one-quarter large enough, and then, by threats through its water board, try to compel the citizens of Woburn to enter their drainage into it, and pay for the privilege of doing so, as they say, and also give their land.

Waldmeyer's tannery in Winchester is lower than the sewer, and their drainage would have to be pumped into it. Waldmeyer agreed to it for \$125, though he afterwards found that it would cost him \$500, but the Board would only give \$10 and so he empties where he had a right to, because the Board would not pay him \$125. When the Mystic water was taken, it was analyzed and pronounced as pure as the Cochituate, and yet at that time there were more tanneries draining into it than now. Skinner & Co. believe that the lime from the tanneries helps to prevent the increase of the vegetable matter that causes impurities of the water. If every tanner ceases to drain into the Mystic it will still be impure, for the brook takes the Woburn drainage on one side of the town. Woburn was willing to join Boston in making a suitable sewer, at the time they built the present toy sewer, but no; with boyish temper the offer was rejected and we see the result.

The fact of the matter is, Charlestown received a valuable franchise for nothing. They took the water, and having more than they needed, sold it on hard terms to Somerville. They knew when they took it that tanneries and towns drained into it, as they had a right to do for centuries. No objection was made by the owners of these rights to their taking the water, but when they come and demand that these owners should be at the expense of cleaning it, it is asking too much. The Mystic Water Board has enjoyed the profits of a contract which it was not supposed by the Legislature they would ever make. As we have shown, less than \$1,000 stands between them and complete drainage on the east valley. Their attempt to castodium on a great industry, when a trifling outlay will do all they require, ought to be understood by their customers, and the Board either forced to clean the water or let it alone.

THE FIRST ONE.—Miss Isabel F. P. Emery, of Atlanta, is the first lady in this town who has had confidence to go to the Assessors' office and have her name registered, so that she may vote for School Committee, if she desires. It is a feather in her hat which she can look to in years to come with honor and pleasure.—*Quincy Patriot*.

We are surprised that Mrs. Green, the editor of the *Patriot*, did not secure the honor that now goes to the more daring Isabel. Sister Green, however, will not allow Miss Emery to go to the polls alone.

We notice that several persons of this city, register from Boston when at summer resorts. Why don't they move there, if they are ashamed of their place of residence. Perhaps Somerville is as much ashamed of them as they are of her.—*Somerville Journal*.

Somerville people are not the only ones who do that sort of thing. The snobs are a numerous class.

### OUR PUBLIC LANDS.

The prophecy of Bishop Berkley as to the westward course of empire, is being strikingly fulfilled in the unprecedented tide of immigration, and hasten the development of the country. With its fertile plains, grand rivers and forests, the West rivals in resources the attractions of any land. And the day is not far distant when its greatness will not be the flattering promise of the present or the visionary hopes of the future.

### THE MEAT THAT WE EAT.

The introduction of Texas cattle into the supply for our markets has made a great change in many things connected with the trade. The cattle wander in a semi-wild state on their native plains, and in the spring they are driven up to Kansas, where they are embarked on the Union Pacific railroad for their journey east and a market. It is estimated that 250,000 will come from Texas the present season. The cattle are larger, and their horns and legs differ from cattle raised about here, and it is not uncommon to see cattle in a drove, which are positively handsome. Not long since a drove of these cattle went through Woburn at a trot. They were preceded by a fine steer who trotted some yards in advance of the herd, and as he came up Main street, and stopped in the square in front of the Baptist church, and looked around before continuing his course, he reminded one, in carriage and action, of a wild deer. Occasionally these cattle become maddened by thirst, or frightened by the rough usage they receive in the cars, and start out for liberty. Then they are indeed dangerous. In fact tendency to these independent notions, renders them unsafe at any time. They have no fear of man, and while they will rarely make an unprovoked attack, they do not hesitate if an attempt is made to corner them.

The old way of slaughtering cattle by putting a rope about their horns, and pulling them down to a bullock in the floor, and then rendering them insensible with a blow from an axe, cannot be safely adopted with Texas cattle. It would be a difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to put on the rope, and after that is safely adjusted the steer may conclude to go for the butcher before he can "take up the slack." In that case the butcher plays a very funny part—funny to all but himself. Not long ago, at a slaughter house in Woburn, two men were attempting to butcher a steer, when the latter took command, running one of the men behind the ice room, and the other up on a beam. The animal finally discovered the man on the beam, just as he dropped from sheer exhaustion, and but for a brick, which happened to be in the right place for once, and with which he dealt the steer a staggering blow between the eyes, he would have probably lost his life. As it was, the ox was bewildered just long enough for the man to escape through a door. The ox was subsequently coaxed into the yard, and a day or two later was

shot. The safest and best way to take the lives of these cattle is by shooting, that being an expeditious and comparatively painless mode of departure. This mode is adopted at the slaughter barn of Martin C. Felch, on Beach street. The cattle are kept in a large yard until ready for the slaughter, when they are driven into a small room adjoining the killing room, from which a steer is selected as wanted. Five Texans are generally driven in at a time. As the men enter the yard for the purpose, the cattle huddle together in a corner, and face the butcher. It requires considerable maneuvering to break this "corner," and induce the steers to enter the barn. Once in the small room they crowd together, but by much shouting and prodding they finally walk cautiously into the slaughter room. The executioner with a breech loading rifle faces the herd, and as the leader arrives at a desirable place, a well directed shot lays him low, and his terrified companions scramble back into the ante-room, the door is closed and the cutting up begins. Every part of the creature is selected as wanted. The "meat" includes the tongue, cheeks, heart, liver, and tail. The hoofs and heads go to the oil men, the skin to the tanner, the blood to the currier, the fatty parts to the tallow man, the stomach to the tripe man, the large intestines to the bologna sausage maker, the small ones to the tallow maker, and their contents to the compost heap, and the ragged pieces to the hogs. After being cut up, the carcass is hung up on hooks suspended on rollers, which run on an elevated tram-way that leads into a cold room where the temperature is kept down to 40°, and the meat is shipped from here, when properly cooled, to the markets, and the wagons of the retailers. At Felch's slaughtering establishment, Mr. Edward J. Clarke, is head butcher, and he is assisted by Benjamin Riley, and we are indebted to them for an opportunity of witnessing the manner of preparing meat for our markets.

BAND CONCERT.—The fifth concert by the Woburn Brass Band will be given next Wednesday evening. The following programme will be offered:

#### PART I.

1. Grand March. *Hercules*, Brehaut.
2. Waltzes. *First Kiss*, Lanotte.
3. Overture. *Clemente Isaura*, Bléger.
4. Concert Polka. *Cornet Solo*, Rollinson.
5. Revenue. *Departed Days*, Louis.

#### PART II.

6. March. *Fringill*, M. Carl.
7. Overture. *Bléger*.
8. Waltzes. *"Thousand and One Nights"*, Strauss.
9. Selection. *Pinafore*, Sullivan.
10. Galop. *Claus*.

T. H. MARRINAN, DIRECTOR.

BURGLARY.—Last Friday night two burglars removed a window in the house occupied by Mr. Edward J. Clarke and Capt. John J. Powers, on Salem street, and entered the kitchen. The rattle of a dish in the sink, over which they clambered, alarmed Capt. Powers, and the burglars hearing him stir, hastily decamped. Suspicion points very strongly toward two young men, and it behoves them to be very cautious in their midnight rambles in future.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS.—The open air meeting on the Common last Sunday evening was conducted by Mr. E. E. Thompson, and the singing was by a large male choir, E. N. Cummings, F. S. Burgess, J. G. Pollard, and a Mr. Chatfield, from Brooklyn, N. Y., took part. Next Sunday evening, M. H. Sargent, of Newton, and others, will speak.

THE FIRST ONE.—Miss Isabel F. P. Emery, of Atlanta, is the first lady in this town who has had confidence to go to the Assessors' office and have her name registered, so that she may vote for School Committee, if she desires. It is a feather in her hat which she can look to in years to come with honor and pleasure.—*Quincy Patriot*.

We are surprised that Mrs. Green, the editor of the *Patriot*, did not secure the honor that now goes to the more daring Isabel. Sister Green, however, will not allow Miss Emery to go to the polls alone.

We notice that several persons of this city, register from Boston when at summer resorts. Why don't they move there, if they are ashamed of their place of residence. Perhaps Somerville is as much ashamed of them as they are of her.—*Somerville Journal*.

The liberal policy of the Government in disposing of the public lands has met with great success. Thousands have availed themselves of the preemption and homestead laws. The railroads have been taxed to the utmost to accommodate the rush of travel. The cheapness of the soil, the magnificence of the harvests, the dearth in for-

est markets, the demand for grain, and the opening of new fields of labor and enterprise, have all combined to swell the tide of immigration to the Western States this year. The oppressive influence of the hard times has stimulated a general exodus of emigrants from the old world and the Eastern States. Never before has the movement along the Western border been more brisk. In a recent article entitled "Our New Wheat Fields in the Northwest," it is estimated that the sales of the seven months ending March 31, 1878, by the United States government and railroads, in Minnesota and Northern Dakota, have been about 2,550,000 acres for actual and immediate settlement, and that about three million acres of wheat land were allotted last year to actual settlers in the province of Manitoba, across the Canadian boundary. These emigrants are not the outgoings of Europe, but well-to-do farmers from the older States and provinces, and mostly Americans, Scandinavians, and Canadians in about equal proportions.

The secret of the great rush is that farming is the profit of one or two seasons pays for the outlay, leaving a handsome margin. Nature in the long run is prodigal in her bounty, and there are no bad debts to eat up business capital. Capitalists are investing largely in government lands, and recent sales of several million acres are reported in the Southwest. Many farmers in the Western and Middle States have sold their farms at a large profit, and with years of experience in practical farming have gone further West into Northern Minnesota, Dakota, and across the Canadian line, and purchased land at a nominal price to meet the demand sure to follow the depleted markets of the old world.

The disastrous policy of the English land system, and the uncertainty of crops on the continent, have created a demand which will absorb the large

surplus of the English market, and the

of Messrs. Gaze & Son's conductors; Mr. E. McQueen Gray, another representative of the same firm, also met us at Moville and proceeded with the remainder of the party to Glasgow. With Mr. Dore we proceeded at once to Londonderry, where rooms at the Imperial Hotel were awaiting us. On the succeeding day we made an excursion to the Giant's Causeway, going out from Londonderry to Portrush by rail (a distance of some thirty odd miles) and from thence by jaunting cars along the coast to the Causeway. The Irish Jaunting car is a splendid vehicle for fair weather, but it wasn't fair weather, and as the car has no covering, the rain descended upon our devoted heads without hindrance, inasmuch as the holding of an umbrella even was imperiled by a high wind which swept along the coast with much fury. The rain ceased for a time, however, and we inspected the Causeway in comparative comfort. Most travellers are disappointed in their first sight of the Giant's Causeway. The illustrations in the old geographies lead one to expect too much. Nevertheless a visit to the place is full of interest. There are many points from which the strange rock formations may be studied to advantage, and to almost every square foot of surface some designation or other is given, either of a suggestive or fanciful character. There are three sections to the Causeway—the Little, Middle, and Grand—and the peculiar formation of the rock, like irregular flights of steps in many places, makes it possible to clamber over the whole expanse with comparative ease. The sea was too rough to admit of a visit to the caves. On the coast within a dozen or twenty miles of the Causeway there are some thirty caves, great and small, the largest of which is over 650 feet long, 96 feet high and 30 feet wide. The opening is only about ten feet high and the cave can be entered by boats only, when the water is calm. I would like to write an account of our visit but it would take too much space.

DUBLIN.

From the north of Ireland we went to Dublin, stopping for a night at the quaint old town of Enniskillen, made famous by its corps of dragoons who fought so bravely at the Battle of the Boyne. Dublin is a very interesting city, and in certain aspects really beautiful. Phoenix Park, a vast pleasure-ground of over seventeen hundred acres, has scarcely an equal in Europe. In one portion of these grounds hundreds of deer may be seen. St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals are filled with historic monuments, and the latter has been restored in a very handsome manner. It is a singular fact that Guinness, the famous brewer, restored St. Patrick's Cathedral (at a cost of £150,000), and Rowe, the distiller, restored Christ Church Cathedral. A third church, recently erected just outside the city, is the contribution of another "spiritually minded" person, Finlaster, the distiller. We visited Trinity College, and numerous other places of interest, but I must content myself with this mere mention of the city, and hurry on. Dublin Castle, with its beautiful Royal Chapel, where the ancient oak carvings are marvelously fine, would alone furnish long description.

CORK AND KILLARNEY.

Cork, where we next found ourselves, is not a very beautiful city in itself but it has most charming surroundings. The river Lee flows through the city and broadens into a beautiful bay just below. We made two delightful excursions from this city—one by railway and boat down to Queenstown, the old Cork, and the other by carriage out to the famous Blarney Castle. "Kissing the Blarney stone" is practiced now as in years past, but the process demands some personal risk inasmuch as the veritable stone is in the parapet wall several feet below the aperture in the inner wall through which the devotee thrusts his more or less precious neck. Indeed, it is necessary to hang out bodily while some person from behind grasps the legs of the daring individual who desires to touch his lips to the magic spot.

**THE RESULT OF A SWING.**—Thomas Keddie, living on Middlesex street, Malden, while engaged in swinging at a picnic in Greenwood recently, the beam to which the rope was attached broke and fell upon him, breaking a collar bone, fracturing his skull and cutting a severe gash in his face.

## FOR HOME USE.

"SHELFER" has become so popular a drink drawn from the fountain at DODGE'S DRUG STORE, that we now put it up in bottles for home use. Wine keep indefinitely. Refreshing; Healthful; Economical. Sold only by

Geo. S. Dodge, Pharmacist,

165 Main Street, Woburn. 121

## Died.

Date, name, age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Aug. 2, Archibald, son of Daniel and Bridget McLean, aged 1 year, 6 months.

In Winchester, Aug. 4, Henry Cutler, aged 74 years.

In North Woburn, Aug. 4, Walter A. son of Charles B. and Lotte A. Long, aged 13 years.

Special Notices.

## A CARD.

The subscriber would respectfully tender his thanks to the Woburn Fire Department, neighbors, and others, for prompt and valuable assistance in saving his property at the fire Friday morning.

C. A. Dodge.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON

Makes to order, all kinds of

CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.

65  
MAKES LASTS  
FOR TROUBLESOME JOINTS.

Ankle Supporting Boots

For Children with Weak Ankles.

25 Bromfield Street,

ROOM 2, BOSTON.

For Sale and To Let.

**HOUSE FOR SALE.**—A large double house, in Woburn Center, each of two stories, and a front porch. Eight rooms in each of the two stories. House cars pass the door several times each day. The house is in the best of condition. About a quarter of an acre of land, with fruit and shade trees. House cars pass the door several times each day. The house is in the best of condition. The estate will be sold on favorable terms, and any one in want of a first-class residence will do well to examine this property. Address MRS. MARY A. YOUNG. 71

RANGER.

Reluctantly we left Killarney and returned to Dublin; and from thence we proceeded to the flourishing city of Belfast, from whence, after a brief but pleasant stay, we took the Royal Mail line of steamers for Glasgow, 120 miles distant, where we arrived this morning. Dr. Tourey and his large party reached here yesterday afternoon, and have to-day gone through the Trossachs. We are to join them at Edinburgh to-morrow.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—The Republican convention for the nomination of a State ticket, will be held at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, Tuesday, September 16.

Rooms to Let, 211 Main Street, Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY. 69

STOVES stored for the season by C. M. Stratton, Agent.

For sale cheap at BRYANT &amp; KING'S, Woburn.

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## Journal Club Column

"For the sake of humanity give me just one mouthful to eat," he said, as he halted before an eating-stand.

"I've nothing for tramps," replied the woman.

"I'll take anything—even them 'tater-peelings,'" he continued, "for I haven't tasted food in three days. If I can't get food I shall become desperate."

"I can't spare anything but this pre—"

"I don't care what it is," he interrupted, "only don't be stingy with it. There, that's it; give me a heaping spoonful, and I'll always remember you with gratitude."

It was a plate of grated horseradish, strong as the grip of a paving ring on a city, and the woman lifted out a big spoonful and deposited it in his open mouth. The tramp must have taken it for some sort of prepared infant's food, for his mouth closed with a yum! yum! It opened again, however, and when he started to run he upset a dozen flower pots, two boys and a barrel of charcoal. Much of the dose was blown into the eyes of a horse hitched to a vegetable wagon and after the man had run twice around the market with his mouth wide open he got a slant for a street fountain, and never took his chin out of the basin for forty straight minutes.

Betsy Bobbitt says of woman's voting—"But if you vote you have got to go before a board of men, and how tryin' to delicacy that would be." "I went before a board of men when I joined the meetin' house, and when I got the premium for my rag-carpet, and I still live, and still call myself a respectable character; but," says I, in a vein of unconcealed sarcasm, "if these delicate hall characters are too modest to go in broad daylight, armed with an umbrella, before a vegetable man sittin' on a board, let 'em have a good female board to take their votes."

"Would it be lawful to have a female board?" says Betsy. "Wimmen can be boards at fairs, and hospitals, and penitentiaries, and picnics, and missions, and would it be any worse to be a board before these delicate wimmen?" says I, carried away with enthusiasm. "I would be a board myself."

An old darkey caught a two pound sucker one day, and was so well satisfied with his work that he lay down for a nap, with the fish beside him on the grass. Another darkey came along presently, picked up the sucker, and left a half-pound one in its place. When the first man and brother woke up, the first thing his eyes sought was the fish, and it took him some seconds to realize that something had happened. Then turning his prize over and examining it all round he simply said: "Golly, how dat fish am shrunk!"

The Portland *Press* has an off-hand musical critic who thus describes a recently performed composition:—"It was a robust and well-assorted dirge. It opened with resolutions of respect to the deceased, followed by a wail; then the procession went with decorum to the cemetery, and finally came home at a round trot. The composition ended with a confused series of thumps, representing the carrying home of the chairs borrowed for the funeral, and all was over."

Vigilant policeman to proprietor of clothing store: "There's a boy laying for a chance to get away with one of them flannel suits in the door way. I've been watchin' him for four hours from over on the corner. Just you lay low an' I'll drop on him just as he's a scoupin' it in." Proprietor: "Oh! yes! All right. You mean that red-headed boy in the doorway? He's been watching the clothes for me."

"Darn a fool!" said Wilkins to his wife.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Wilkins, flourishing a darning needle. "Whereabouts are you worn out?"

"Some people are too smart to live long," retorted he.

"My dear," she answered, sweetly, "let me congratulate you upon your fair prospect for a long life."

We would like to know why it is that a young man can sit down, heave a sigh or two about the size of a cedar barrel, and then dash off a dozen pages to some angel of about seventeen years old plumage, but when he begins to write to his mother he can scratch himself bald-headed, and then not get over a page and a half.

An excursionist on a harbor boat, being subjected to some banter in regard to a piece of coarse twine which he had attached to his hat to prevent its capture by the fresh breeze that was blowing, remarked that he preferred to have his hat "tied on than to have it on the tide."

"And how does Charley like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of the little six-year-old boy, who was waiting with a tin can in hand the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well 'nough," said the embryo statesman, ingenuously, "but I don't like stayin' after I git there."

"One hundred and sixty-seven dogs go to the pound," was the heading of an article in the paper the other morning. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. De Fluke, when she read this, "no wonder dogs can swim if they are as light as that!"

A gentleman had occasion to correct his daughter, aged four, recently. After it was over and she had sat awhile, she went to her mother and inquired:—"Don't you think it would do papa good to go out doors?"

"Green street!" called out the conductor. "Green's treat, eh!" ejaculated an inebriated individual in the corner of the car, "all right, (hic!) just lieve drink off of Green (hic!) 's any other man."

A man can never succeed in holding two or three dozen pins in his mouth as a woman does, no matter how much he practices on shad.

Some American corsets shipped to Mexico, were supposed to be saddles of a new kind, and were returned as not giving satisfaction.

A boy who was spanked said the sensation was thrilling in the extreme.

A mixed-up boy asked for a "ten-cent cake of loafer's bread."

## Miscellaneous.

ACCIDENTALLY INNOCENT. No lawyer likes going into court with a thoroughly bad case—yet how can he help it sometimes?

I should have more patience with the question, "Do you ever think it right to defend a man whom you believe to be guilty?" were it less frequently put by people who spend six days of the week seeking to get the upper hand of their neighbors, and the seventh in trying to circumvent their Maker. To the honest inquirer, I command the answer Dr. Johnson once gave to Boswell, "Sir, the lawyer is not the judge."

Was it my place, when George Gilbert's little sorrow-worn wife, with tears glistening in her eyes, besought me to do what I could for her imprisoned husband, virtually turn my back, and leave her tired, struggling heart to break or not as it might? I was neither a priest nor a Levite to find a ready excuse for passing by on the other side! Yet what could I do? George Gilbert had been sent on a collecting tour, and had gambled away money received for his employers. It was a plain case of embezzlement, and the penalty was a term of years in the State prison.

"I'm sure he never meant to be dishonest," pleaded the loyal little woman; "he was tempted by a crafty and designing man, but, instead of running away, as others would have done, he came back and confessed his fault, offering to let his whole salary go toward making up the money, till every cent was paid. Mr. Meek, the junior partner, was willing to be merciful, but Mr. Mangle, the head of the house, who returned just then, after a year's absence, insisted that the law should take its course."

I gave her what poor consolation I could, for lawyers, like doctors, must keep their patients' courage up at times.

"In the first place I'll see Mangle & Meek," I said. "Mr. Mangle may be brought to hear reason, after all—if he can only be made to see his interest in it."

The pale, despondent face cheered up a little. My words seemed to have inspired a sort of undefined hope which I was far from feeling myself.

Mr. Mangle received me with stony politeness.

"Young man," his manner said, "don't waste time in appeal to sentiment; you won't if you'll just look at me."

I took the hint, and came at once to business; repeated Gilbert's offer, and put it as strongly as possible that more was to be gained by leniency than harshness—all of which Mr. Mangle listened to with a contentious scowl.

"I cannot be a party to compounding a felony," he answered, with a solemn intonation.

"Nor have I asked you," I replied, not a little nettled. "I have merely mentioned a plan of paying back your own, leaving it to your generosity to press or not to press the prosecution."

"Oh, it's all the same," was the contemptuous rejoinder—"anybody but a lawyer, with his head full of pujas and quibbles, could see that. Besides, there's something rather cool in the proposal to retain your friend in our employ, under pretence of working out the money he has stolen, with the opportunity of flitching twice as much money in the meantime."

My feltempur rising, and not caring to imperil my client's interest by an outright quarrel, I took a hasty leave.

I had been in the prisoner's place on the morning fixed for the trial, could hardly have ascended the court-house steps with more reluctance than I did. And when I entered the court-house, and found Gilbert and his wife already there, and noted the hopeful look with which the latter greeted my coming, my heart sickened at the thought of the bitter disappointment coming.

"The People versus Gilbert!" called out the judge, after disposal of some formal matters.

A jury was immediately impaneled, and the case opened by the district attorney.

Mr. Meek was the first witness. The nervous, hesitating manner in which he gave his evidence would greatly damage its effect had it not evidently arisen from a disposition to do the prisoner as little hurt as possible. But no softening could break the terrible force of the facts he was compelled to relate.

In his partner's absence he had employed George Gilbert as a clerk; had found him competent and trustworthy; had sent him on a trip to make collections; on his return he had acknowledged that after receiving a considerable sum, he was induced by a respectable-looking gentleman, with whom he had casually fallen in, to join a social game of cards; at first they played for amusement, then for money, and after losing all his own, in the hope of retrieving his loss, with a fatal infatuation which attends the first infection of that dreadful vice whose end is swift destruction, he had hazarded and lost the last dollar of the money he held in trust for his employers.

Mr. Meek's voice faltered as he closed his narrative. He was going on to volunteer something about the prisoner's previous good character, when a disapproving glance from Mr. Mangle brought him to a halt.

Just then the prisoner chanced to turn his head, and, catching a glimpse of the senior partner, who was standing among the crowd he started quickly, then whispered hurriedly.

"Turn aside your face," I whispered back. And the case of the prosecution went closed—

"Have you any witnesses for the defence?" inquired the judge.

"I will call Hezekiah Mangle," I replied. A buzz of surprise greeted the announcement, in the midst of which Mr. Mangle stepped forward and was sworn.

"You have been absent for the last year, Mr. Mangle," I began.

"I have."

"Travelling in different parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"The prisoner was employed by your partner in your absence, and was arrested about the time of your return?"

"Such was the case."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Or met him in your travels?"

"No," said a musician, who was standing near by, "but you might put the sawmills out."

At my bidding Gilbert turned and faced the witness.

The effect was electrical. Mr. Mangle turned pale and red by turns.

"One other question, Mr. Mangle," I resumed. "Do you recognize in the defendant a young man from whom you won a thousand dollars at 'poker' while on your travels?" and I named the time and place at which the prisoner had met his misfortune.

The man of iron virtue distanced worse than the amiable partner had done. He was halting between a point blank lie, which might entail the penalties of perjury, and the truth which would cost him money.

Cowardice performed the office of conscience, and truth came out. The firm's money, which George Gilbert had lost, had been won by the senior partner; and the court instructed the jury that, as the sum in question had actually been delivered to one of the joint owners, who was bound to account to his associate, the prisoner could not be convicted.

"God bless you, Mr. Parker!" faltered the happy little wife. "I knew you would bring us out all right."

A STORY FOR CARELESS PEOPLE.—Last summer a gentleman lost his new overcoat. He was irritated by the occurrence. He suspected who took it. His suspicions deepened to a certainty in view of certain circumstances, and he laid a trap to catch one of his neighbors. A new coat was ordered, and after it was brought home he discovered his stolen garment precisely three minutes before a man had passed him who rubbed against him. It was but the work of a moment to give chase, and lifting his umbrella he demanded his watch or vengeance. The watch was handed over by the terrified traveller, and the good citizen went home in a complacent mood, congratulating himself on his good luck and courage. At the breakfast table the next morning his wife read the story of the robbing of a man, only a few streets away, of a valuable gold watch and chain. It was a most daring affair, the robber lifting an enormous club and threatening all sorts of things. "That is singular," said the husband, "for I was robbed of my watch near that place, and ran after the villain and recovered it." "Are you sure, dear?" asked his wife. "You left your watch at home yesterday when you went out, and I saw a strange one on the bureau this morning. Can it be that you have committed robbery?" So it turned out. People are constantly getting into difficulties in consequence of inexactness, want of care, a habit of making sure. This case teaches a moral so obviously important that it need not be enlarged upon.

In a recent trial in which a large number of witnesses testified, one of the saddest features was that so large a proportion had only vague and general "impressions;" things were thus "as nearly as they could remember;" such and such words were spoken, or "something was said to that effect." In either words, a tissue of indefinite impressions and reminiscent guess-work was presented as evidence to destroy a man's character. Such things are not right, and very far from being Christian.—*Evangelist.*

GEMS FROM DICKENS.—"If this be sleep, sit by me while I sleep. Turn me to you, for your face is going far off and I want to be near. And she died like a child that had gone to sleep."—*David Copperfield, chap. 9.*

"Time and the world were slipping beneath him. \*\*\* He's a-going out with the tide. \*\*\* And, it being low water, he went out with the tide."—*Ibid, chap. 30.*

"If dar ain't dat Pete Jones promenadin' wid de Tompkins gal; and her old dad has threatened to hoot him if he ever comes anigh 'er again. What! and dar goes old man Tompkins hisself, right behind 'em. Now dar will be fun, sho."

Dropping his razor he ran to the window, reinforced by the rest of the barbers, who wanted to see what the fuss was about. When my man returned he could scarcely contain himself for laughing.

"You jes' ought to see Pete Jones light out when de old man foched up wid him. It was good's a circus. My ole woman could a done a ironing on his coat tails, Yah! yah!"

Before he completed his task, that barber, in addition to the interruptions above described, paused in his work to watch the performance of a monkey chained to a hand-organ, gazed at a procession of Odd Fellows going to a funeral, critically studied a section of an excursion party from the country, commenced on the appearance of a newly-painted omnibus passing by, pointed out sixteen Over-the-Rhine variety performers, whom he recognized from seeing them on the stage, counted a drove of hogs, bowed smilingly to a score or more of his acquaintances, studied the heavens long and critically to detect any sign of rain, endeavoured to call my attention to the gutters as showing the necessity of a shower, pointed out sixteen candidates who had solicited his vote last election, and reviewed a circus procession.

"I was the most exhausting shave that I ever endured in my life, though I have had three savings banks burst up, with all my money deposited in them. I repeat it, never again will they catch me in a barber's chair next to the window.

YANKEE DOODLE IN CHURCH.—A well-known and rather old-fashioned deacon of this city, in conversation with the leader of the choir of his church, remarked that we were having too much of the "devil's music" in our churches and were getting into the habit of singing frivolous and lively music. The leader asked him if knew "Yankee Doodle." The deacon replied that he was brought up on that tune, and would know it.

"Well," replied the leader, "I will sing it in church for you soon, and will wager a big apple that you won't know it."

The leader waited his opportunity, and in due time the minister put out the hymn, "When I can read my title clear." The piece was sung in measured time to the old tune of Yankee Doodle. At the close of the service the deacon was the first to approach the leader.

"Why, what was that tune you sang those words to?" eagerly asked the deacon; "it was the best I have heard in church for some time."

The leader responded: "That was Yankee Doodle. Didn't I tell you I was going to sing it and you wouldn't know the difference?"

The deacon hummed the tune and found that he was caught, and the only difference between the two was the time and "long" "short" put on in singing it. The leader is looking for that "big apple," and the deacon begins to think that a religious tune can be made out of anything.—*Ploughman.*

"Such was the case,"

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Or met him in your travels?"

"No," said a musician, who was standing near by, "but you might put the sawmills out."

"You have been absent for the last year, Mr. Mangle," I began.

"I have."

"Travelling in different parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"The prisoner was employed by your partner in your absence, and was arrested about the time of your return?"

"Such was the case."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge."

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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

NO. 33.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,

And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shaving Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short notice.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,

(Successor to Porter & Young.)

MACHINIST  
Steam and Gas Fitter.

2 MANUFACTURER OF  
STEAM ENGINES,

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving Pulleys, Gearing, etc. Special attention given to fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

THE

CENTRAL HOUSE,  
WOBURN,

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for Sleighing or Dancing. With all the best  
dancing in the County, and other facilities for  
caring for parties, the Central House will be found to  
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.

••• Catering on the most satisfactory terms a

A. BUCKMAN.

Dealer in

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.

••• Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
S T A B L E ,

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

G. F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.

FOWLE ST., WOBURN.

Near the Highland Station.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,

Church Street, - - Winchester.

Having in some of his tailoring establish-  
ments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to al-  
ways favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,  
294 Washington St., BOSTON.

(Opposite School St.)  
Photographs in every style can be taken in the  
best manner. Our sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50  
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$1.00 per dozen. First  
8 x 10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools  
and families \$2.00 for \$10. Copying in all kinds  
at lowest rates by

H. S. DUNSHIE, - - Artist.

HARDWARE.

Farming Tools & Seeds,

PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,

Stoves and Kitchen Ware,

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET,

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,  
promptly attended to. ••• Has control of all Bill  
Boards in town. ••• Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,

Dealer in

GROCERIES.

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,

12 At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

MOSES BANCROFT,

139½ Main Street, Woburn.

(SOLES' BLOCK.)

SELLING MACHINES

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Instalments  
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
or new ones.

13 Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,

AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
satisfactory terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

14 E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER,

Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.

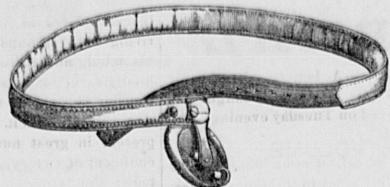
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
Streets, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

15 PYLE'S  
DIETETIC  
SALERATUS

PUREST-BEST-CHEAPEST

GOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

FOUND PAPERSONLY, MADE BY  
JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.



A large assortment and perfect fit guaranteed

At HILL'S DRUG STORE,

Opposite the Common.

132 WOBURN.

Professional Cards.

JOHN G. MIGUIRE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

168 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to  
9 P. M.

21

George H. Conn,

INSURANCE AGENT,

NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 20

WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.

No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

Office at Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.

At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

21

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,

24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

22

A. GRANT,

Merchant Tailor

169 Main Street, Woburn.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned desires to inform his friends and  
the public generally, that he has removed his place  
of business to

141 MAIN STREET,

Cor. Montvale Avenue,

Where he will be pleased to see all who may be in  
need of goods in his line. It will be his constant aim  
to keep constantly on hand, Pure Family

GEORGE H. CONN,

159 Main St., Woburn.

July 1, 1879. 95

DRUGS

—AND—

MEDICINES.

and a general assortment of

TOILET ARTICLES,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

and all the popular

PATENT MEDICINES OF THE DAY.

By strict attention to the many details of the busi-  
ness, and by great CAREFULNESS IN DISPENS-  
ING MEDICINES, he hopes to merit the patron-  
age of the public.

J. M. ELLIS & CO.,

Concrete Paving & Roofing.

Work guaranteed for 10 years.

STONE MASON'S AND CONTRACTORS.

Sand, Loam and Gravel furnished.

131 Office: Basement of Post-Office, Woburn.

—A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

25

CHARLES K. CONN,

Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent

—AND—

CONSTABLE,

168 Main St., 26 Woburn.

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HARMON,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Has removed to

110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

27 Particular attention paid to Surgery.

18

FILLED THE SAME DAY.

S. H. PATTEN,

MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM,

East St., 34 house from High St. Ice Cream wagon

runs every afternoon and evening.

29

DR. JESSE A. VILES,

Veterinary Surgeon,

25 WESTFORD STREET, LOWELL.

Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt

attention. Refers to well-known horses in Lowell.

Also to A. Eaton & Co., North Woburn.

22

JOHN HORACE DEAN & CO.,

Carpenters and Builders,

Shop, Central Square, Woburn.

All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at

36

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

42 JOURNAL OFFICE.

96 Inquire of J. B. McDONALD.

For Sale or To Let.

HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS,

1 3-4 ACRES OF LAND,

OFF BEACH STREET, very pleasantly located.

96

As I whirled along in the train to Bar-  
stow in the first week of November, I in-  
dulged myself in building many air castles.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
J. M. Ellis & Co.,	1	2	8
G. P. Redwell & Co.,	4	7	6
Polish for sale,	3	3	3
Dog Food,	3	3	8
W. W. Hill,	1	2	1
Horse for sale,	3	3	4
W. H. Burnham & Co.,	3	3	8

## WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

**The Adversary** is in a state of chronic nausea, over the Cadet business, and prints a letter from young Wood. Master Wood's recollection of the affair differs from all the others who were cognizant of the facts. We still believe he was honest when he said he was "perfectly satisfied," and have no doubt that he was satisfied, until his arrival home where he met Mr. Jerry Landers, a former employee of the *Adversary*, but at that time at work on the Wood farm. Jerry claims the credit of putting Arthur up to his present course, and he shall have whatever glory attaches to it. We have already given more space to this matter than it deserves, and will close it as far as we are concerned by quoting from a letter from Mr. G. A. Southworth, principal of the school where the examination was held, and who was present during the examination—"The examination as a whole was in its character and method the fairest I have ever known. All the candidates had an equal chance and the 'best man won.'

**RUBBER PAINT FOR ROOFS.**—It has long been a great desideratum to compound a paint for the protection of roofs, which combines the qualities of being elastic, fire-proof, water-proof, durable and cheap. These points seem to be attained in the rubber roofing paint which Mr. Jones is having put on the roof of the Central House. It penetrates the wood, and makes it so impervious to water that dew will drip from the roof. It is said to be fireproof, which is a great point in a village of wooden houses. It being elastic and conforming to the expansion and contraction of tin and zinc, it forms the most valuable coating for these materials. Burnham & Co., are the agents for Woburn and vicinity, and Mr. T. S. Curtis, well known here is interested in the business.

**The Melrose Visitor** has changed hands, and the editor, Mr. G. W. Reynolds makes his first number very interesting. In his editorial we find the following which is worth passing around:—"To sustain a local newspaper in the suburbs of a great city is not always an easy matter. People have plenty of morning and evening daily papers, and regard them almost as indispensable as daily bread. But while this is all right, the home paper should not be, if worthy, either overlooked, forgotten, or despised; and it true to the vital interests of the town it represents, it should have a general and hearty support."

**OPEN AIR MEETING.**—The open air meeting on the common last Sunday evening was conducted by Hon. J. G. Pollard. A. W. Palmer, C. W. Nute, and Mr. Stephen A. Lovejoy, of Melrose, took part in the meeting. There will be another meeting next Sunday evening, which will be addressed by Rev. E. A. Whittier, of Lawrence, and others. Deacon Samuel Cook will preside.

**GRAND ARMY EXCURSION.**—The Grand Army boys, with their families and friends, propose to visit Bass Point, Nahant, Saturday, starting from Woburn at seven o'clock. At Stoneham they will be joined by the Stoneham and Winchester Posts, making quite a little army. If the day is fair, the excursion will be very enjoyable.

**Dr. James M. Randall** has settled in Leominster, where he will engage in the practice of medicine. Dr. Randall is a graduate of Harvard Medical School, Class of '79, is a young man of good character and standing in his native town, and we commend him to the favorable notice of the people of Leominster.

**CONCRETE PAVING.**—J. M. Ellis & Co. are doing considerable concrete paving in Woburn. Their work is warranted for ten years, and they are bound to give satisfaction. Mr. Ellis has just completed a good job at the Plympton St. Schoolhouse.

**Mr. Herbert D. Dow** has been appointed teacher of the classics in the School of Practice, Wilmot, N. H. Mr. Dow is a graduate of Harvard, Class of '79, and will undoubtedly fill his new position in a creditable manner.

**Mr. Jacob R. Currier** who is known as a well bread man, has bean and had his new wagon painted with the emblems of his trade. It looks well. Slater was the artist.

**Another Fall River Treasurer** is "short," the amount named being \$175,000. Fall River must be a great place for gambling.

**Capt. J. Henry Symonds**, with his wife and son, are enjoying themselves at Lake George.

**Mr. Trowan** is recovering from the effects of the unfortunate affair of last Thursday.

**On Wednesday, W. H. Jackson**, at Walnut Hill, made 15 successive bullet-holes at 800 yards, and the same thing at 1000.

**Tremont Temple** was destroyed by fire, Thursday night. Dr. Cutler was one of the sufferers.

**S. Henry Dow**, who was very sick with pneumonia, at Swampscott, is better.

**Dr. Lang** and family are at Meredith Village, N. H.

**IMPURE MYSTIC.**—The State Board of Health visited Woburn last Friday afternoon, and examined the tanneries and the brook into which they drain. On Saturday the hearing was continued at the State House. Messrs. Skinner, Blake, and Crane were represented by B. F. Brooks, Esq. Mr. Brooks stated to the board that he had only just been instructed by his clients, and, from a brief conference with the counsel for the petitioners, he thought an arrangement satisfactory to all parties could be made, but he did not object to having the testimony in all the case put in. Mr. Wilcox, of the firm of Waldmyer & Co., said that, although the case of his firm was somewhat different from the other three, he did not know but they, also, could come to some understanding with the cities, and thus save the Board of Health the trouble of a hearing, and to enable all parties to consult together, a recess until 11 o'clock was taken.

On the resumption of the board Mr. Brooks stated he had come to a verbal agreement with the city on the part of his clients. Counsel for the city confirmed this, and asked that the matter be postponed for a few days to enable the examination of titles, etc., and he had no doubt the case of Waldmyer & Co. would be amicably arranged as soon as the others were settled. Hon. Moses Kimball, chairman of the Board, said that they were desirous of having the matter settled as soon as possible, as they felt it their duty to have the pollution of the water stopped at once, and it was necessary that this should be done by an order of the board, unless the parties in interest came to an agreement, and in order to enable the clients of Mr. Brooks, known as the Russell brook cases, to arrange with the city of Boston, the hearing in these would be continued at the call of the chairman. A conference of P. Waldmyer & Co. with the counsel for the petitioners was then held, at the close of which City Solicitor Darling, of Somerville, stated that a verbal agreement had been arrived at in this case also, the substance of which was that the board should be asked to continue the hearing not over fourteen days, and that in the meantime Waldmyer & Co. agreed to convey all their sewage into the Mystic valley sewer, the city of Boston to construct a catch basin, payment for which is to be made by Waldmyer & Co., who are also to procure the necessary pumping apparatus, the payment for which is to be determined hereafter. This agreement is, however, to be without prejudice to either party hereafter. 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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

NO. 34.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shaving  
pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings  
Tubes and Curving Shops fitted up at short  
note.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
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All orders promptly attended to. Copieries  
offered January 1st, 1879.

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MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES,  
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving  
pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Curving Shops.

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Business Cards.

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CENTRAL HOUSE,  
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Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for  
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best  
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for  
carrying on parties, the Central House will be found  
to be the most popular of the traveling clubs.

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Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
specialty.

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Dealer in

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180 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
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Livery, Hack & Boarding  
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G.F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.  
BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.

FOYLE ST., WOBURN.  
Near the Highland Station.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Carroll Street, - - Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practical  
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishment  
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,  
294 Washington St., Boston.  
Photographs in every style made and finished in the  
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50  
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First  
class Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools  
and families \$1.00 each. Postage 10¢. Copying of all kinds  
at lowest rates.

H. S. DUNSHIE, - - Artist.

HARDWARE.  
Farming Tools & Seeds,  
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,  
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

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TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.

Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main street;  
promptly attended to. For has control of all Bill  
Books in town. For has mail promptly at-  
tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
GROCERIES,  
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

JOSES BANCROFT,  
139½ Main Street, Woburn.

(SOLES BLOCK.)

SEWING MACHINES

all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments.

Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
or new ones.

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,

AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, - - MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate intended to on  
several terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. P. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,

Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main  
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

15

PYLE'S  
DIETETIC 1855  
SALE RATUS

PUREST-BEST-CHEAPEST  
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

IN BOUND PAPER ONLY MANUFACTURED  
JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

## TRUSSES.

A large assortment and perfect fit guaranteed

### At HILL'S DRUG STORE,

Opposite the Common.

135 WOBURN.

### Professional Cards.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE.  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
168 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to  
9 P. M.

24 THE

Business Cards.

NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 20  
WOBURN, - - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
ATTORNEY and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.

Office, 1 At Boston, 8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M.  
Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 2 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

HOURS, 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Merchant Tailor  
169 Main Street, Woburn.

REMOVAL.

141 MAIN STREET,  
Cor. Montvale Avenue,

London and LANCASHIRE  
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,  
of Liverpool, England.

The under-signed desires to inform his friends and  
the public generally, that he has removed his place  
of business to

141 MAIN STREET,  
Cor. Montvale Avenue,

DRUGS

—AND—

MEDICINES.

and a general assortment of

TOILET ARTICLES.

AND

FANCY GOODS.

and all the popular

PATENT MEDICINES OF THE DAY.

By strict attention to the many details of the busi-  
ness and by CAREFULNESS IN DISPENS-  
ING MEDICINES, he hopes to merit the patron-  
age of the public.

J. M. ELLIS & CO.,

Concrete Paving & Roofing.

Work guaranteed for 10 years.

STONE MASON'S AND CONTRACTORS.

Sand, Loam and Gravel furnished.

The

A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

CHARLES K. CONN,  
Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent

—AND—

CONSTABLE,

168 Main St., 26 Woburn.

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HIRSHON,  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

191 Main St., Woburn.

ANSWERED WITH DISPATCH.

WARREN D. BARTLETT,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

141 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

W. F. ESTABROOK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,

AND

FANCY CRACKERS

OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

M. ELLIS & CO.,

BUILDING MOVERS,

Office Basement of Post Office,

WOBURN, - - MASS.

M. ELLIS, \* 49 JOSEPH COLE.

MEN'S CALF SHOES

\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.

LADIES' NEWPORTS,

\$2.50 to \$3.00.

All work warranted.

DR. JESSE A. VILES,

Veterinary Surgeon,

25 WESTFORD STREET, LOWELL.

Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt  
attention.

PIANO FORTE,

and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
the times. For particulars call at her residence.

No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

For Sale or To Let.

HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS,

1 3/4 ACRES OF LAND,

OFF BEACH STREET, very pleasantly located

Inquire of J. B. McDONALD.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

JOURNAL OFFICE.

### Poetical Selection.

#### I GO TO BED.

When I have lost all faith in man,  
Or failed to consummate some plan;  
When women are cold, unkind,  
And things accord not with my mind,  
I do not rashly seize my pen,  
And in a fury there and then  
Declare this gloomy world to be  
One endless round of vanity:  
Ah! no, for this were mockery—

I go to bed.

When through my head there darts a pain  
And life seems an increasing bane;  
When friends their patronage withhold,  
And creditors become too bold,  
I do not in seclusion mourn,  
And curse the hour when I was born—

I go to bed.

When the D. D. deserts his creed,  
And quacks their many victims bled;  
When editors write sharp replies,  
And moneyed men keep back supplies,  
I do not then, in prose and verse,  
Implore the gods mankind to curse—

I go to bed.

When couples marry in great haste,  
And servants pilfer, feet and waste;  
When general courts their terms prolong,  
In short, when things get somewhat wrong,  
I do not bite my lips and scowl,  
And the town and snap and growl—

I go to bed.

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John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 50 cents a line; notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on the back show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Page	Col.	No.
Administrator's Sale,	3	4
A. Richards & Co.,	3	3
Notice,	3	3
Boston Branch,	3	7
Mrs. Philbrick,	3	3
G. L. Dodge,	3	3
Mortgage Sale.—Russell,	3	3
C. A. Smith & Son,	3	4
		12

## WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

## WHO SHALL BE GOVERNOR?

The withdrawal of Gov. Talbot from the gubernatorial canvass calls for the selection of a new man by the Republicans. The duty of making the selection is an important one, for Gen. Butler's campaign will be as earnest and determined as it was last year, and his popularity and political skill will serve him well. Of the names likely to come before the Republican Convention, one of three will undoubtedly be chosen. It will be either Gen. Devens, Henry L. Pierce, or John D. Long. Gen. Devens is in President Hayes's Cabinet, and his name is frequently seen in print as a candidate for this or that place, giving color to the notion that he is not entirely satisfied where he is, and is in the market for any good place that presents an opening. It will not be forgotten that he came home from the army and ran against John A. Andrew during one of the critical years of the war. Henry L. Pierce is being strongly urged by the same class that forced Gov. Rice upon the party, and for much the same reasons, but the managers should remember that the country towns are the strongholds of the party, and personal popularity in the rural districts is an element in this canvass not to be despised. John D. Long seems to us to possess more value as a candidate than either of the others named. As Speaker, and as Lieutenant Governor, he achieved a popularity second only to that of Gov. Talbot. A prominent competitor before the convention, he gave his successful rival a hearty support, and no speeches last fall were more effective than his. His vote last year was 136,824, or 2,099 more than the Governor received. Mr. Long is a young man who would rally the Young Republicans as no other man can, and his nomination would bring the young men into the fight in a position well in front. Mr. Long's record as a temperance man is as good as Gov. Talbot's, and in this regard he leads the other gentlemen named. He is a genial and scholarly man, remarkable for a quiet dignity that would well become the Chief Magistrate of the Bay State.

GOOD DETECTIVE WORK.—One of the best pieces of detective work has been done the past week in Boston, by Inspectors Wood and Howard. Mr. J. F. Frye, a prominent business man, residing on Joy street, was murdered last Thursday night by two Italian barbers, in the most cold-blooded manner, being stabbed with barbers' shears and shot through the heart. The principal murderer was a boy who used to shave Mr. Frye, and whom he had befriended, and entertained at his house. The boy called to see him on the fatal night, introducing a friend, and both were well received by Mr. Frye, whose family was away. Requesting to be shown over the house, they sprang upon him unawares, and brutally murdered him, escaping with some silver ware and jewelry. The detectives set to work in earnest, and on Tuesday had the murderers in custody, together with two accessories. One of the murderous crew, who watched outside the house, is still at large, but will probably be apprehended.

WAS IT "LARRY"?—A man answering the description of Saro Chivaro, alias Larry O'Neal, one of the murderers of Mr. Frye, was seen on Main street, Tuesday evening, by Chief Conn and Officer Welch. They followed him as rapidly as possible, and saw him disappear around Woodbury's corner, and although they made diligent search he could not be found. It is said that Larry has a female friend in Lowell, and he may have passed through here Tuesday evening on his way to visit her.

DEATH FROM PNEUMONIA.—Mr. S. Henry Dow, who has been spending the summer with his family, at Swampscott, died from pneumonia, on Tuesday, after a brief illness. Mr. Dow was a member of the firm of S. Dow & Sons, leather manufacturers. He was a member of the Royal Arcanum, Knights of Honor, and Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons. Mrs. Dow has also been very sick with a severe cold, but not dangerously so.

WE have heard that there are those in this town who will sell liquor to boys. If so we hope they may be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—Ade.

Now, "Mark," if you know of any one that is selling illegally to boys, and "we just go up and tell like a little man," and "we have no doubt if sufficient evidence of the violation of the law is presented to the police or other proper authorities, prosecutions will be made."

WE can sympathize with the Waltons in their affliction which is thus referred to:—

Somebody in the neighborhood, judging from the hideous noises now and then heard, is endeavoring to play upon the cornet, but as yet advancement has been very slow and very little like music has been heard. Come, Frank, attend to business and let the horns alone.

SURVIVORS OF THE 22D REG.—We have received from some unknown source a little pamphlet with the names and address of the surviving members of the 22d Mass. Vols., and 3d Light Battery. 312 are all that can now respond of 1300 who left the State on the 8th of October, 1861.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

## THE FISHERY AWARD.

The recent departure of the Agents of the United States Government to the Bay of St. Lawrence, to gather statistics of the value of the inshore fishing privileges, is significant of the apprehension of a renewal of the dispute in regard to the value of the fisheries, at no distant day. When the compensation clause was inserted in the treaty of Washington, it was thought that the Commissioners would arrive at such a fair estimate of the value of the privilege as would be satisfactory to both parties. The award of the Halifax Commission, however, was so unsatisfactory, that it is not improbable that serious complications may arise in the future. The amount of the award, \$5,500,000, was so excessive that although the United States deemed it a duty to pay it in compliance with the terms of the treaty, it at the same time entered a formal protest against its justice and validity. In a pecuniary sense to a nation characteristically generous, the amount of the award was of small moment. But as its payment may be construed as an acquiescence in the justness of the award, it may be well to define the position of the United States, while the matter is fresh in mind. The fisheries have been a bone of contention now for nearly a century. By the treaty of Paris, Feb. 10, 1763, Great Britain acquired the North American Provinces formerly held by France. From that time until the Revolution, the inhabitants of the old English Colonies in common with other British subjects, enjoyed the fisheries along the shores of the British Provinces. When the Independence of the United States was recognized by the treaty of peace, concluded Sept. 3, 1783, the right of Americans to take fish in all parts of the sea on the coasts of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, was recognized without any limitation as to the distance from shore. After the war of 1812 and the treaty of Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, which was silent upon the subject of fisheries, the British Government claimed that all rights of fishing secured to American citizens by the treaty of 1783 were abrogated, while the United States Commissioners, in negotiating the Treaty of Washington, offered the sum of \$1,000,000 for the perpetual right of inshore fishing. This offer the British Government rejected, and insisted that a fair exchange would be a free market for the products of the fisheries of the Dominion and adjacent parts. The reply of Lord Salisbury that the decision of the majority of the Commissioners is binding in international law as well as in common law, may be true or it may not be true. His observation that the Commissioners arrived at their conclusion by a different process of figuring is as self evident as it is true and evasive. However, as the Commissioners have not seen fit to state the grounds of their inadmissible decision, there is no appeal from their decree, save to that tribunal of public opinion which, however little effect it may have upon an award already found, may be of no inconsiderable importance in determining what reciprocal privileges the United States shall hereafter accord to the British Provinces.

CLASS OF '79.—The first meeting of the W. H. S. '79 was held at the house of H. E. Mills, on Winn street, Aug. 19, at 8:15 P. M. The draft of the constitution presented by E. H. Lounsbury was accepted with few changes. A balloting for officers for the ensuing year, resulted in the choice of E. Cummings as President, and Miss A. F. Richardson as Secretary. An executive committee consisting of E. Cummings, Miss Richardson, Miss E. J. Sherburne, A. L. Perham and E. H. Lounsbury was then appointed. Miss Sherburne and Miss E. C. Sweetser, though elected, both declined to serve as Secretary.

BAND CONCERT.—The Woburn Brass Band will give concerts on the Common for the three next successive Wednesday evenings. The following is the programme for next Wednesday:—

PART I.  
1. March, National Guard.  
2. Andante and Waltz.  
3. Selection, Red Hot.  
4. Concert Polka.  
5. March, Nancy Lee. (By request).  
6. March, Clayton's.  
7. Medley, Ye Olden Times.  
8. Revere, Ah Che La Morte.  
9. Waltz, Concert Galop.

OLD PROFESSOR.—"An Old High School Boy," in a letter to the *Saturday Evening Gazette* says:—"There are as many different kinds of reporters as there are of advertisers, and regret to say that many, in both of these classes, are little better than sharpers, in the guise of friends and patrons. What are technically termed 'india-rubber' advertisers are those who, under the pretense of sending an editor a free and friendly contribution of news or other interesting matter, try to conceal in it a free puff of some acquaintance. This argues that friend has great stretching powers, like india rubber, and is elastic enough to stretch over and hide the imposition. There is also a kind of unsalaried, guerrilla-like reporter, who gets favors from outsiders and pays in puffs, then gets the puff published and pays in news. A queer reporter of this kind was the late Thomas Davis, who died suddenly last fall at the ripe old age of 70. For many years he was known in this city and vicinity as 'Propeller Davis,' he having given himself the title because he was continually propelling himself around in search of news, printing jobs and advertising favors. He delighted in absurd modes of advertising his printing office into notoriety, and once proposed to construct an india rubber sea serpent, to be propelled in some strange way, and by attracting crowds to see it in motion in the vicinity of certain watering-places, to make a profitable bargain with steamboat owners and hotel keepers. But he failed to perfect this novel mode of india rubber advertising. Death has propelled the most indefatigable of india rubber advertisers into a world where there is no india rubber of any kind. There is plenty in this, but no 'Propeller Davis' now, and, therefore, those who wish to see the sea serpent must see him in the natural way, and those who wish to advertise must do it without india rubber."

ANOTHER JUNKETING VISIT.—When the Water Board or Common Council want a good time they vote to go out and examine the Mystic water shed. They send word to Winn of Winchester, for barges, and to Lee Hammond of Woburn, that they shall want some refreshment, and they are well provided in both respects and go home again very much pleased with themselves and their visit, having found out what they knew before. They were here on Wednesday, having taken the barges at College Hill, and went over the ground so familiar to all of them by this time. The Queen of Winchester, Bell Rock, and Commonwealth furnished the transportation, and the party had a delightful ride. They charged most of the trouble with the water to Horn Pond, and some of the wise men want to divert the waters of Horn Pond in some way from flowing into Mystic Pond. To accomplish that would be a great feat of engineering. They dined very happily at the Central House, and then went over to see the glue works, and so down the Abington to Winchester where they took the cars.

SELECTMEN.—Second meeting in August. Full board present. Application of Chief Engineer in relation to hydrants, was referred to the Committee on Fire Department. F. J. Stevens and Samuel Leeds were drawn as jurors for September term of Superior Court at Lowell. Application for laying out Page Place as a highway was referred to Highway Committee, with instructions to lay out and prepare report for acceptance of town. Voted a reward of \$100 for conviction of persons destroying sign boards or other public property. Voted to recommend the discharge from Reform School of Michael Beattie. Amasa W. Nason was appointed a police officer for East Woburn.

FOOT RACES.—This Saturday evening, Patsy Burke, of Woburn, and Maurice Golding, of Cambridge, will run a five mile race on Lexington Trotting Park. The race will come off between 5 and 6 o'clock. Two weeks from to-day, Sept. 6, John Conway, of Stoneham, is matched against John Weaver, of Woburn, for a ten mile spin. Weaver won the five mile race a fortnight ago, and his friends are quite confident of his winning again at the longer distance.

TOOK A WHEEL OFF.—A buggy containing Miss Carter and Miss Wheeler of North Woburn, was standing in front of Smith & Co's Jewelry Store, Monday morning, when Felch's butcher wagon was accidentally driven against one of the hind wheels, demolishing that useful portion of the carriage. The ladies were assisted to alight, and their horse being a steady one, no great harm was done.

NOTORIOUS THIEVES IDENTIFIED.—City Marshal Batchelder of Lawrence, on Monday, identified George Richardson and Edward Berry, awaiting trial at Cambridge jail for stealing hens at Woburn, as Daniel and Abraham Glidden, two notorious horse thieves and burglars, who for the past two years have been operating in the vicinity of Lawrence and in Maine and New Hampshire.

POLICE COURT.—Charles C. Horner, and John Hoban were each committed to the House of Correction for nonpayment of fine, for being drunk. James Farrell, drunk, second offence, 2 months in House of Correction. Wm. Moore and Patrick Foley each paid a fine of \$3 and costs for single drunk. Hugh McCormick, common drunkard, case continued until Saturday morning.

THE NEW HOSE HOUSE.—The contract to build the new Hose House in Central Square has been awarded to J. Horace Dodge living at Cummingsville, was assaulted, as he claims, by Owen O'Hara and John Dolan, his lip was badly cut, and he was severely pounded.

THUMB CUT.—Alonzo L. Perham, while trimming a lath, had the misfortune to strike his thumb with a sharp hatchet, laying it open its entire length.

There was a slight fire on Tuesday at the store of B. B. Brown, 10 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston, caused by a kettle of sealing wax boiling over. No damage.

GOURD YIELD.—Alden P. Hamlin, Mrs. Bickford's gardener, reports a prolific gourd vine in his garden which bore 35 part-colored gourds.

BASS POINT.—Although the weather last Saturday was rainy, two large loads went to the Grand Army picnic at Bass Point.

Read Mrs. Phinney's notice in the advertising columns.

East Woburn.  
SRAINED HIS FOOT.—Patrick Carpenter came home on the late train Saturday night, and as he stepped from the cars he sprained his foot. Passengers shouldn't carry too much freight.

Row.—On Thursday a junk pedlar from Somerville was stopped by Michael Queenan, who took away his horse and team, because the old man was owing him 70 cents. A fight occurred for the possession of the team but Queenan held it. The old man then went to Officer Kerrigan's house, was told that no officer lived there. Going back, the fighting was renewed, and nearly all the village assembled to witness the disgraceful affair. Kerrigan was sent for again, but would not come, and not until he learned that two of the leading citizens of the village had been attracted to the row did he put in an appearance. The team was then restored to the pedlar, but no arrests were made.

FIRE IN EAST WOBURN.—About 11 o'clock Wednesday night a fire broke out in a barn owned by A. L. Richardson, Esq., No. 164 Montvale Avenue, East Woburn. The barn was occupied by Thomas Maran and Nicholas T. McCannen, and contained two horses, carriages, harnesses, and a little hay. The carriages were got out, and also the horses, though Maran's horse was considerably scorched. In getting him out, William Elliot had one of his feet stepped on. Hose 4 soon had a stream of water on the fire, and after some hard work, stopped the fire in the loft where it originated. The fire apparatus from the Center responded very promptly but was not needed. The fire was set in the hay loft, but whether accidental or not is not known. Two who have been doing the song and dance business on the streets for the past two weeks, are said to have made this barn their lodging place. There were some machinists tools in one end of the barn, but the fire did not reach them. The barn was valued at \$500; insured for \$300.

POSTMEN.—Postmen are not obliged to receive in payment of postage stamps or stamped envelopes or wrappers, etc., any currency which may be so mutilated as to be uncertain, or the genuineness of which can not be clearly ascertained. They are not obliged to receive more than twenty-five cents in copper or nickel coins. They are not obliged to affix stamps to letters, nor are they obliged to make change except as a matter of courtesy. Neither shall they give credit for postage.

EXCHANGE.—An exchange has an excellent suggestion, which has been often repeated, to the effect that if every one would decline to accept silver or copper pieces which have holes in them or have been disfigured in any way, the clippings would soon cease. The post office department will not receive them, neither are they received at any of the sub-treasuries. If there is one sort of theft meaner than another, this certainly can be so characterized.

OUR INTERNAL REVENUE SYSTEM seems to be in good working order. Last year we collected \$113,448,830, and it cost only three and three-quarters per cent. to do it. It is a very pretty sum towards the national house-keeping.

COL. CYRUS TAY, who has been running a hotel at Prince Edward Island, during the summer, has returned to Woburn.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nursery for September.—The children's magazine opens with a seaside frontispiece. "Dr. Drug and Miss Pansy" is a fine sketch. Nellie and Pet tell of the pets of the farm. A fine drawing lesson is given as usual. The little housemaid's story is told in large type. There is something about alligators, and a cunning fox, and to end all a nice song "Down on the sandy beach."

Friday last Frank Vincent stepped in a hot leach and scalded his left foot.

It is said that about a thousand persons went to the Hibernian picnic at Nantasket, last Saturday. One lady who went in bathing was taken with cramps, and was unable to be removed until Monday. This gave rise to a story that one woman of the party died.

BASE BALL.—Quite a number of Woburn people were on the base ball grounds at Stoneham on Thursday, to witness the game between the Worcester and Gen. Worths. The former won 8 to 6. The Worths play with the Campbells on Saturday.

A BARREL OF SWALLOWS.—After the last storm, the chimney at Jacob Brown's house, on Canal street, was cleaned out, and enough swallow to fill a barrel were taken out. They probably took refuge from the storm and were killed by the smoke.

WOBURN TRAVELLERS.—There were 7,710 passengers for Boston, from the Central Station at Woburn, during 1878. This number does not include season ticket passengers, or passengers from Woburn Highlands and Cross street.

ASSAULTED.—Last Saturday Michael Doyle living at Cummingsville, was assaulted, as he claims, by Owen O'Hara and John Dolan, his lip was badly cut, and he was severely pounded.

THE BARK PILES.—There were 17,894 cords of bark used by the Woburn tanners during 1878. The amount this year will be much larger. John Cummings & Co., have 3,000 cords piled up in the freight yard.

RUNOVER.—A boy named Costello was run over on Thursday, and was taken into Trull's drug store, where he recovered from his fright, and finding that he was unharmed, ran home without assistance.

THE WOODMAN'S AXE.—The evergreen trees in the First Church yard have all been cut down, and two chestnut trees in front of the church have also succumbed to Woodman Harris.

CATHOLIC PICNIC.—A picnic for the benefit of the poor will be held in Hiawatha Grove this Saturday afternoon.

## East Woburn.

SRAINED HIS FOOT.—Patrick Carpenter came home on the late train Saturday night, and as he stepped from the cars he sprained his foot. Passengers shouldn't carry too much freight.

ST. NICHOLAS for September helps the boys and girls to begin the new year of schooling with a great variety of amusing stories, pictures, and interesting articles. It begins with a large frontispiece, drawn by Addie Ledyard, and, near the end, it gives young Louis Napoleon's life history, with a portrait engraved from a photograph taken a little while before his death. There are eight short stories, all illustrated. First comes "Three Drews and a Crew," a tale of terrible floods and wonderful escapes; then an amusing story of "Bob's Missionary Work" in the effort to improve a poverty-stricken quarter of his native town. A third tale recounts the excitement and pleasure of "A Run After Sword-fish"; another details the mishaps of a girl who persisted in wearing fine winter clothes in the wild places of Florida; a fifth narrates a lively episode of Pennsylvania child-life; another deals with elves and a tender-hearted German girl; yet another describes the bad and good fortunes of a miner's orphans in the great oil-regions; and the eighth, with a comical picture by Hopkins, tells of the triumph of a wise old man who could say "Buttered Pease in Choctaw." "The Chateau D'Orion" is the title of an illustrated article on the history of the rare and beautiful pottery called "Faience D'Orion"; "On Wheels," with twelve quaint outline pictures, gives a concise account of wheeled carriages of all sorts and times; and "The Frolicsome Fly's" queer and interesting history is told with the help of two illustrations. The installments of the two serials—Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellow-ship," and Susan Coolidge's "Eyebright"—are intensely interesting, and make one wonder just how the stories are to be wound up, as they must be, next month.

SCR

Winchester.  
REAL ESTATE.—W. H. Kinsman has sold his house to E. Ginn.

CATHOLICS.—The Catholics have a picnic to day at Dell Pond Grove, North Winchester.

REV. W. B. WINN, son of Rev. D. D. Winn, of New Bedford, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church on Sunday.

RESIGNED.—John R. Cobb, on account of continued ill health has resigned the superintendency of the Orthodox Sunday School.

D. B. Winn furnished the conveyance of the municipal party on Wednesday, meeting them at College Hill with the Queen of Winchester, Bell Rock, and Commonwealth.

LARGE JOB.—A. P. Palmer, of Winchester, is re-building the Chemical Works at North Woburn. The building is 192x75 and 36 feet high. It will require 400,000 feet of lumber in its construction.

THE music of the Woburn Band was enjoyed by a large crowd on Wednesday evening. It is a cause for congratulation that there is a prospect of more of them on Winchester Common before the season is over.

DANIEL McCarthy, of Woburn, last Monday, was thrown out of his team near the railroad crossing by the breaking of the whiffle-tree. McCarthy was not much hurt. The damage to his team was repaired at the blacksmith shop, and he went on his way.

THE principal demand on the Winchester soda fountain, made by the Woburn young men who came down to hear the band concert, was for "juniper" and "frumenti" syrups. The question arises do the Woburn boys usually get their gin and whiskey through the soda fountain.

WALDMYER'S CATCH BASIN.—The work at Waldmyer's tannery on the catch-basin is progressing rapidly, and when it is completed and the pumping apparatus attached that is to drive its sewage into the sewer, one great source of impurities flowing into the Abajona river will have been removed.

PIGS AND ORATORY.—During the visit of the Woburn Common Council on Wednesday some of the party desired to visit Calvin Parker's piggery which was written up a few weeks ago. They found Cal, feeling rather sore about the matter, and so anxious to tell them all about it, that they advised him to address the Council. He accordingly mounted the stone wall and rehearsed the story of the wrongs he had suffered from the "darned yarn" reported by a rival pig breeder. "Gentlemen," said he stopping a moment for breath, "if I'd known you was comin' I'd have had some leninade got ready for you, because I'm not an ungrateful man, by no means, anyhow." His audience moving off, he entered one of the barges, and continued his discourse, making a very good impression upon his hearers.

PERSONAL ITEMS.—Mr. F. M. Stone, has returned to California, his visit to the East having improved his health to that degree that further relaxation from cares of business seemed to him unnecessary. A letter from him, dated at Odgen, contains the cheering intelligence that he "never felt better in his life." Ed. P. Robinson and G. W. T. Riley are at Scituate. S. W. Twombly and wife are in Maine. A. C. Bell and wife took a trip up the Hudson, this week. E. A. Weddell and wife are at Lake George. George O. Wetherbee and wife are at Keene, N. H. H. C. Whitten, and Leonard Nutter and wife are in Maine. S. G. Pierce and wife are at the White Mountains. G. H. Eustis is at Blue Hill Farm. A. Cutting is at Lake Winnipesaukee. W. A. Bailey and wife are at Marblehead. E. Sanderson and wife are at Hyannis Port. W. F. Foster and wife are in New Hampshire. Dr. Brown, J. C. Stanton, Jr., and Major Alanson Winn were at Provincetown, on Thursday.

ONE of our young Winchester friends, who has been to Hyannis Port, has written us the following letter, which we are glad to print. Cannot some others of the boys and girls who are having such good times this vacation give the readers of the Journal a share in their pleasures by writing letters to the Editor?

WINCHESTER, Aug. 20, 1879.

MR. PARKER: Dear Sir: I was to write about Hyannis and Hyannis Port.

Hyannis is a pleasant town situated about seventy-nine and three-fourths miles from Boston, and also the distance between the two places is about two miles.

The conveyance between Hyannis and Hyannis Port is a team waiting upon the arrival of the train. The town of Hyannis is where the rail road is and extends to a wharf near Hyannis Port which was the former place that the Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard steamers came, but now it is from Wood's Hole.

At Hyannis Port the bay comes and usually along the shore the soil is sandy, the place has one hotel which is very pleasantly located quite near the bay, and also there is a wreck that had been brought from Maine and is placed several hundred feet from the shore which is reached by a wharf extending out to it. About three miles distance across the bay is great island which is used principally for sheep and is also a part of a part of a lighthouse is standing.

There is also a large building called Exchange Hall, also there is another Hall next to the Hotel; both of these Halls are used for dramatic, musical and also for religious purposes.

Going from Hyannis to Hyannis Port the land on either side of the road is used largely for agricultural purposes, and there are not many large trees and shrubs excepting the large groves and woods, which are composed partly of oak and pine.

There is a quite a team about for the purpose of carrying supplies to the lighthouses, and comes occasionally to the wharf which was formerly used by the Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard steamers.

Yours truly,

FRANK.

BURGLARY, AND CAPTURE OF THE ROGUES.—Saturday noon last, Mr. Stillman Nichols, of Winchester, returning to his residence found it had been broken into and a large amount of clothing and jewelry stolen. He went back to his factory, and was considering how to proceed, when he received a telegram from Station No. 8, of Boston, stating that clothing having his name upon it, had been found on the person of arrested parties. Mr. Nichols proceeded to Boston, and identified all the articles as being his, and found the thieves safe in cells. Chief of Police Conn, of Woburn, lodged these

men Friday night and had suspicions that they were not all right, and in the morning on letting them from the lockup they took Winn street in place of going towards Boston, but it seems they soon passed down Main street, where they were seen near Green street and also near Moseley's shop by some shop hands, and again several times in Winchester, where they took the 10:20 train for Boston and proceeded to Salem street and tried to pawn the goods. Patrolman Harrington of Division 8, happened to be passing, in citizens' dress, through Salem street at the time, and seeing two suspicious-looking young men carrying a bundle, followed them into a pawn shop, where they endeavored to pawn a suit of clothes worth \$30 for \$2. This fact being sufficient evidence that the clothes were dishonestly obtained, the officer took the men to Station 1, where they gave the names of Samuel Reynolds, 25 years old, and Mathew Fairfield, 16 years old. They claimed to have just come from Philadelphia, and that they were obliged to sell their clothing to get money. An examination of the clothes showed the names of the makers, a well-known clothing firm, who when applied to recognized them as having been made for Stillman Nichols, of the firm of Cowdry, Cobb & Nichols, piano forte makers at Woburn. Mr. Nichols was as once telegraphed for, as related above, and on going to Boston identified the contents of the bundle, which included the suit of clothes, a lady's sacque and several articles of underwear. The prisoners also had in their possession a gold watch and chain and a revolver, which were also stolen from Mr. Nichols' house. Reynolds and Fairfield were brought to Winchester for examination, and on Monday were before Judge Littlefield and bound over for trial. The robbery was a bold one, being committed in broad daylight. After getting their plunder they changed some of their clothes, putting on some of the stolen articles. They were observed making these changes in their toilets by workmen in Moseley's tannery, who testified to that effect. While they were in the Woburn lockup, they arranged a plan, whereby the younger should plead guilty and take sentence, and then testify that he never saw Reynolds previous to meeting him in the Woburn lockup; that he went up the Lowell road until he met an old pal, and they did the robbery, and the subsequent meeting of Reynolds in Boston was only a chance. But Officer Dupee's son happened to be in the lockup at the time this little arrangement was in preparation, and so testified before the court. They were both found guilty and committed to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. It is cause for congratulation that such reckless fellows were so quickly nabbed, and the stolen property so neatly recovered.

BURLINGTON.

PICNIC.—"What a delightful day for the picnic" was the universal exclamation Wednesday, when the Sabbath School assembled at the church. By nine o'clock, Supt. Reed's and Deacon Woodman's barges were enroute for Wilmington with a happy throng. An hour's ride over sandy thoroughfares brought the picnickers to Silver Lake. The few boats were quickly taken possession of and were in constant use all day. Rowing seemed to be the chief attraction. The usual picnic pastimes were generally slighted. At noon the tables were spread in the grove and the bountiful supply of eatables disappeared in short metre. The barges returned via North Woburn. A splendid time was the general expression.

BEDFORD.

THE SESQUICENTENNIAL.—Plans for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Bedford have been nearly completed and the celebration will take place on the 27th inst. This date is rather anticipatory of the real anniversary, as, according to the statistical table in the "Manual for the General Court," Bedford was set off from Billerica and Concord on September 23, 1729. A few weeks, however, are of little account in a century and a half. The plans for the celebration, so far as arranged, include a procession at 9 A. M., and the delivery of an historical oration by Rev. J. F. Stearns, D. D., of Newark, N. J., a native of the town. This will be delivered in a tent opposite the Common. At half-past one o'clock dinner will be served, Mr. Wm. Tufts of Boston having been engaged as caterer. During the day a free exhibition of Bedford's antiquities will be given in the Town Hall, and in the evening there is to be a free open-air concert, fireworks, and such other entertainments as the occasion will permit.

THE PATENT RUBBER ROOFING PAINT

IS the thing for both OLD and NEW SHINGLED & TIN ROOFS, rendering them both FIRE & WATER PROOF.

COME AND LOOK AT THE CENTRAL HOUSE.

W. H. BURNHAM & Co., Agents.

J. R. CARTER, Real Estate Agent, LOCAL AGENT.

It needs no argument to prove that the man who can speak and write as can Rev. W. H. Murray, is much better fitted to be a minister than a horse-jockey, much better adapted to a pulpit than a buckboard wagon, much more at home in a church than in a wigwam, much better employed in addressing the souls of men than in digging ditches for the Devil. We are in favor, then, of the plan of trying to make nothing like it for money. Nothing like it for money, however offered. Business is known to all, and the time is ripe for a general open-air concert, fireworks, and such other entertainments as the occasion will permit.

THE NEWSPAPERS with their wretched decay have referred in the most circumlocutory way to the real cause of the death of Fechter, the actor. It is a common truth, though we doubt if it is really the best thing to do. New Hampshire has just buried a distinguished son from a similar cause. No day passes when somewhere a brilliant tragedian does not go out quenched in the liquid which is as certain to destroy as it is to get the mastery.—*Lowell Journal*.

THE custom is said to have lately grown up among young ladies of good social position in England of having various devices tattooed indelibly on one or other of their legs.

JOHN M. HARLOW, Mortgagor and present holder of said Mortgage. Woburn, August 23d, 1879.

AN INGENIOUS suicide in North Carolina accomplished his purpose by laying himself at full length on a high bridge, with his head protruding over the edge, tying one end of a long rope around his neck and then dropping the stone, so that the jerk broke his neck.

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## Journal Club Column

THAT PLX.  
He lights upon your head.  
A naughty word is said,  
As with a rap,  
A vicious slap,  
You bang the spot  
Where he is not.  
He laughs, and rubs his ganzy wings,  
He scratches head and legs, and sing;  
He slyly grins,  
And then begins  
Some mischief now,  
At once to brew.  
And just as you have grown serene,  
Recovered of your sudden spleen,  
With blustering buzz he boldly goes  
Half up your nose.  
You sneeze  
And wheeze,  
And 'gin to swear,  
When, hoos! right in your ear  
The rascal drives pell-mell.  
*Boston Transcript.*

Just after the close of the war, a public meeting of the citizens of Concord, N. H., was called to decide upon a proper reception of the returned veterans. A sub-committee on collation was appointed, the chairman being then mayor of the city, a gentleman more widely known for the excellence of the mackerel kits manufactured by him than for the extent of his book learning. Upon the question as to what should constitute the *menu* at the collation, the mayor named sardines among other things. A heated debate arose, during which a member mildly suggested that perhaps his honor did not know what sardines were. This brought Mayor H. — to his feet and he angrily retorted: "I think I know what a sardine is as well as any member of this committee; it is made of two pieces of bread and a piece of meat!"

A young lady graduate in a neighboring county, read an essay entitled "Employment of Time." Her composition was based on the text, "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." The next day she purchased eight ounces of zephyr of different shades and commenced working a sky-blue dog with sea-green ears and a pink tail on a piece of yellow canvas. She expects to have it done by next Christmas.

A party of vegetarians, who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields were attacked by a bull, which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing!" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this, I'll eat beef three times a day!"

The other day, a teacher of a ladies' school, while giving a company of juveniles of the gender sex through their spelling lesson, came to the word "lad," of which in accordance with modern method of tuition, she asked the significance. One little puss, on the question being put, with a side long glance, blushingly answered: "For courting with."

Jobbins is that sort of a man whose mind even the most prosaic things suggests a touch of poetry. He entered his house last evening just as his wife had finished repairing a lounge, and after a critical examination of the patched locality, he remarked "Thou art sewn'e and yet sofa."

If we wanted to paint a picture representing intense feelings of embarrassment and anger whitewashed with a thin coat of the most guileless innocence, we would select for our subject a young lady who had suddenly sat down on a banana peel on a crowded street.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company:—"Charley half dead; like half money."

A San Francisco paper, in describing the golden wedding of one of the school directors, mentions the gift of "an elegant set of spoons and forks of solid gold, accompanied by a testimonial from 400 teachers and scholars eighteen feet long."

He told her that chilling the stomach had hurled many bright and promising beings into early graves. She laid her head upon his bosom and murmured, "Happy Death." They were seen issuing from a neighboring ice-cream saloon shortly thereafter.

Little Willie, struggling with the Lord's Prayer:—"Give us this day our daily bread." A pause, the supplicant's mind being busy with recent improved facilities for delivery. Resumes:—"And fetch it yourself in the new red wagon."

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow plank from early morning till eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews are not comfortable.

There are three handsome lady physicians in Aurora, Ill., and it is quite common to hear citizens say:—"I don't feel well; I guess I'll step over and see the doctor."

A notice in a Western paper reads as follows:—"The captain swam ashore, so did the chambermaid; she was insured for fifteen thousand dollars and loaded with iron."

"My friend, how long have you been married?" "Well, dis is a dant day; I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never was."

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as the old man's."

Upon the adjournment of Congress Alice Stephens, it is said, crawled into an envelope and franked himself home.

A Chicago editor wrote "panic-stricken citizens"; the types made it "panic-chicken citizens."

He was a very lazy man who, in responding to a note from a friend, who asked to be excused, merely replied, "IXQQU"

## Miscellaneous.

THE FROLICsome FLY.—Among the many thousands of insects that come to visit us every summer, there are few which seem more glad to see us, and who like better to stay with us, than the frolicombe fly. How lightly and airily he whisks in at the open window, or door-way, with a hum and a buzz of his wings that seems to say "Hello! Here we are! glad to see you once more." And then as he goes humming all around the room to see what changes have occurred since he was last here, and as he buzzes against all the windows, taking a peep into the garden and across the street, you can almost hear him talking to himself. If you could hear him, you would probably find that he was making good resolutions for his summer life. He says to himself. "Now I'm going to stay with these people all summer, for they have fallen into shocking bad habits since the flies were here last summer, and I will make it my duty, with the help of the other good flies in this house and neighborhood, to give these people a good course of training in self-control, in early rising, and in many other good and valuable traits of character which it is desirable that every person, old and young, should possess. My first duty will be to fly into the different sleeping-rooms very early in the morning, and, after buzzing in the ears of the lazy sleepers to make them have bad dreams, I will gently wade up and down their faces, and give them a bite, that will be pretty sure to awaken them, and I will fly and buzz about them all day, and give them plenty of chances of controlling their tempers and learning not to mind little annoyances."

I certainly think the fly would say that he bit you, but he would be wrong, just as every one else is who says that flies bite. For they don't bite, because they cannot bite. They have n't any jaws to bite with. The tongue is very large, and the end of it, which is round, or oval, or heart-shaped, looks just like a little fly; and it is a fly, and a very good one, too. So the fly does not bite, but he rubs this file of his so rapidly, and it is so hard, that you might as well be bitten, as far as the effect of waking you up is concerned.

Then the fly continues:

"But, after all, it's pretty discouraging trying to do anything for these people, they are so ungrateful and cruel. They always abuse me, call me a great nuisance, and I verily believe that they would not hesitate to kill me if they had a good chance. If they do not appreciate the training I am giving them now, I should think they might remember the work I did for them before I became a fly, and be thankful for that. Perhaps, though, they think that I was always a fly and nothing else, so I must not judge them too harshly."

Well, this fly, of course, had a mother, and she laid a lot of very small, shiny, brownish-white eggs, and when each one of these little eggs hatched, there came out a funny little yellowish-white maggot, not very active, but very, very hungry. The appetite that these little fellows have is something really wonderful, and this is it that helps them to be of such good use to man. For while they are maggots they live around the barns, and eat up old decaying material that is filling the air with poisonous gases which might bring sickness to a great many of us. One little maggot could not eat very much, of course; but there are so many of them, that what they all eat amounts to a great many hundred wagon-loads every year. This is the good work that the fly speaks of when he said that he had done a great deal for us before he became a fly, and you see he was right. After the little maggot has eaten all he can, and has grown all he can, is about a third of an inch long. He then becomes shorter and stouter, stops eating, remains quiet, and in a few days changes into a small, dark reddish-brown chrysalis, about a quarter of an inch long. He only lives from four to fourteen days as a chrysalis, and then, some bright morning, the skin cracks all along the back, and out comes Mr. Fly. He is a little stiff and lazy at first; he comes out drowsily, stretching his legs, and slowly waving his wings, after his long sleep of nearly two weeks. But the warm sunlight soon takes the cramps out of all his joints, and, spreading his wings, he takes his first flight.

He keeps frolicking on until he reaches the woods, where he finds two flies so much like himself that he thinks must be his brothers; so he alights near them and introduces himself. They are not his brothers, but they belong to another family and are sort of cousins of his.

They have nothing like a file or rasp, as he has, but in place of it they have a proboscis, and on the upper side of it, in a little groove, there are four slender, very sharp, needle-like organs. They can thrust these sharp little needles into an animal and then suck out the blood. This is the way, too, in which a mosquito, who is also a fly, "bites," as we usually say; yet, of course he doesn't really bite, but he "pierces" you with his little needles, of which he has six.

Now I have only time left to tell you how you may distinguish a fly from other kinds of insects. A fly has only two wings, just one pair, while other insects—bees, butterflies, beetles, squash-bugs, grasshoppers and dragon-flies—have two pairs.—*S. F. Clarke, in St. Nicholas for September.*

THE ART OF LISTENING.—Persons who talk are always in danger of talking too much. The better they talk, the more danger. Nearly all men and women who have gained the reputation of eminent conversationalists have been little else than monologists, and monologue is as deadly a foe to conversation as incurable stupidity. We get tired after awhile, of hearing the most eloquent speech, if it comes from one mouth, and we inwardly pray for what has been aptly called a few flashes of silence.

It is related of Macaulay that, having been introduced to, and driving a distance of six miles with a deaf and dumb man, he pronounced him, some days after, to be a gentleman of the soundest views on politics, with an admirable way of presenting them. Madame De Staél, as the story goes, was induced by a satirist to harangue a studied figure one evening in a darkened room for nearly two full hours, the satirist having assured her that the figure was a distinguished

Bavarian who regarded her "Germany" as the greatest work that had appeared during the Empire. Questioned subsequently as to her opinion, she declared that his merit was wholly beyond his reputation; that his ideas were at once original, profound, and comprehensive, and that he had expressed them with liminous clearness and particular elegance.

The art of listening is a delicate and difficult art, and one that is seldom practised. It is delicate, because it demands, if not sympathy, a show of sympathy, and continuous attention as well as an air of interest. It is difficult, because self-assertion is natural, and a state of passiveness without manifestation of weariness is irksome to maintain. On account of its delicacy and difficulty, not less than for want of knowing how to manage it, the art is rare in society. The few listeners that understand listening are invariably liked, even admired, and frequently charm the talkers to whom they give ear. The nice listener is pretty sure to get a name for intelligent, culture, wit, readiness—for any sort of quality, indeed, which he or she does not reveal and may not possess. The person fond of talking usually endows the person who listens with whatever attributes he thinks he has himself; and his good opinion of the listener grows steadily, until sometimes it amounts to positive worship.

It is not enough to listen merely in a negative manner; for this appears like resignation, like silent suffering, like uncomplaining martyrdom, and besides may be mistaken for stupidity, which is fatal to the listener's hope and object.

We may be insignificant, and yet bear a reputation for individuality, cleverness, and character, so long as we assume prejudices in favor of our neighbors. And by listening patiently, earnestly, and pleasantly to whoever addresses, even when we find nothing in the discourse that is new or entertaining, we may be certain of securing friends; since in so doing we silently compliment others, and impress whatever savor of egotism.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR HANGING.—Some German writers have long discussed the evil influences of public executions, which possess the fascinations of a sensational show to the ignorant masses, and demoralize with the brutality of the method of death. The garrote, the Guillotine, and many other improvements have received due consideration, but the sentimentalists have at last concluded that a solemn killing by electricity is the proper thing. The present plan merely excites one murder by making the executioner do another, but the electricity can be made to do the thing conscientiously and officially. The walls of the room shall be draped in black, and the windows somberly curtained, in order to exclude all light. The only articles of furniture in the apartment shall be the judge's desk and an arm chair. In the middle of the room shall be an iron figure of Justice, with her scales and sword. This effigy shall have in place of bowels, as powerful an electric battery as may be necessary. The battery shall be connected with the arm chair, and governed by a mechanism in connection with the scales. The scene shall be lighted by a single torch burning on the judge's desk. The only persons admitted to the execution shall be the judge, jury and other officers concerned in the condemnation of the victim. That person shall be brought in and seated in the chair, to which he shall be manacled immovably. Then the judge shall read the story of his crime to him and reiterate his sentence. This performed he shall break a rod of office and toss it into Justice's balance. The scales shall be weighed down by this, and the electric current set in circulation. As the balance descends the judge shall extinguish the torch, signifying that he thus puts out the victim's life. Thus the criminal will expire in dreadful darkness, without a chance of the sort of sympathy which so often adorns the scaffold.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.—It is wonderful what mere imagination will do in the case of nervous diseases. We were recently witness to an extraordinary local cure of a neurotic trouble which a stout giant of a fellow complained of. He was literally dancing round a depot platform in his suffering from pain, when a waggoner stepped up to him and inquired as the cause of his apparent agony. On receiving the particulars the joker turned to a friend who can relish fun as well as any one, and said to the afflicted one: "Here's a man—the son of a seventh son—who can cure you right away." The man with the pain in his forehead, all around his left eye, and down among his molars and incisors, was evidently credulously disposed; and, after assuring the curist that he had no carious or decaying tooth, as a dentist had made him satisfied, the party went into the gentlemen's room, where the conqueror of neuralgia rubbed his palms smartly together, and, looking as grave as an owl as he did, drew them exactly seven times down his patient's face, from the forehead to the lower part of his jaws. More or less than seven times, the operator said, would be fatal to a cure. The patient was directed to sit down near a window and let the hot sun烘 in his face, and he did so, during ten minutes when he started up and joyfully proclaimed his perfect cure. It was sheer imagination which did the work, for the manipulator has not, and never pretended to have any curative virtue.—*Chicago Tribune.*

His GREEN MELON.—At the Central Market yesterday Elder Toots, of the Lime Kiln Club, was noticed chewing away at a large hunk of green watermelon—so green that there wasn't even one black seed in sight. Some one who knew the old gent called out in surprise:

"Why, old man, that melon's green as grass!" "I believe ye, boss—indeed I does!" replied the Elder as he forced some more of it into his mouth. "But it will make you sick."

"Wall, I'spect it may, sah, but Ize got to take my chances. Dis am do fo' water-melon dat has turned green on me, an' Ize either gwine to blunt my taste for melons altogether or a-quire a taste for green ones. Can't afford to throw away any melons dis time o' year."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOOK and JOB

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

HE WENT TO HEADQUARTERS.—As we have already said, many thousands of aching hearts and ill-assorted marriages would be prevented if only young lovers had courage and tact. The other day a young gentleman, who had long been enamored of one of the fairest daughters of West Newton street, but who has met with scant courtesy from her parents, suddenly hit upon the great discovery that asking a girl's father's consent was an idle formality. "By Jo," he said, after thinking the matter over in all its various aspects, "it is the old woman who is the power behind the throne. Once you get her on your side you are all right, and besides you are saved from any annoyances by your mother-in-law, for she can't go and say to your wife, 'If you had taken my advice, I always told you so.' By Jo, I'll go for the old woman." So dressing himself in all his gay attire, the young man went up, and, after explaining matters to his sweetheart, induced her to call down her mother. (Her father had gone to Des Moines on business.)

"Well, sir;" said the old lady, with icy coldness, "what do you wish to say to me?" "I come, madame," said the heroic youth, "to demand the hand of your lovely daughter in marriage."

"Demand a fiddlestick!" said the old lady with asperity;

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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

NO. 35.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865

Parks & Freeman,  
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CENTRAL HOUSE,  
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Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for  
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caring for parties, the Central House will be found to  
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

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in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to al  
who may favor him with their custom.

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per card. Cabinet cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First  
3 x 10 photographs, \$2.00. Second 3 x 10 photographs  
and families, 12 tickets for \$1.00. Copying of all kinds  
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Order left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

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of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments  
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
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seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL of-  
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

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Street, Woburn, will receive prompt at-  
tention.

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9.45, 11.30 A. M., 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.25, 6.35 P. M.

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Leave Woburn Centre at 6.35, 7.30, 9.00, 10.35,

A. M., 12.05, 3.35, 4.45, 5.55, 7.05 P. M.

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DEXTER CARTER, Sup't.

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FOR VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LIMBS, ETC.

The relief given by these in cases where such troubles exist is incalculable. Many that ought to wear them put off their elastic stockings, when had they been worn in time, such decidedly unpleasant results would have been avoided.

A few days ago we fitted a pair to a man who has suffered terribly over eight years with swollen limbs, and he has experienced the greatest relief from them.

Another case fitted was a man who neglected getting one, a sore formed and he was confined to his room.

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WOBURN.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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WOBURN, - - MASS.

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Office at Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.

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24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

GEO. H. CONN,

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July 1, 1879. 95

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team  
their coal. All who wish to purchase low,  
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.

The Stirling Shamokin,"

"GIRARD,"

and "Lykens Valley,"

coals are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.

I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all  
the first brands in the market. Orders by mail  
promptly filled.

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MEDFORD CENTRE, 23 MASS.

J. M. ELLIS & CO.,

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Work guaranteed for 10 years.

STONE MASON'S AND CONTRACTORS.

Sand, Loam and Gravel furnished.

The Basement of Post-Office, Woburn.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

NO. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and School Street.

75

CHARLES K. COVY,

Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent

AND

CONSTABLE,

108 MAIN ST., 26 Woburn.

REMOVAL.

DR. H. R. HARMON,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Has received to

110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

Particular attention paid to Surgery.

27

I. SARGENT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

191 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

A specialty of treating Cancers, Tumors, Wens,  
Scabs, Burns, Rheumatism, &c.

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ICE CREAM.

Orders made before noon at W. F. Estabrook's Drug  
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery, will be

filled the same day.

S. H. PATTERSON,

MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM.

East St., 3d house from High St. Ice Cream wagon  
runs every afternoon and evening.

29

Musical.

Miss J. A. Campbell,

desires a few pupils on the

PIANO FORTÉ,

and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable  
to suit times. For particulars call at her residence.

No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

For Sale or To Let.

HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS,

1 3-4 ACRES OF LAND,

## Woburn Journal.

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Single copies, 5 cents.  
25 cents a line. Special notices, 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscribers' names on the list show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

## INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
O. Ditson,	3	7	5
W. C. Bowes & Co.,	1	2	2
Copeland, Bowes & Co.,	3	7	2
H. W. Kelly & Co.,	3	5	6
G. S. Dodge,	3	5	1
Proctor & Dow,	3	4	10
H. F. Smith,	3	4	2
John P. Fernald,	3	4	9

## WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

## COL. GRAMMER FOR SHERIFF.

Ever since the vacancy in the office of Sheriff of Middlesex County was occasioned by the death of the lamented Kimball, the name of Col. William T. Grammer, of Woburn, has been frequently mentioned as the successor to the office. But for the fact that the senior Deputy was called upon to perform an unwelcome task, for which the appointment was given him, it is probable that the Col. would now be Sheriff Grammer by appointment of the Governor, which the people would be only glad to ratify by an election. The friends of Col. Grammer, who are numbered in every town in the county, have not been idle, and the reports that come to us from all quarters bring gratifying intelligence. Col. Grammer is no stranger in Middlesex County, where his life has been spent, and his record is one of which he may well be proud. Born in 1822, and with only such education as the common school, supplemented by a short academic course could afford, he has worked his own way through life, as mechanic, manufacturer, and public officer. He has represented the Town in the Legislatures of '54, '55, '56 and '70, and served on the Board of Selectmen several years. He was a member of the board of Harbor Commissioners from 1872 to 1878. Early connecting himself with the militia, he has passed through all the grades of service to the command of one of the finest regiments—the Fifth—that our State can boast, and during the war he served with his regiment as captain, major, and colonel. Col. Grammer is a man of easy bearing and pleasant address, eminent for the dignity and grace with which he presided at public meetings, and his familiarity with public affairs will make it an easy matter to become familiar with the duties of the office to which there is every reason to believe he will be called. The caucuses are about to be held at which delegates for the County Convention will be chosen. There will be 214 delegates in a full convention, and our information from all parts of the County lead us to the conclusion that more than half that number will be friends of Col. Grammer. By a peculiar combination of circumstances, the principal element being the great personal popularity of Sheriff Kimball, there has been no real contest for the nomination since 1858. The election of Sheriff is triennial, and as the nomination of the Middlesex Republicans is as good as an election, the action of the caucuses will practically decide the question. Col. Grammer has frequently presided at the County Convention, and it is the hope of his friends that for the next three years he will preside at the County House, where he will wear the cockade of the Sheriff, as honorably as he has done the eagles of a Colonel.

OPEN AIR MEETING.—The open air meeting on the Common last Sunday evening, was conducted by Mr. Jonas P. Barrett, and was addressed by Messrs. Charles H. Colegate, of Somerville, and E. A. Lawrence, of Bradford. There will be another meeting at the same place to-morrow evening, which will be conducted by Deacon Samuel Cook.

NONOGENARIANS.—One of our physicians has three patients over 91 years of age, their united ages reaching as high as 278 years. The same doctor has four octogenarians on his lists. We are glad to add that he expects to get them all well.

Mr. Charles H. Morse, organist and teacher of Music in Wellesley College, has been engaged to preside at the new organ just completed for the Central Church, corner of Berkeley and Newbury streets.

GET READY FOR SCHOOL.—The schools all over town commence on Monday, and the boys and girls rested and refreshed after the long vacation, will take up their studies with new enthusiasm.

AN OLD LANDMARK FALLS.—Woodman Harris is at work this Friday morning chopping down the old elm that for ages has shaded the ground where now Spring and Center streets enter Franklin street.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The management of the Melrose Visitor gives notice that after the issue of Aug. 23, the name will be changed to Melrose Journal.

TAXES.—The Collector is distributing the tax bills, and any who are not taxed should apply. Women before Sept. 15, and men before Oct. 1.

POSTMASTER.—Mr. William S. Whitford, of Woburn, has been appointed postmaster at Humboldt, Ga., where he has resided for some time.

"We mean well, but we don't know."—Ade.

The first proposition no one will believe, and the second no one will doubt.

SOLD OUT.—G. P. Simmons has sold out his market to Fred F. Lowell.

The Middelsex East District Medical Society, met with Dr. Harlow, at the Central House, Wednesday evening.

## THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNORSHIP.

We are glad to see mentioned as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, the name of Col. J. A. Harwood, of Littleton. We believe the selection of Col. Harwood would be a most excellent one, giving character and strength to the nomination. He is no stranger to public affairs, and has filled every position to which he has been called, either of appointment or election, with dignity and grace. He was on the staff of Gov. Washburn, and also on the staff of Gov. Talbot when the latter succeeded to gubernatorial chair. He was in the Senate in 1875 and 1876, and for the last three years has been in the Executive Council.

He is well known as a business man, having created an industry which has carried the name of Harwood to all parts of the world. Personally, he is a very popular man, and at the Councillor Convention which first nominated him he achieved success over several strong competitors. He applies himself as carefully and as methodically to his official duties, as to those which exalt his business, and would make a lieutenant for Gov. Long, of whom the State might well be proud. Col. Harwood's friends will present his name to the Worcester convention, with strong prospects of success, and next year we hope that he will preside in the Chamber where for the last three years he has been a useful and honored Councillor.

RAILROAD PEDESTRIANS ARRESTED.—The habit of the workmen employed in the shops on the line of the Branch railroad, of walking up the track, and through the depot, has become such a nuisance to the officials and patrons of the road, that Sup't Parker is determined to put a stop to it. Some two weeks ago signs were posted prohibiting persons from walking on the track, and nearly all have heeded them, and taken to the street. But some, more wise than the rest, thought the company were doing what they had no right to do, and continued to walk on the track as usual. Last Saturday, John Connolly was arrested, and fined \$10 and costs by Judge Converse. Since then there has been no trouble. Mr. Pushee informs us that he has counted as many as 180 at one time coming up the track between Green street and the depot, and at times when trains were coming in, so that it was almost impossible for the engineer to see the switchman.

THE 39TH REUNION.—The survivors of the 39th Mass. Vols., held their annual reunion at Taunton, on Wednesday. About 150 were present. There were no invitations sent out, and hence no invited guests were present. The members formed in procession about 11 o'clock and marched to the Agricultural Park, where they partook of a clamboke. The Taunton National Band was present, and the boys were very enthusiastic. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, James A. Hervey, Co. C; Vice President, Charles E. Currier, Co. I; Secretary, Chas. H. Porter, Co. D; Treasurer, George A. Barker, Co. D; Executive Committee, John S. Beck, Co. C, Henry A. Steavens, Co. H, A. Thomas, Co. G. An invitation to hold their next reunion with the militia, he has passed through all the grades of service to the command of one of the finest regiments—the Fifth—that our State can boast, and during the war he served with his regiment as captain, major, and colonel. Col. Grammer is a man of easy bearing and pleasant address, eminent for the dignity and grace with which he presided at public meetings, and his familiarity with public affairs will make it an easy matter to become familiar with the duties of the office to which there is every reason to believe he will be called. The caucuses are about to be held at which delegates for the County Convention will be chosen. There will be 214 delegates in a full convention, and our information from all parts of the County lead us to the conclusion that more than half that number will be friends of Col. Grammer. By a peculiar combination of circumstances, the principal element being the great personal popularity of Sheriff Kimball, there has been no real contest for the nomination since 1858. The election of Sheriff is triennial, and as the nomination of the Middlesex Republicans is as good as an election, the action of the caucuses will practically decide the question. Col. Grammer has frequently presided at the County Convention, and it is the hope of his friends that for the next three years he will preside at the County House, where he will wear the cockade of the Sheriff, as honorably as he has done the eagles of a Colonel.

POLICE COURT.—Hugh McMorrow, common drunkard, \$5 and costs. John Connolly, illegal walking on railroad, \$10 and costs. John Dolan, assault and battery, discharged for want of evidence. Owen O'Hara, assault and battery, \$10 and costs. James O'Brien, drunk, \$3 and costs. John Nason, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Moses D. Nason, assault and battery, \$10 and costs. Owen Faley, assault and battery, discharged for want of evidence. Dennis T. Murphy, of Canton, drunk, \$3 and costs; committed to House of Correction for non-payment of fine. Patrick Keating, drunk, \$5 and costs. Andrew McHugh, drunk, \$5 and costs; committed to House of Correction for non-payment of fine. Jas. McKenna, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Alexander Boyd, drunk, \$5 and costs; committed to House of Correction for non-payment of fine.

BAND CONCERT.—The sixth concert of the series given this season by the Woburn Brass Band, took place Wednesday evening. An excellent programme was offered and the Band fully sustained their reputation in former concerts.

Next Wednesday evening the following programme will be given:

PART I.  
1. March. Minuteman. Calum.  
2. Polka. Cardinals. Bodil.  
3. Polka. Schubert. Rev.  
Cornet Solo. Schubert. Calum.  
5. Medley. O How Delightful. Calum.

PART II.  
6. March. Kameko. Bodil.  
7. Solo. Bombardon Polka. Schubert.  
8. Schubert. Our Friends. Calum.  
9. Grand Finale. Haben.

T. H. MAGHANAN, Director.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.—To find relief for some disorder which has become almost chronic, is something which all can appreciate. W. W. Hill keeps a full line of Elastic Stockings for those who are afflicted with diseases which require the use of such articles. See his advertisement on first page.

THE FOOT RACE.—At Lexington Park, last Saturday, Maurice Golding, of Cambridge, ran five miles in 31 m. 33 s., against Patsy Burke, of Woburn, who ran the same distance in 33 m. 14 s. At the finish Golding led about a quarter of a mile.

ANNIVERSARY.—Highland Hose Co. will celebrate the sixth anniversary of their organization, at their house next Monday evening. Joyce's Band of Boston will furnish music.

POSTMASTER.—Mr. William S. Whitford, of Woburn, has been appointed postmaster at Humboldt, Ga., where he has resided for some time.

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Read the article, "Tramping Thieves Trapped," in another column.

The Middelsex East District Medical Society, met with Dr. Harlow, at the Central House, Wednesday evening.

A CRUEL STORY.—A rumor was started Wednesday night, and travelled rapidly all day Thursday, and is still on its heartless way which gives great pain to the friends of a man who met a violent death on Monday.

The story was that George White who was injured at Winchester, on Monday, just before he died confessed to the murder of Frank Davis. Mrs. White, who was with her husband from noon Wednesday until he died, says there is not a word of truth in it. That he made no mention of Frank Davis, and she does not think he knew him. That on the night of the murder he was at home, sick on a lounge, and could not have committed it. Mrs. White thinks this is a cruel story to tell at this time and it must have been started by some one who knows about it, and wants to fasten it on an innocent man. Ex-Chief Tidd says that White was never suspected of complicity with the murderer. C. E. Taylor, who has employed White for a year past, says he was the best man to work he ever knew, and does not believe that he had anything to do with the murder. All who knew White seem to agree that he was not a man who would be involved in a murder case. Inquiry at the hospital corroborates Mrs. White's statement. The attendants say that White made no allusion to the Davis or any other murder, and "died with a clear conscience."

THAT STOLEN TEAM.—The team left with Chief Conn by the Glidden boys who were jailed for thieving, has at last been restored to its legitimate owner. Mr. C. J. Higgins, of Hallowell, Me., arrived in Woburn, Friday morning, and fully identified the horse and wagon as belonging to Alden Rice, of Farmingdale, Me., from whose barn it was stolen on the 28th day of July. The team was accordingly turned over to Mr. Higgins, who took it with him. A reward of \$25 was offered for the team by Mr. Rice. It was known that the Glidden boys stole the team, because they were seen in the town the day before the theft, on foot, and as they walked by a spoke factory, one of them picked up a defective spoke and used it for a cane. After the team was taken, the other party, and the consequence was that both received some heavy blows, being quite bloody when arrested. During the fight John Nason assaulted James O'Brien, who was considerably intoxicated. Officer Kerrigan was quickly on the spot, and arresting the two Nasons and Faley, locked them up. Later, with the assistance of Officer Nason, O'Brien was arrested. The latter was crazy drunk, and it was feared that during the night he would do himself some injury, but he did not. Monday morning, the parties were brought before Judge Converse. John G. Maguire, Esq., appeared for Faley, who was discharged, the witnesses in his behalf claiming that Moses Nason was the first to commence the assault. Moses was fined \$10 and costs, John \$5 and costs for assault, and O'Brien \$3 and costs for being drunk.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—Special meeting Tuesday evening. All present but Messrs. Anderson and Parker. Miss Elizabeth T. Bond, a graduate of Vassar College, and of the Woburn High School, was appointed teacher at the Cummings Grammar, Room 2, in place of Miss Wheeler, resigned. Miss Hattie Thompson resigned as teacher in the Central Grammar, and Miss Fannie D. Soles was appointed to fill vacancy. S. H. Patten was appointed janitor of the Cummings and Lawrence Schools. Permission was given Miss Minnie L. Fletcher, of Littleton, to attend the Woburn High School, at the usual rates for out-of-town scholars.

OFFICE PENCILS.—We have received from Geo. F. King a package of his excellent office pencils, which are acknowledged to be superior to any office pencil in the market. They have all the good points of a good pencil, and no desk outfit should be considered complete without them. For sale wholesale and retail at No. 29 Hawley St., Boston.

WILMINGTON.—Mr. Thomas Real, of Cambridge, has taken up his residence at Dr. Hiller's Swiss cottage.

Mr. Frank Carter, our efficient teacher of the High School, has been reengaged.

He will occupy the John James homestead in the centre.

SELECTMEN.—At a special meeting Monday evening, Special Officer John Boyle was appointed a regular officer, salary \$60 a month. Insurance on some of the public buildings having expired, the matter was referred to C. A. Jones, Kinney and Converse.

DRY GOODS.—By reference to the advertisement of Copeland, Bowes & Co., it will be seen that they are offering special bargains in several departments, and all who patronize them will no doubt be satisfied with their purchases.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—At East Bedford last Saturday a Mrs. White from Charlestown while climbing over a wall was attacked by a goat and fell and broke her hip.

CAPTURED.—Saro Chivaro, alias Larry O'Neil, the last of the gang who were concerned in the murder of Mr. J. F. Frye in Boston, was arrested by detectives in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Saturday.

PETTY THEFT.—A tin tank was stolen from the premises of Mrs. John Taylor, Bow street, on Thursday. Look out for the junk men.

TRY THE new brand of Coffee which H. F. Smith advertises in another column, and see if it is not just such an article as is claimed for it.

DIPHTHERIA.—Several cases of diphtheria have been reported to the Selectmen during the past week.

AT TAFT'S.—The Assessors spent a delightful day at Taft's hostelry, on Thursday.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS MORE.—Read Fernald's advertisement in another column.

Prof. L. S. Burbank will lecture in Leominster, Sept. 24, at a fair held there.

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some disorder which has become almost chronic, is something which all can appreciate. W. W. Hill keeps a full line of Elastic Stockings for those who are afflicted with diseases which require the use of such articles. See his advertisement on first page.

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## East Woburn.

Business at the Saw Factory of Clemson & Co., East Woburn, has not been so good for years as it is at the present time.

SILVER WEDDING.—Last Friday evening a party of over sixty persons assembled at "The Evergreens," the residence of Hon. B. F. Whittemore, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his wedding. The house and grounds were finely illuminated, the former being surrounded with festoons and lanterns. Two original poems were read, one by Mrs. Burns, and the other by her younger daughter Grace, which was charmingly written and rendered, containing numerous punny "bits" which all highly appreciated. The presents were numerous and valuable, including silver-ware, statuary, and books; among the silver gifts were twenty-five silver dollars. The happy party did not disperse till an early hour.

THE OTHER SIDE.—Officer Kerrigan says that the statement in last week's issue in regard to the junk pedler, was wrong in many particulars. He says he was not called upon for assistance, neither did any one come to his house for him, but that the pedler, not being familiar with the locality, went to Mr. Macfarlane's, who lives near by, and was there told that no live officer was there. The first he knew of the row was when he arose at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and saw the row from his window. He immediately rode to the place, and found no occasion to make an arrest, as when he told Queenan and the pedler to go home, they did so without any trouble. He went to the Mass. Gen. Hospital where his arm was amputated below the elbow.

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## TRAMPING THIEVES TRAPPED.

For several years past the notorious Glidden family have been operating in this vicinity and through the New England states, stealing everything they could lay hands on and disposing of their booty by trading, keeping the police in all the principle towns and cities on the lookout, but themselves so well accustomed to the methods employed to detect criminals as to successfully elude capture for a long time. There are four brothers, Daniel, the principal, Abraham, William, Henry and Lyman; in addition, their step-father, Mr. Chas. H. Foss, their mother, Mrs. Foss, and the father of Mr. Foss, making a family of seven precious criminals. Mr. and Mrs. Foss have lived in Tremont Court, and the boys have lived around the country by petty stealing; until about a year and a half ago, nothing of any extent was charged to them in this city. At this time Daniel Glidden and Daniel Murphy entered a house that was being built near the cemetery, and breaking open a tool chest, stole all the tools belonging to Elmer Hutchins, a carpenter. Murphy was caught, and what tools he had were recovered. He was sentenced to jail. Glidden, who was working at the time in Metherun, learned that the officers suspected him, and he left the place. The officers went to his house and there recovered the remainder of the tools.

The next exploit of consequence, was last October, in Ballardvale. The brothers, Daniel, Abraham and William, entered several houses there, and took everything they could well appropriate, and brought the plunder to this city in a team which they had stolen some time previous. The robbery was reported, and Marshal Batchelder, knowing that this gang was operating in the vicinity, ordered the brothers arrested; Lyman was taken that evening; his brother Daniel was with him, but the officers not knowing him, and he declaring his name to be Connor, he was allowed to depart. The officers who arrested Lyman, learned at the same time that the stolen goods were in the house of Charles Foss in Tremont Court. A subsequent descent was made upon the house, and the goods recovered, and the following parties arrested: William Henry Glidden, Charles H. Foss and James Stott. The next day in court William was held in \$1,500, and is now serving a term in state prison. His father-in-law, Foss was held in \$1,000 for receiving stolen goods. Stott was arraigned, and Lyman was discharged. Foss's case is now pending. Daniel and Abraham then fled. The team which they used to bring the goods from Ballardvale, was returned to its owner in China, Me., by the Marshal, who identified it by the description; at the same time a colt and wagon, which was stolen from S. D. Stott, near China, was returned. Previous to this they stole two harnesses in New Boston, N. H., and the Marshal has repeatedly written to that place, but only one has been claimed, the other still remaining in the station house. This robbery was committed by William and Daniel.

The night before the trial for the Ballardvale robbery, Daniel and Abraham broke into Harris's stable in Metherun, taking harnesses, robes and grain. They then proceeded north on their regular circuit. Suncook was next visited, where they stole a horse belonging to James Batchelder. They next went to Plaistow, stealing a wagon and harness to go with their horse. Their plan was to sleep in the woods by day time and travel in the night.

Their next move was near Bath, Me., where they traded horses and stole an express wagon. They then visited Litchfield and Bowdoin, each place being gone through with thoroughness, entering houses, stealing clothing, provisions, and making themselves at home. Richmond was called on and an express wagon and coat taken from the poor farm. They then returned, visiting some of the places where they had been before, stealing horses and wagons and trading. The first of the year found them in this vicinity, stealing a horse in Kingston, and a team in West Haverhill; returning east, they traded both horses in Maine. The animals were recovered. They were pursued for horse stealing in Brunswick, and very narrowly escaped capture. Coming to this vicinity again they made calls around the country, and as they were operating quite extensively, it is not improbable that the robberies of A. R. Burrill and Thomas Bridges were performed by these persons.

The marshal has kept his eye on them during their travels and while in this neighborhood, nearly accomplished their arrest three several times. A short time ago, Mr. Batchelder learned that two persons had been arrested in Woburn for breaking and entering, and stealing hens. Not having heard of this gang for some time, and knowing that to be one trait of their character, he surmised they were the ones he wanted and wrote for a description. It was returned with names Edward Barry and George Richardson, and a general description. He went to Cambridge, and Monday visited the jail in that place and found, as he had suspected, that the prisoners were Daniel and Abraham Glidden. Finding themselves well known to the Marshal they confessed and showed evidently that they wished the Marshal was well out of their way, but as soon as they have been tried in Lowell and that county gets through with them, Mr. Batchelder will bring enough charges against them to fill a good sized docket-book. Daniel is twenty-three and Abraham nineteen years of age.

So, at last, this desperate and dangerous gang has been broken up. If it had not been for the identification by Batchelder, probably these leaders would have served a short sentence and then been free to again commit other depredations. The City Marshal has been influential in recovering and returning to their owners, three horses, three wagons, four harnesses, clothing and property, the value of which will amount to several thousand dollars.—*Lawrence American*.

Major William H. Clemence died at the Merrimac House, Lowell, Friday afternoon, aged 62. He was City Marshal of Lowell six years, Brigade Major of the Third Brigade under Gen. Butler in the Rebellion, Chief of Police in New Orleans for a time, and Chief Detective of the Massachusetts force in 1878, under both Govs. Rice and Talbot.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—There is—and it cannot be honestly denied—a growing tendency to infringe on the sacredness of the Sabbath. Means are multiplying themselves insidiously and unobservedly—many of them professedly innocent in aspect—which, in the apprehension of many, threaten the ultimate secularism of that holy day of rest. There ought to be some limitation put on such unsanctified growth of desecration—some system of regulation, of the stern and unreasoning rigidity of the older times and of the too free license assumed in the new and present.

The circumstances created by progress demand some modification of our old puritanical ideas and Sabbath day privileges; but there is no justification whatever to be found in favor of any means which, as their manifest end, may result in depriving the toiler, wearied with the labors of secular days, of the uninterrupted right to enjoy the rest of the Sabbath day, and the religious and instructive privileges it has presented since the beginning of time. It is this feature of the growing system of innovation which is to be specially guarded against. This common right of mankind must be jealously conserved; but how is the question. Where to reform, to restrict or limit, with a proper respect to popular feeling and the just and reasonable demands included in personal rights, embraces the difficulty. The agitation of the subject has begun in our columns, and its temperate and judicious continuance may help to solve the matter.—*Somerville Journal*.

A DIFFICULT TASK MADE EASY.—The "Home and Society" department of *Scrubber* for September, contains a paper on "Domestic Nursing" by a trained nurse, from which we quote this practical piece of advice:

Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse or more difficult to an inexperienced one than to change the bed linen with a person in bed. Everything that will be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Unbutton the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him, the soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheet, replace the former and put on spread. Lastly, change the pillow-cases.

The following taken at one haul of an East Gloucester weir recently, shows the large variety of fish cruising along our shores: *Lophius piscatorius*, *poromotus tricuspidatus*, *gadus morrhua*, *polymodus estivialis*, *polymodus verinalis*, *polliachius carbo*, *cottus octocinctus*, *tautogalabrus adspersus*, *scomber scombrus* and *pseudopleuronectes americanus*.

The Rev. I. S. Kalloch, the San Francisco sensational preacher, was shot Saturday morning and dangerously wounded by Charles De Young, one of the editors of the *Chronicle*. The affair created great excitement and for a time a serious riot was feared. At last accounts Kalloch was alive, but his condition is regarded as critical.

PEDESTRIAN ARRIVALS.—Charles Rowell, the English pedestrian, arrived Thursday, in New York. Weston arrived the same day and received an enthusiastic reception. Both men will take part in the great six days walk at Madison Square which takes in September.

When a man sneaks into the house at midnight and tries to get into bed without waking up the family, every stair and floor-board creaks like a rusty swinging sign in a gale; but a burglar can go all over the same house noiselessly as a floating zephyr.—*Norristown Herald*.

A fruit girl near the corner of State and Washington streets is a graduate of the Girls' high school, and is fitting herself to teach. She is not ashamed to help her poor old mother, but brings her books along, and studies as she gets the chance.—*Herald*.

JUST LIKE A MAN.—Mrs. Cligho went down to the Sandwich Springs the other day with some friends, and after she had departed her husband looked around the house to see what he could do to busy himself. The front steps looked rather brown, and he pulled off his coat, hunted up paint and brush, and in an hour he had completed as nice a job of painting as any housewife would care to see. He had a right to chuckle over it, and to imagine how pleased his wife would be; but no one can tell what an hour may bring forth. Even before she had opened the gate on her return the wife got red in the face flourished her parasol around, and called out:

"You great big idiot! Won't you never learn anything?"

"Wh-what's the matter now?" he gasped.

"Matter! Why, I have invited a dozen people to come in this evening."

"Yes—well, can't they come?"

"Can they? Hasn't every blessed one of them got to come in at the side door and see that sitting-room carpet all full of holes, and the back hall all torn up? I'll die before I'll let 'em, and if you don't get soap-suds and a rag and take that paint off, I'll hire it done."

Mr. Cligho was just an hour and a half at the job, and when men passed and asked him what he was doing, he softly replied that he was using soap-suds to exterminate red ants.—*Detroit Free Press*.

...

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—An unfortunate affair occurred Sunday last to a young man of this town. Mr. F. E. Colby, of Billerica, was passing through the barn-yard of Mr. Perrin, in the south part of the town, when he was savagely attacked by a fierce bull, which pinned him against the side of the barn. As the bull drew back for another lunge, Mr. Colby managed to dart into a doorway. He was badly gored in the thigh and much bruised about the head and side. Neighbors carried him to his home, and the services were called of our resident physician, Dr. Wm. A. Hubbard, who stopped the flow of blood and dressed the gaping wounds. It will probably be several weeks before Mr. Colby will be able to work; but he and his friends may well congratulate themselves on his almost miraculous escape from a horrible death.—*Lowell Journal*.

The following taken at one haul of an East Gloucester weir recently, shows the large variety of fish cruising along our shores: *Lophius piscatorius*, *poromotus tricuspidatus*, *gadus morrhua*, *polymodus estivialis*, *polymodus verinalis*, *polliachius carbo*, *cottus octocinctus*, *tautogalabrus adspersus*, *scomber scombrus* and *pseudopleuronectes americanus*.

The Rev. I. S. Kalloch, the San Francisco sensational preacher, was shot Saturday morning and dangerously wounded by Charles De Young, one of the editors of the *Chronicle*. The affair created great excitement and for a time a serious riot was feared. At last accounts Kalloch was alive, but his condition is regarded as critical.

PEDESTRIAN ARRIVALS.—Charles Rowell, the English pedestrian, arrived Thursday, in New York. Weston arrived the same day and received an enthusiastic reception. Both men will take part in the great six days walk at Madison Square which takes in September.

When a man sneaks into the house at midnight and tries to get into bed without waking up the family, every stair and floor-board creaks like a rusty swinging sign in a gale; but a burglar can go all over the same house noiselessly as a floating zephyr.—*Norristown Herald*.

A fruit girl near the corner of State and Washington streets is a graduate of the Girls' high school, and is fitting herself to teach. She is not ashamed to help her poor old mother, but brings her books along, and studies as she gets the chance.—*Herald*.

MARRIED.

In Woburn, Aug. 27th, by Rev. E. Mills, Mr. George W. Allen and Miss Delta O'Hara, both of Boston.

In Woburn, Aug. 23, by P. L. Converse, Esq., Mr. James P. Dickson and Miss Augusta H. Stowers.

In Woburn, Aug. 23, Hugh, son of Bartholomew and Anna (Harrington) Stowers.

In Woburn, Aug. 24, Otis P., son of Dr. Marcelius H. and Millie F. Allen, aged 3 months.

In Lexington, Aug. 20, James, son of Robert J. and Mary E. (Harrington) Allen.

In Woburn, Aug. 25, Jane T. Wyman, aged 78 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 26, George White, aged 28 years, 10 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 28, Peter McMurray, aged 33 years.

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PRESENCE YOUR EYES.

The new perfect lenses, perfectly adjusted, upon correct physiological lines, and warranted to prove satisfactory for near sight, far sight, weak sight, or eyes of unequal focus.

AT DODGE'S DRUG STORE.

165 Main Street, Woburn.

DIED.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

Woburn, Aug. 27th, Robert Wood, son of Charles and Anna (Harrington) Wood, aged 1 year, 8 months and 8 days.

Woburn, Aug. 21, Henry Hammill, aged 44 years.

Stoneham, Aug. 22, George E., son of J. F. and Ellen McMahon, aged 1 year, 4 days.

In Woburn, Aug. 22, Hugh, son of Bartholomew and Anna (Harrington) Stowers.

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Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association, will be held in the rear-ante-room of Lyceum Hall Building, in Woburn, on Tuesday, Sept. 23d, at 7 o'clock P.M.

To the men of Kim, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the business of S. Henry Davis, late of Woburn, in said County, we respectfully invite

WOBURN, Aug. 22, 1879.

D. H. DELAND, Secretary.

MAKES LASTS

For Troublesome Joints.

ANKLE SUPPORTING BOOTS

For Children with Weak Ankles.

25 Bromfield Street,

ROOM 2, BOSTON.

...

American honey in the comb has become a popular article of diet in England, and very large shipments are made. It is used on the Queen's table.

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## Journal Club Column

"This is the kind of boys they have in Dover. A resident who reached that place by a noon train the other day, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the depot by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father.

"The wellest kind," replied the boy.

"And nothing has happened?"

"Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's been good, and I never saw ma behave herself so well as she has this time!"

"A freak of a tornado at Reno, Nevada, is thus described: "Moorman Cutter started out with a half-gallon of whiskey, to take to his sick mother. He was found some hours afterward lying behind a fence on the hill. He said that he stepped around a corner to fix a cork in the jug, and while he was taking the measure of the orifice of the jug, a tremendous wind came down on him. It sucked the liquor clean out of the jug, blew it down his throat, and turned the jug inside out. He could remember nothing more."

"The class in Natural History were being put through the facings, and to show their knowledge the pedagogue went a little aside from the text-book and asked where down came from. There was an awful pause for a few minutes, which was finally broken by a little four-foot-nothing, with, "They get it in the ground." "In the ground? How's that?" "Why down in a coal mine, sir."

"My dear, what shall we name bub?"

"Why, huz, I've settled on Peter." "I never new a man by the simple name of Peter that could earn his salt." "Well then, call him Salt Peter."

"If Noah had foreseen the future, and killed the two mosquitoes which took refuge in the ark, he would have rendered some of the strongest words in the English language unnecessary."

"Have you the song, 'Saccharine Futility,'" asked a girl of the music clerk. "We have," he answered, with a pleasant smile he rolled up a copy of "The Sweet By-and-by."

"An old gentleman who has been intolerably annoyed by the hideous noises made by a drove of donkeys, mildly asked:—"Do not those creatures ever die of softening of the brain?"

"A strolling theatrical company was at the dinner table. A waiter approached one of the members and said, "Soup?" "No sir," said the person addressed, "I am one of the musicians."

"This bill is soiled," said a lady to a butcher's boy who had presented "this bill" for the fifth time. "Yes, marm," replied the lad, "boss thought he would grease it to make it go easy with you."

"A little four-year-old girl aEnglewood saw a man drive by in a sulky, and remarked: "O, mamma! look at the man sitting on a horse's tail and two wheels running 'long side of him."

"I never turn out for scoundrels," said a bully, meeting a Quaker, and stepping up square before him to inaugurate a quarrel. "I do," said the Quaker, and placidly took the other side of the way.

"A young lady, the other evening kissed in the dark, a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering her mistake, she said, "It's not he, but it's nice."

"A young man never feels so much at a loss what to do, as when he takes his girl to a picnic, a big ant crawls down her back and begins to bite her above the belt and she begins to scratch for help."

"Father," said a wistful lass about sixteen years of age, "I know something about grammar, but I cannot decline matrimony, nor see the reason why myself and Gilbert cannot be conjugated."

"There have been numerous cases of death this year," he said seriously, "from a poisonous sediment that gathers in the freezers." But it would not do, for said, "Oh, but what a sweet way to die."

"That's a relation of yours, isn't it?" said a man to his wife, at the same time pointing to a donkey. "Yes, by marriage," was her stinging reply.

"A child remarked, after gazing earnestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy whiskers, "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?"

"You want a doggling—that's what you want," said a parent to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without," said the independent hopeful.

"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Julian?" "No, Augustus, I won't," replied she; "I'm no gas meter."—*Boston Globe*.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has a fiddle out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

"The St. Albans *Advertiser* tells of a young man who wears kid gloves when he goes yachting. We suppose it is so he can bar a hand when called upon."

"Throw a ripe watermelon out of a three story window, and presto change! it comes down squash."

"There is a man in Cambridge who calls his dog Ralph Waldo Emerson, because he is a great thin cur."

"You often hear of 'kissing a girl for her mother,' but you never hear of 'kissing the mother for her daughter.'"

"Let there be an end to the palpable falsehood that figures won't  $\infty \leftarrow \infty$ ."

"During the deluge Mr. Noah was in the habit of calling his wife an ark angel."

"Perspiration is about the only honest thing that emanates from a mean man."

"An Oswego man calls his wife Poor Excuse because she's better than none."

"The cry of the chiropodist—"I came, I saw, I corn-cured."

"Joint affair—Rheumatism."

"Cheese is mitter than the sword."

## Miscellaneous.

and provoking no criticism. They are beginning as they mean to end. They will not be the "talk of the town;" they will never occupy the time of a divorce court.

How to mend matters is a hard problem; but rash, inconsiderate, selfish, wicked marriages are a sore evil of society. The making of such matches is a topic of talk which in itself demoralizes, and the breaking of them, later, with more or less of form, reveals the malignant influence. When old Congressman Kitefyer married Miss Hopper, who was poor, showy, and ambitious, to get to the capital, the talk about it corrupted the place. It was a bad play which everybody saw acted on the stage of actual life. He had no real love for anybody, except old Kitefyer, and she had no true love for him. And when, a year or two after, the "old fool" sent her home, and settled with her lawyers how much he should pay, the stench was over the place. Health officers are much needed to abate nuisances that pollute the air and send poison into the lungs; but who shall drive away the bad gasses and noxious smells that blight all delicacy, and poison the gentler feelings of our people?—*Rev. John Hall, D. D., N. Y.*

THE AMUSEMENT REPORTER.—Yesterday afternoon a dapper little man, with a two-ounce cane and a half-pound cluster diamond pin, came into the *Chronicle* office, and asked if the amusement reporter was in. When the man he sought was pointed out, he grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking:—"Delighted to meet you, sir, really I am. I've heard of you at every place I've stopped on my way from New York. I had such a curiosity to see you that I got off at Reno, and took a run up. But really I had expected to find a much older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of our boys told me to be sure and see you, if I didn't get abroad of anything else in the town."

"Ah," said the reporter, blushing in four colors. "I'm glad to see you. Might I inquire your name?"

"Well, here's my card," said the little man, handing over a piece of paste-board about four inches square. "You may have heard of me before—Clarence De Lacy Slocum, agent of the Sebastian Van Buren Vista circus and menagerie. This is by far the highest combination of gigantic circuses ever put upon the roads. We started out about five years ago in a small way, with not over four hundred thousand feet of canvas, only nine tents, and scarcely one thousand five hundred animals, but we gradually absorbed all the small-fry shows, and we would go into bankruptcy along the route, and we would buy their outfits. Sebastian, our owner, is the most sympathetic man on the earth. He'd buy their little shows and pay them double price, just to help the thing along. Money is of no account to him. He's travelling simply for pleasure, and a desire to see the great West."

"I'd like to know him," remarked the reporter.

"Oh, he knows you—that is, by reputation. He has your picture set in a frame that cost him over one hundred dollars. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull, he just looked at that phiz of yours, and it always made him feel as happy as if he was obliged to turn five hundred people away at the door."

"How came him to get hold of my picture?"

"Oh, he begged it of Di Murska or Modjeska, or Clara Morris—I forget which. She hated like thunder to part with it, but you see he had loaned the great actress ten thousand dollars once in Paris, to buy a new wardrobe, and the debt was never cancelled.

Marriage has a moral side. Harry Bell admired his "girl," but he did not respect her. There was nothing wrong about her, but he did not in his heart do homage to her principle. She dazzled others; she fascinated him, he was proud of her in society. But that was all. When he had his home and his wife in it he did not keep away the men whose looseness or coarseness would shock a good woman. Wit might be wicked, but she enjoyed it, if it was witty. So his tone was not kept up, but let down; and, unfortunately, the "boys" are bad and the girls are "not turning out well." It might have been very different if Mrs. Bell had set up a higher standard of goodness.

Marriage has a personal side. A little high temper, a little dull moroseness, a little looseness of the tongue, a little—very little—jealousy of disposition, may be the ruin of two lives that ought to have been happy as one. Dear Edith was a lovely girl, but her girl friends knew she had a "temper of her own;" and unfortunately now that she—temper and all—is Charlie's he knows it likewise. He is most cautious in her company. A man who carries about a bag of gunpowder needs to avoid sparks. She might blow him up. On the other hand Dick Brown is, in many respects, a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed, and at length driven from his house by her, lest they should get the affections of his wife. He has in various ways, "cribbed, cabined and confined" her, a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman. Dick Brown is, in many respects, a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed, and at length driven from his house by her, lest they should get the affections of his wife. He has in various ways, "cribbed, cabined and confined" her, a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman.

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VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

NO. 36.

## Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,  
And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shaving Pulleys and Gear, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings, Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short notice.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,

(Successor to Porter & Young.)

MACHINIST  
Steam and Gas Fitter.  
2 MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES.

Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving Pulleys, Gearings, etc. Special attention given to fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

THE  
CENTRAL HOUSE,  
WOBURN,

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston, for Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for caring for parties, the Central House will be found to answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.  
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,  
Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.  
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.  
BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.  
FOWLE ST., WOBURN.

Near the Highland Station.

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,  
Church Street, - - Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practica Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishment in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Woburn, with a guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,  
294 Washington St., Boston.  
(Opposite School St.)

Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the best manner. Card Sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50 per dozen. Cabinet Sizes, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00. First & 10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools and families, 12 tickets for \$1.00. Copying of all kinds at lowest rates.

H. S. DUNSHEE, - - Artist.

HARDWARE.

Farming Tools & Seeds,  
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,

Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET,

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.

WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 130 Main street, promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,  
Dealer in  
GROCERIES.

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,  
At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

MOSES BANCROFT,  
139 Main Street, Woburn.  
(SOLES' BLOCK)

SELLING MACHINES  
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments  
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
or new ones.

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,  
AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, - - MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL of  
Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Boston.

Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.  
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 150 Main  
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

NORTH WOBURN STREET RAILROAD.

Horace Carter, - - North Woburn, 7.00 A.M.,  
9.45, 11.35 A.M., 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.25, 6.35 P.M.,  
Mondays and Thursdays at 8.30 P.M. Saturdays  
at 11.45 A.M., 1.45, 3.35, 4.45, 5.55, 7.05 P.M.

Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P.M. Saturdays  
at 9.15 P.M.

DEXTER CARTER, Sept.

## Elastic Stockings FOR VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LIMBS, ETC.

The relief given by these in cases where such troubles exist is incalculable. Many that ought to wear them would have been in all sorts of form, when had they been worn in time, such decidedly unpleasant A few days ago we fitted a pair to a man who has suffered terribly over eight years with swollen limbs, and he has experienced the greatest relief from them.

Another case fitted was a man who neglected getting one, a sore formed and he was confined to his room for months.

Directions for self measurement if desired, or any information given with pleasure by

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

Opposite the Common.

149 WOBURN.

## Professional Cards.

JOHN G. MIGUIRE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
168 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A.M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P.M.

George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 20  
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.

Office at Boston, 10 A.M., to 4 P.M.  
Hours at Woburn, 8 to 9 A.M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P.M.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE  
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,  
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the  
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.  
All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,  
159 Main St., Woburn.

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team  
their coal. All who wish to purchase low for  
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.

Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.

The

"Stirling Shamokin,"  
"GIRARD,"  
and "Lykens Valley,"

coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.  
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all  
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail  
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,  
MEDFORD CENTRE, 23 MASS.

J. M. ELLIS & CO.,  
Concrete Paving & Roofing.

Work guaranteed for 10 years.

STONE MASON AND CONTRACTORS.

Sand, Loam and Gravel furnished.

Office: Basement of Post-Offce, Woburn.

131 A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HIRSHOVY,  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Has removed to

110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

22 Particular attention paid to Surgery.

DR. S. IRGENT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

191 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

A specialty of treating Cancers, Tumors, Wens,  
Scabs, Burns, Rheumatism, &c.

55

ICE CREAM.

Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug  
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery, will be  
filled.

PILED THE SAME DAY.

H. P. PATTEN,

MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM,

East St., 3d house from High St. - Ice Cream  
brought every afternoon and evening.

Musical.

Miss J. A. Campbell,

desires a few pupils on the

30

PIANO FORTE.

nd will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable  
to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence.

No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

For Sale or To Let.

HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS,

1 3/4 ACRES OF LAND,

OFF BEACH STREET, very pleasantly located

99 Inquire of J. B. MCDONALD.

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DR. JESSE A. VILES,

Veterinary Surgeon,

25 WESTFORD STREET, LOWELL.

His street, Newstone.

"Lemon fingers" starts by the mail to

night. Ali Crene. Take care of the black  
dwarf.

I was accustomed to queer messages, but  
that was the oddest I had seen. I spelled it  
over twice to see that I had got it down cor-  
rectly, then copied it out on one of the  
printed forms, signed it, entered it at the foot  
the time I had received it—3:45—and placed  
it in an envelope.

No. 39 High street was the residence of

Mr. Brem, the tailor, and was only five  
minutes walk from the station. Mr. Brem

had

Directions for self measurement if desired, or any information given with pleasure by

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

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MASS.

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Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.  
Postage, 10 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line. Quotations, 10 cents a line. The agent's privilege to what time the subscriber's name is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1879.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page	Col.	No.
Baker, Pratt & Co.	5	6	6
Republican Canvass.	3	3	3
Collector's Sale—Wilmington.	3	5	4
Emma A. Putnam.	3	10	10
A. L. Putnam.	3	2	2
Mrs. Mary Hannill.	3	8	8
C. W. Dorr.	3	9	9
G. W. Dorr & Co.	3	4	3
F. H. Lewis.	3	3	11
Wm. H. Richardson.	3	3	4

WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

The Marlboro Times, edited by one of Sheriff Fiske's best deputies, refers in a pleasant way to our "boon" for Col. Grammer, and while conceding all the good points of our candidate, claims that Sheriff Fiske is just as good, only more so. Well, we haven't a word to say against Sheriff Fiske. We have known him long and favorably, and to be beaten by so good a man would have little of bitterness. The office of Sheriff, however, is one to which any man, who is acknowledged to be fit for it, may honorably aspire, and having lately given some attention to the subject of grammar, we predict that the people of Middlesex are in the indicative mood, present tense, and the Colonel will be in the nominative case on the 13th of October, and then parse on to the possessive.

The Lawrence American, offers an amendment to our remark that "Gen. Devens came home from the army and ran against John A. Andrew," by inserting the words "did not" before the word "came." Well, to be exact, he did not, but he accepted the nomination, and was at home constructively, as the Congressmen "went home" sufficiently to draw mileage although they never left Washington. Probably the "most loyal" people of Massachusetts do "amply forgive" him; still some of us don't quite care to pin our faith to a man who could fight for the Union and at the same time help the friends of the enemy in their attempt to remove the great war Governor, whose memory has not yet died.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—District Attorney, George Stevens, of Lowell, has resigned his office. The reduction of the salary by the last Legislature, from \$2,000 to \$1,600, is supposed to be the cause for this action. Gov. Talbot has appointed for the remainder of the year, J. W. Hammond, Esq., of Cambridge. Mr. Hammond is at present City Solicitor for Cambridge. He was a competitor of Mr. Stevens, when the latter was first nominated, five years ago, and no doubt will make an excellent District Attorney. The appointment is only for the remainder of the year, and the County Convention will have to nominate a candidate to serve out Mr. Stevens's unexpired term.

A man before the Court for drunkenness, this Friday morning, told with the utmost candor where he got his liquor, and going out with an officer to the shop of the runsteller, the latter furnished the money to pay the fine and costs. In former times, a prisoner making such a voluntary statement was used as a witness in the prosecution of the seller. The man who sold him the liquor has no license. Would it be regarded as an impertinence to inquire, Why a case was not made against this violator of the license law?

By what rule of the Civil Service Code, did Vice President Wheeler preside at the New York Republican State Convention. A U. S. Marshal, who ventured into a convention in another State was brought up with a round turn by the Attorney General. Where does the Administration draw the line in this thing?

MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.—In the list of officers of the Butler Independents, we notice the name of Charles Powers, of Somerville, for the Sixth Middlesex District, with Wm. Proctor of Reading, and W. H. Turner of Stoneham. Stoneham and Reading are in the Sixth, but Somerville is in the First.

SELECTMAN.—Regular monthly meeting, Thursday afternoon. The committee to effect insurance, reported that they had re-insured the policies at 1 per cent. Andrew Cobb was recommended to the Secretary of State for a peddler's license. The usual bills were approved.

We received a pleasant call from Mr. Benj. F. Arrington, of the Lynn Reporter, which is one of our best exchanges, and we take pleasure in adding, sends out good representatives.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.—At a meeting of the Republican County Committee, it was voted to hold the County Convention at Lowell, on the 13th of October next.

ANNIVERSARY.—Highland Hose Co., No. 5, celebrated their Sixth Anniversary last Monday evening. There was a supper at 9 o'clock, and from 10 to 12 music and dancing.

NO BILL.—The Grand Jury of Norfolk, found "no bill" against Mrs. Barton, charged with attempting to blackmail J. H. Connolly, of Woburn.

GRAND ARMY CONVENTION.—There will be a convention of the Posts of the Grand Army in Middlesex County, at Lowell, on the 23d inst.

CAUCUS.—The Republicans of Woburn, chose delegates to the various conventions this Saturday evening. See notice.

Mr. F. H. Lewis's announcements for his fall musical campaign will be found in the Post Office this evening.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

AN OLD HOUSEBREAKER CAPTURED.—Andrew Freeman, who is said to be the most expert housebreaker in America, was arrested in Boston, on Thursday of last week, as he was disposing of some silver ware supposed to have been stolen. The ware was found to be the property of gentlemen in Reading, and in the lot was the communion service which it is thought by the detectives, was stolen from Tremont Temple. Mr. W. S. Danforth, whose house was robbed last June, visited Freeman in the station house, and found him wearing Danforth's pants. One of his overcoats and Mrs. Danforth's shawl were also found among the plunder captured from Freeman. Mr. Danforth asked Freeman about the burglary, and the latter said that he was watching the house when Mr. Danforth came home, and when he went out he left a curtain drawn up, so that Freeman looked into the house and became familiar with the location of the rooms, refrigerator, &c. When Mr. Danforth returned with his family, he retired without lighting a lamp, and Freeman could not locate him in the house. With a small steel jimmy, about fourteen inches in length, he pried open a window, and on entering the house was surprised to find the family sleeping on the ground floor. He was not disconcerted, however, but proceeded to the kitchen, locked the door between them, and proceeded to lunch off the contents of the larder, before going through the wardrobe. He explained the leaving of a vest that belonged to a suit of clothes by saying that he could not find it. He was willing to talk freely on points that were known, but was very reticent in regard to his partner, and the present locality of the plunder not already captured. His idea is that he can make some arrangement with the prosecuting officer, whereby in consideration of surrendering more plunder he will get less time at Concord. He will be satisfied if he doesn't get more than fifteen years.

Freeman was born in Lowell in 1845, was left an orphan at the age of five, and before he was fourteen had become an accomplished housebreaker, a vocation he has followed ever since, when he has been outside of prison. He was interviewed by a Boston reporter, last week, and gave an interesting account of his "trade." A good set of tools costs \$600 or \$700, and are made of the finest steel, and carefully tempered. Nothing can prevent a professional burglar entering a house that he has decided to break, but according to Freeman if burglars find a house provided with a burglar alarm, they let it alone. Here is an idea for dealers in that commodity.

Bryant & King have lately enlarged their fire room, giving them additional and much needed space, where in the winter they can store an extra supply of tan as it comes from the press. They have just put in a Lockwood setting machine, which is a wonder of mechanical ingenuity, and combining several movements that are curious as well as ingenious. Two men work at this machine, and while one is setting a skin, the other is putting a fresh skin in position, and so not an instant is lost. It is a great improvement on the old scouring machines. The manufactory of this firm is a model of neatness and order. Everything has a place, and what is more, seems to be in its place. Their arrangements for the suppression of a fire are perfect, and it would be impossible for a shop to get on fire in the daytime, and not an easy matter at night. They have an organized fire company, with a cozy little hose house, well supplied with hose carriage and other apparatus.

DANGEROUS CUSTOMERS.—Three men were about the streets on Wednesday, and in the evening they went into the horse sheds of the Congregational Church. Their movements exciting suspicion, Chief Conn and Officer Boyle went to lock them up. Two of them were with Boyle, who was in advance, and when the officer entered the lock-up, the third finding himself alone with the Chief, drew a knife and threatened to kill him, and then started to run. The Chief, thrown off his guard for the moment, by the prisoner's manner, had not taken hold of him, but a short race and a brief struggle secured his man and he was soon in the lock-up. They gave their names as Charles W. Morse, Edward Harrington, and George Edmunds. They appeared to be peddlars, but all were drunk, and Judge Converse fined Harrington \$5 and costs, and the others \$3 and costs, and they were committed for non-payment.

ACCIDENTS.—Jerry Hourihan got a finger caught in a machine, at Russell's shop last week Friday and will probably lose the end of it.

A boy was bitten in the thigh by a dog, on Conn street, Thursday night.

NEW SIGNS.—Slater has painted a neat sign for "Police Station No. 1. Chief's Office." The old sign over the Lyceum Hall main entrance has been re-lettered "Lyceum Hall," which is an improvement on the former words.

HORSES POISONED.—W. T. Kendall reports that he found last Sunday night, a lot of Paris green in the feed troughs of his stable, and one horse died from eating it, another is very sick from the effects of the poison.

THAT GUATEMALA coffee, sold by Smith, is raised on a plantation which is run by a Woburn boy. The said boy raises good coffee, and we advise the readers of the Journal to try some of his berries.

OFF THE TRACK.—A bark car in a train that was being pushed on a siding below Green street, on Wednesday, climbed the frog, and was thrown off. The five o'clock train was delayed an hour.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—The regular monthly meeting was held Tuesday evening, Messrs. Anderson, Lang, and Norris, absent. Ephraim Cutler, Jr., was appointed instructor of music. The Superintendent reported several new schools. Miss Viola M. White, of Winchester, is substituting for Miss Wm. E. Sweetser, at the Cummings School. Miss E. C. Sweetser is teaching a sixth-class grammar school in the Highland Building, and all were drunk, and Judge Converse fined Harrington \$5 and costs, and the others \$3 and costs, and they were committed for non-payment.

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Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

THE VOICE OF WORSHIP, by L. O. Emerson. A collection of Music for Choirs, Singing Schools, and Musical Conventions.

The members of Choirs and Singing Classes, like other people, like what is new and fresh, although the new may not be better than the old. Hence Mr. Emerson's books, which appear with certain regularity, and which are in every respect first class, are always heartily welcomed.

"The Voice of Worship" is somewhat smaller than previous Church Music Books by the same author, but is of lower price, its "nine dollars per dozen" carrying us back to prices "before the war." It has about 175 Psalm Tunes, 60 Anthems, and about as many Glees, with 100 exercises, Solfeggio and easy tunes for Singing School use. The Anthems will furnish opening pieces for a choir during the greater portion of a year. The new Psalm Tunes will, it is to be hoped, enable us to hear some variety of singing, which will partly relieve the monotony of the ten or twelve well-known congregational "airs," which are getting to be a little wearisome to musical ears, and the whole three or four hundred melodies in the book furnish abundant material, with which a wide awake Singing School Teacher may make his winter classes a constant delight to all comers.

BAND CONCERT.—The Band gave their seventh concert Wednesday evening. After the concert they were entertained at the Central House. Next Wednesday evening the following programme will be given:—

PART I.

1. March. Victoria. Beyer, Claus.

2. Medley. A Day in Boston. Beyer, Claus.

3. Saxophone Solo. Heart Bowed Down. Wigand.

4. Concert Polka. Wigand.

5. Galop. Le Reveil Du Lion. Riviere.

PART II.

6. March. Bevier's Best. Beyer, Claus.

7. Selection. The Puritan's Daughter. Beyer, Claus.

8. Polka. Redowa. Beyer, Claus.

9. Waltz. Grand Finale. Beyer, Claus.

LYCEUM HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association was held Tuesday evening. Mr. G. W. M. Hall, having disposed of his stock, retired from the presidency. The following officers were chosen:—President, Dr. John Clough; Secretary and Treasurer, D. H. Deland; Directors, John Clough, J. W. Hammond, Charles Choate, Horace Colmore, G. M. Champney, John Johnson, W. T. Grammer; Auditor, John Johnson.

BURGLARY.—The house of Stephen R. Moreland, on Burlington street was entered by burglars last Saturday night. They entered by a rear door that was insecurely fastened. They took from his son's room a silver watch and gold chain, and from Mr. Moreland's room \$17 in money, leaving the pocket book in the kitchen as they went out.

POLICE COURT.—Patrick Foley, drunk, \$5 and costs; George Edwards, drunk, \$3 and costs; Edward Harrington, drunk, \$5 and costs; Charles W. Morse, drunk, \$3 and costs, were all committed to the House of Correction for non-payment of fine. Abraham Nichols, drunk, \$3 and costs. John Keating, drunk, \$5 and costs.

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ACCIDENTS.—Slater has painted a neat sign for "Police Station No. 1. Chief's Office." The old sign over the Lyceum Hall main entrance has been re-lettered "Lyceum Hall," which is an improvement on the former words.

HORSES POISONED.—W. T. Kendall reports that he found last Sunday night, a lot of Paris green in the feed troughs of his stable, and one horse died from eating it, another is very sick from the effects of the poison.

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near the water's edge, for though not dangerous by any means, it would not have been pleasant to have received a bath so far away from home. For a short distance up the Flume, one walks over a flat, continuous piece of stone perhaps twenty-five feet wide; farther up, this rocky bed stops, and the water takes up the whole space between the cliffs, which rise perpendicularly on either side; a plank walk lies from here to the boulder, which is as far as many tourists care to go; some, however, more courageous than others, clamber over slippery, slimy rocks on to the bridge, which has been constructed over the boulder. Here all the adventurous ones leave their cards, or carve their names. Those remaining below meanwhile, have the unpleasant sensation of feeling, that, as they stand under the boulder, which an enormous rock apparently hanging by a thread between the cliffs, as it has to fall sometime it may take a fancy to fall on you. Our day at the Flume was most delightful but on account of a shower—one of the many which rise suddenly in the Franconia Notch—we arrived home thoroughly drenched and were immediately dosed with ginger and such hot things to prevent the possibility of a cold.

Meanwhile amusements at the house "waxed fast and furious." Having many fine croquet players, especially among the gentlemen, from morning till night, if one took pains to notice, the croquet-ground is permitted no rest by these untiring persons. In consequence of this and a spell of pleasant weather, the grass long since became non est, but over the ground on searching, one might find occasionally a dried spear of something which perhaps in the dim past might have been grass, but at the present time has lost its identity. Still the gentlemen persist in playing, though they slide and slip on the smooth, dry ground, and still they scowl at their balls because they cannot help rolling round when they have no grass to rest against. But the young gentlemen coldly turned their backs on croquet—why is it most of them regard it with such contempt?—when lawn-tennis made its appearance, and now for a good part of the day they may be seen, raquets in hand standing patiently, gay, willingly in the hot sun, serving or receiving as the case may be, regarded meanwhile by an admiring audience which has entirely forsaken the croquet "balconies." "How absurd," some one exclaims, as the gentleman who is receiving "fams the air" with his racket but misses the ball. "Try it yourself," he replies; and the criminal having tried it himself and ignominiously failed, both at receiving and serving, humbly admits "the game is much harder than it looks to be," and silence once more settles on the audience.

About a week later than our trip to the Flume, a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen started about seven in the morning, to ride to the "New Falls." In order to reach the Falls themselves, one has to accomplish a long, laborious, and very difficult climb of four miles, no path having been made as yet, the place has been but recently discovered; but if one reaches them, one is fully repaid for the trouble he has taken to see this beautiful sheet of water. The height of the falls is not known exactly as yet, but they are probably in the neighborhood of one hundred feet in height. It is hoped in time a path will be made for the accommodation of those tourists desiring to see the Falls, for there are many who wish to see them but do not care to undertake so hard a climb.

For a few days after the trip to the Flume, the weather was cold and rainy and the guests were obliged to amuse themselves as best they could indoors. It was no hard task. Several ladies and gentlemen had commenced reading German together, and one had to run up two flights of stairs and they might be seen huddled together in the hall by a front window, wholly engrossed in their intellectual pursuits; so that should one ask, "May I come to?" the only reply one could get would be "Nein, nein." Sometimes the effect of study lasted some time, and on their return to the parlor one gentleman especially, would persist in talking German to people who knew nothing about it, and in singing German songs. The rest of the guests not thirsting for knowledge to such an extent, embroidered, knitted, danced, sang through our book of college songs, played games, promenaded the piazza, and read.

At the end of the third day of rain, we had a most glorious sunset, and at the suggestion made by some wise person that the view from Mt. Washington was almost always the best after such a rain as we had just had, we immediately began to make up a party for the next day, to visit the mountain and return in the evening. A list having been made out our party was found to number thirty or so, including only the young people of the house; the numbers of the rooms were written beside the names as we were obliged to be called long before the rest of the guests were awake. The next morning at six o'clock, several stages started from the house crowded with noisy young people, who had succeeded in rousing the greater part of the house by clattering up and down stairs, talking, laughing, and thumping with their alpenstocks, and now the windows of the house were thrown open, and sleepy, good-natured faces looked out to see us off. Our morning was a most glorious one. The sun had been up but a short while, but his full, golden face smiled at us pleasantly as we merrily rolled on over the steep mountain roads. Down through Franconia village we drove, "frightening people out of their wits," till turning to our left we took the road to Bethlehem. On reaching Bethlehem we found the street alive with teams, all tending toward Bethlehem Station where a train stood waiting to carry us to Fabians'. On arriving at the hotel we were obliged to wait for our train that was to take us to the foot of the mountain. The observation cars having arrived, our party immediately secured one for itself, and we started off in gay spirits. We were the only large party that went up that day, and how we did pity the poor mortals in the other cars, separated into groups of twos and threes, and having no acquaintance with the rest. Arrived at the base the four trains in waiting were immediately fitted and ready to start. If any person now lives who wonders still if the Mt.-Washington Railway is really safe, we hasten to assure him that it is as safe as anything on this earth can be; no one can

say it is perfectly safe, for accidents happen where they are least expected; but "who hesitates is lost," and so let those who are hesitating do so no longer, for inasmuch as they are wholly safe nowhere, then they foolishly missing a most delightful treat by not ascending this mountain. The track is laid similarly to an ordinary railroad; but between the two outside rails is another, hollowed out and having at right angles to its sides, bars of iron, perhaps six inches wide, we did not stop to measure them, and about four inches apart. Into these notches the cog-wheels of the engine fits, so as the train creeps slowly up the side of the mountain the wheel catches into each space and prevents the train from slipping back. Besides this there are innumerable breaks and contrivances, which, should any one thing give out, would come immediately into play.

The scenery as one ascends higher and higher grows very beautiful, the air becomes keen and bracing, and one's spirits rise proportionately. The seats are arranged in such a manner that after one is started they are very comfortable, though before one begins the ascent the sensation is rather odd as they are tipped slightly back. On reaching the Tip Top house our party quickly left the train and hurried off to get the view before dinner, in case some cloud should fall and obscure the scenery later. The day was quite mild for the summit, and we were able to keep our seats on the rocks without fear of the wind's hurling us over some precipice. We sat there for some time quietly drinking in the beauty of the place. No one cared to talk. We were surrounded on all sides by mountain peaks; only the mountain peaks, for we could see but little else directly around us, though stretching far away on all sides were valleys and hills to a distance of a hundred miles or so, where everything disappeared in a blur of earth and sky. It seemed as if we were on the highest wave in the midst of a vast ocean, and that the next moment the huge mountains, changed to waves would, one after another, roll higher and higher and finally cover us. The scene was grand and impressive.

Very soon we began to feel that the keen crisp air had made us appreciate the idea of dinner, and we accordingly found our way again to the Tip Top House. Before returning to the train I made the signal station a visit, and Mr. Jewett, one of the men who remain on the mountain through the winter, was kind enough to show me his rooms and tell me something of his life during the cold season. One room, which they use as a kitchen during the winter, of moderate size contained a large cooking-stove in one corner and a common sized stove in another, and yet in winter with a large fire in each, in a part of the room not near either stove the thermometer is below zero. The men are provided with considerable reading material during the winter, but nevertheless it is very dreary and lonesome.

Before our return to the base we gathered some rocks to remember the summit by. It is a strange fact that the rocks may be as easily broken as candy of ordinary solidity. Having secured our specimens we boarded the train and were soon on the way down. We held our breaths in dismay as we looked from the windows and saw the steep descent we were making. On either side were deep ravines, and the ground was many feet beneath us, as the train crept down over the trestle-works, while here a bend in the road and there another hid all before us most effectually. We were received on our return to the Goodnow House most affectionately by the "old folks," for they do like us if we are sometimes noisy, and they assured us that they missed us during the day.

And now for fear of tiring you, Mr. Editor, I am going to stop, but beg leave before doing so to tell my readers some of the "Rules of the Hotel," composed not by the proprietor of the house but by the guests themselves several summers ago; and if any of them wish to have a thoroughly good time in the summer of 1880, we most heartily recommend them to come to the Goodnow House.

1. New comers must wear their names on their backs for the first twenty-four hours.

2. People promenading the piazza after 10 P. M., must wear India rubbers.

3. Any person bringing more than two trunks and a hand-bag, can only have a cot.

4. Nine persons with one trunk must pay their board in advance.

5. Showers of paper and other debris from windows above, will be received with enthusiasm by persons on the piazza.

6. Gentlemen and ladies wearing their hair on pins are not allowed to appear at the table with hats.

7. Persons coming late to breakfast are expected to be perfectly serene, if the food is cold.

8. Gentlemen invited by ladies to walk, are at perfect liberty to decline. N. B.—This rule works both ways.

9. Ladies are requested not to stand in the door-ways, and thus compel gentlemen to go out through the windows.

10. Any person occupying a chair on the piazza, is expected to bring in two on his return to the house.

11. Persons engaged in the game of croquet are expected to be as amiable as their dispositions will allow. Such persons are also expected to wear dresses of suitable and convenient length.

12. Making faces at these rules, or otherwise defacing them is strictly prohibited.

And now I will say finally and lastly, that if any of my readers have become interested in us and our doings, and would like to hear of some more of our good times, such as our character, Mrs. Jarley's wax work, our visit to the colored Jubilee singers and their visit to us, the fair and theatricals at Littleton, our trips up Mt. Lafayette and Cannon, etc., etc., if they will but write to me I shall be most happy to accommodate them.

ANNA F. SAWYER.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray is out in a card, in which he charges his creditors with undue haste; he says he went to San Francisco openly and on business, and did not seek to cover up his tracks; he expresses the belief that his estate, if properly settled, would much more than pay all claims against him; he proposes to pay all just claims against him if his health is spared, and concludes by expressing sorrow at the slanderous reports spread about him, and hints mysteriously at the course he intends to pursue.

Charles Demond, former Treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, was arrested on Thursday, for embezzling the funds of the society.

### Married.

In Woburn, Aug. 26, by Rev. W. J. Pompfrey, Mr. George T. Ball and Miss Lucy M. Knobell, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, Sept. 2, E. Mills, Mr. Edgar S. Elton and Miss Anna Holmes, both of Woburn.

John Marion, by Rev. Charles Anderson, Mr. Frank D. Marion, of Woburn, and Miss Clara T. Thompson.

In Woburn, Sept. 3, by Rev. M. D. Murphy, Mr. Warner B. Parker and Mary Elizabeth Bradley, both of Woburn.

**PRESERVE YOUR EYES.**

The most perfect lenses, perfectly adjusted, upon correct physiological principles, and warranted to prove satisfactory for near sight, far sight, weak sight, or eyes of unequal focus. 155

**AC DODGE'S DRUG STORE.**

165 Main Street, Woburn.

### Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Lexington, Aug. 29, John Tobin, aged 62 years.

In Muncie, Sept. 2, Elizabeth M. Mahoney, daughter of John Fuller, of Woburn, aged 32 years.

In Winsted, Aug. 29, J. Henry Houston, aged 21.

In Woburn, Aug. 30, Edward W., son of Eliza W. and Eliza J. Nichols, aged 15 years and 3 months.

In Glenbrook, Cal., Aug. 30, George W. Parker, formerly of Winchester, aged 24 years and 6 months.

See **Obituary**.

### A CARD.

Miss C. G. Elkins wishes to thank her patrons in Woburn for past favors, and announces to them that she will not be able to fill any further engagements.

C. G. ELKINS.

Sept. 4, 1879. 162

**REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.**

The Republicans of Woburn are invited to meet at their Headquarters, No. 180 Main street, Woburn, on Saturday evening, Sept. 6th, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Senatorial, County, Councilor, and State Conventions. Also to choose a Town Committee for the ensuing year, and transact any other business that may properly come before the same.

By order of the Republican Town Committee, W. F. DAVIS, Secretary, Woburn, Sept. 2, 1879. 158

**WM. H. RICHARDSON'S HYGIENIC BOOTS,**

Hand-sewed, made to measure, at

25 Bromfield St., Room 2, BOSTON.

We have constantly in hand and for sale, Ladies' Double Sole Goat Button Boots, Ladies' Gaiters, Boots for cold feet or rheumatism, Children's Ankle-Supporting Boots with Richardson's Patent Counters.

All kinds of Gents' Boots made to order.

Our work is all Hand-Sewed. 167

**WM. H. RICHARDSON,**

Please Call, 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

**For Sale and To Let.**

TO LET.—A house and small stable on Pleasant Street. M. C. Strout.

**ROOMS TO LET,** 211 Main Street, Also, Tenements to Let. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

69

STOVES stored for the season by C. M. Strout, S. Agent. 68

**Lost, Found, Wanted.**

WANTED.—A situation as wet nurse by a lady with good reference. Address MRS. MARY HAMMILL, Woburn Journal Office. 163

FOUND.—On the premises of C. W. Dorr, one small dog, belonging to the owner can have by providing property and paying charges. 164

**MISS EMMA A. PUTNAM,**

**TEACHER of the PIANO.**

RESIDENCE:

PLEASANT STREET, WOBURN.

160

**F. H. LEWIS**

Will resume teaching

**MONDAY, Sept. 15.**

At his new music rooms,

**COR. MONTVALE AVENUE AND MAIN ST.**

166

**ONLY**

A FEW

**Weeks More.**

We beg leave to inform our

friends and customers that our

stock of goods must POSITIVE-

LY be

Entirely Closed Out

on or before

Oct. 1st.

We shall offer special bargains

in

**Hosiery Underwear**

and Fancy Goods

the coming week, and we shall

sell all our goods

**Without Regard to Cost,**

as they must be sold without fail.

An early call will secure the

best bargains now left.

**JOHN P. FERNALD,**

185 Main St., Woburn.

166

**ICE. ICE.**

The subscribers have just stored over

**3000 TONS OF ICE**

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn Pond, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade. No pains will be spared to give the best

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

**R. PICKERING & CO.,**

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts.,

24 WOBURN,

Onice, 2 Wade Block, over Savings B.ank.

**\$66**

A WEEK in your own town to cap-

## Journal Club Column

**W**OBURN A little fellow in Norwich, Connecticut, rushed into the street recently to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having perused "The Origin of Man," he gazed in wonder and admiration for a few minutes, and then rushing into the house he met his grand-mother, to whom he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkeys?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady, in her usual cantankerous way. "Well," said the grandson, "I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done!"

**W**OBURN "Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that potatoes contain water, sugar and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

**W**OBURN "Is this the place?" she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season and was rescued by a gallant young man whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, madam, but I don't know how to swim."

**W**OBURN The wives of men of sentiment are not always the most appreciative of beauty. Walter Scott read one of his beautifying imaginations to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and bated breath. As he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with "Don't put your left stocking tomorrow, dear; I must mend that hole in it."

**W**OBURN A country woman stopped some ten minutes in front of a store in Springfield to gaze at a patent fly-trap in operation, which was pretty well filled, and after studying the placard, \$2, intently, moved on after piping out, to the great amusement of the bystanders: "Tew dollars! I wouldn't give ten cents for all the flies in Springfield."

**W**OBURN A Yankee who had just lost his wife was found by a neighbor emptying a bowl of soup as large as a hand-basin. "Why, my goodness, Elizannah," said the gossip, "is that all you care for your wife?" "Wal," said the Yankee, "I've been cryin' all the mornin', and arter I've finished my soup, I'll cry another spell. That's fair any how."

**W**OBURN The average small boy's ambition is to be a trapper, a pirate, or a song-and-dance man. "When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society map to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.

**W**OBURN The most absent minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when he had it between his teeth, nor the one who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no, but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood up behind the door.

**W**OBURN "Aw, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty as he adjusted his eyeglass, "sea bathing has grown unpopular, because, you see, aw, the vulgah herd took to the watsh, and it has become very much soiled."

**W**OBURN "Jeanne, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

**W**OBURN "How many children have you?" asked a friend of an old acquaintance. "Well, I have five, but they were eating cucumbers when I left, and they may be doubled up now."

**W**OBURN "Melancholy sight, Mr. Spicer," said a prohibitory friend, as an individual heavily loaded with beer lurched against him. "I've got the mumps," he said, "he's more'n full."

**W**OBURN Mr. George Rose, of San Francisco, got drunk and proceeded to bathe in the public fountain. They arrested him, not wanting any tight-rope exhibition in the street.

**W**OBURN The young lady who aspires to be admitted to the ranks of the legal profession does not reflect that the gratification of her ambition would only make her a barmaid.

**W**OBURN "I have a love-letter," said the servant girl to her mistress. "Will ye rade it to me? And here is some cotton; wud ye stuff in yer ears while ye rade it?"

**W**OBURN A Boston school-boy being asked what Rhode Island is celebrated for, replied: "It is the only one of the New England States that is the smallest."

**W**OBURN The boy who has a great love for swimming and a nervous mother, is one of the most unhappy beings on the face of the earth.

**W**OBURN A sea voyage is a good remedy for hard times. A few hours from shore and it will seem to you that everything is coming up.

**W**OBURN The latest novelty is a "barometer handkerchief." The idea is not new, however. A handkerchief pulled from a man's pocket is generally followed by a blow.

**W**OBURN It is a peculiar feature of the butter-market that a bad article outranks a good one.

**W**OBURN The little girl looks forward to the time when she can "do up" her hair like a lady as a period of true hair-piness.

**W**OBURN Kerosine oil will fuddle as well as whiskey. Anyhow it makes a locomotive's head light.

**W**OBURN In the race for matrimony it isn't always the girl that covers the most laps that wins.

**W**OBURN Bloomer—A woman who pants for notoriety.

**W**OBURN Engineers have to wifflite for their pay.

**W**OBURN We never heard of a man so mean that a fly wouldn't become attached to him.

*Continued from first page.*  
featured woman, bearing her misfortune with a haughty indifference that excited Timothy's admiration.

The landlord, kicking at his cellar-door, and calling to be let out long before this, was released by Timothy; and very bland he looked when he beheld how his guests had suddenly come to grief. By Mr. Choop's orders he brought out his horse and a light cart; and we drove back through the darkening afternoon to Fulwood.

Through Mr. Choop's indefatigable exertions, the whole gang of burglars was speedily captured. One of them turned Queen's evidence, and it then came out that Mr. Riley was the planner only of the burglaries in which they had been engaged for some time back, it being his duty to pick out the premises to be robbed, to make plans of them, and arrange the details of the attack, leaving to others the merely mechanical part of the business, and receiving a certain share of the proceeds for his part of the labor.

Three days after Christmas day I received a note from Mr. Lancaster, asking me to go over to Ironville, as he wished particularly to see me. He received me in his grave, quiet way, looked me through and through, from under his bushy gray eyebrows, motioned me to a seat and then spoke:

I received yesterday morning, from Mr. Choop, an account of certain events relative to the recent burglary on my premises."

"Yes. Were you not aware of it?"

"I was, of course, aware that a burglary had been committed, but was not aware that you were the sufferer."

"Such, however, is the case," replied Mr. Lancaster. "Mr. Choop informs me that it was through you he first obtained the clue which enabled him to track and capture part of the gang and recover a portion of the stolen property, and that he was much indebted to your courage and activity in the capture of Riley. Now, I am not an ungrateful man; you have had a liking for my daughter, which I believe is returned by her; but you are not in a position to marry. I will tell you what I will do for you. I will take you as an assistant in my shop at a moderate salary, and if I find that you bring into your new trade that amount of intelligence and activity which I can tell you has such interesting experiences."

"Where was Dr. Bacon when he told all this?"

"Why, right on the sidewalk, and there was a big crowd listening to him almost breathless; he was real eloquent."

"Oh, I see," said Jeremiah, as a sudden light flashed across his mind. "You were listening to the wrong man. That man was a silver polish peddler, telling a big yarn to call the people together. Dr. Bacon was speaking over the stand in the centre of the green."

"Oh, that white-haired man that was out there? He didn't have so much of a crowd as this man, so I thought of course it wasn't of much account, and I didn't go on the green at all."

I need hardly say that both Carry and I are very glad to see Mr. Choop whenever he favors us with a call in our new home, and brings of news of Lemon-fingers, who, now that Mr. Riley is working out his penal servitude, is doing well as a licensed hawker in the hosiery and Nottingham line.

A HAPPY FAMILY.—The other evening about 9 o'clock a policeman found a family of five persons and two old trunks under a shed near the foot of Second street, waiting to go up the river on a wood barge and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loose the fruit's hold upon its stem.

As soon as the fruit is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that, bring the owner of the initials to play the game, and say the name and present aloud:

"Why, what are those queer marks on that apple up there?"

You will find quite a pleasant way to surprise the very little ones, and, of course, you can print a short poem on an easily as initials.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

But the children are crying," continued the officer.

"Yas, kinder crying," replied the man, "but that's nothing. That boy Augustus Caesar he wants a stick of gum, but he'll soon chaw himself to sleep on a sliver. The next one, Charles Henry, he's bowlin' 'cause I won't buy him a rockin'-horse, but soon I'll get time to spank him he'll curl down and go to dreamin' of angels. That gal, Minerva, has got her mouth made up for fried-cakes and milk, but I'll give her a bite o' pork and bread from the trunk and she'll never know the difference. We are kinder sprawled out here, and we seem to be kinder afflicted, but we are a reg'lar happy family."

Does it pay to advertise? The Clear Lake Mirror, Iowa, thinks it pays for the following reasons: "Last week one of our citizens being desirous of purchasing some articles of furniture not kept in our furniture stores, came into our office and wanted to see our Charles City exchanges. We of course handed them over and after some little time he said: 'I thought there was a big furniture store in Charles City.' We said there was, to which he replied: 'I see no advertisement in either paper, except a little one of an inch in length, and if there is nothing there worth advertising about, it is no use of my going, so I will stop at Mason City.' If the furniture men of Charles City had good advertisements in their papers, they would have caught a good customer and sold a large bill of high-priced furniture. Comment is unnecessary."

A "FAT TAKE."—The editor of the Charleston, W. Va., Leader, in one of the happy moments of his life, heralds to the reading community his joy over one of those windfalls which is liable to occur in every family.

9 lb.  
Boy  
Born,  
Worth  
At least  
\$10,000.00  
To the editor  
Of the leader.  
Tuesday, 22d inst.  
Mother and child are  
Doing very well, and the  
Father as well as could  
Reasonably be expected.  
A "fat take," brethren—shake.

Every printer is familiar with the expression, "a fat take," and will freely accord the editor a "shake."

How can the sea run when it's tied?

## Miscellaneous.

SHÉ HEARD THE WRONG SPEAKER.—It was nearly sundown yesterday, as wearily she walked into the house, settled herself on the sofa, and began swinging her palm-leaf to cool her heated brow. "Well, I got well paid for going to the green. I'd no idea that Dr. Bacon was ever out among the Indians."

"Well," said her husband, "he never was to any extent, I guess."

"Well, he said so, anyway. I should like to know to what something about it."

"Why, Miranda! you must be mistaken. Dr. Bacon has lived in New Haven for ever, almost."

"I guess I heard what he said, and wasn't it interesting though. Why, when he was a boy he ran away from home in the dead of night, stole one of his father's horses, and before sunrise he was a hundred miles away and joined the Cheyennes. That's what he said, and I'll believe him before I will you."

"Now, now, you must have heard with your eyeballs; Dr. Bacon never stole his father's horse. Why, bless your soul, he's a minister."

"And that they would last for years and then make an excellent rag carpet for the house?"

"I did."

"And you only charged a dollar?"

"Only a dollar, ma'am."

"Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a little afraid he stole the garment. I'm glad it's all right."

"It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventative of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease."

"Land save us!" she gasped, as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows that they won't fix 'em so fore long that they'll raise a mortgage off the farm?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT IS PUT INTO LETTER BOXES.—The carriers who collect the mail from the street boxes sometimes find queer deposits therein. Loose silver coins and loose postage stamp are among the principal discoveries, while a carrier the other day brought in a bank book containing \$85 in bills, which he had taken from a lamp-post box. The most remarkable instance of absent-mindedness in this direction was the case, not long since, of a young man who daily carries two leather bags—one for mail and the other for money, etc. He deliberately, in a fit of abstraction, walked up to a box in the Boston Post Office, and emptied the contents of one bag, containing several bank books and bills and checks, amounting to thousands of dollars, into the mail box, and did not discover his blunder until he went into the bank and handed the receiving teller a bunch of letters.

The young man's face, it is said, grew so pale as to frighten every one who saw him rushing through the streets, eyes distended and heart thumping loudly in his wretched bosom. He was made a happier and wiser man on receiving at the business office the bank books and the money, in place of which he gladly tendered his bundle of mail matter.—*Herald.*

INITIALS ON FRUIT.—Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No? Well, if you wish to have that pleasure this is the way to obtain it:

While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very biggest and best specimen of them all. Next cut out from thin tough paper the initials of your little brother or little sister or your chief crony, with round specks for the dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then place these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loose the fruit's hold upon its stem.

As soon as the fruit is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that, bring the owner of the initials to play the game, and present aloud:

What seems to be the matter?" inquired the officer as he looked at the man.

"Oh, nothing much," answered the man. "I've got the jumpin' tooth-ache, but it all slacks up on me about midnight."

"What ails your wife?"

You will find quite a pleasant way to surprise the very little ones, and, of course, you can print a short poem on an easily as initials.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

A SWAN STORY.—The Boston Journal is authority for the following story about a swan, the location being Milford, Mass.: Three years ago a young child of T. L. Ellsworth was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery, and a rocking horse placed beside the grave. The lot is one of the most conspicuous in the cemetery, and is located near a miniature lake, in which several white swans disported. Soon after the interment, one of the swans mounted the Ellsworth lot and has ever since kept a constant watch over the grave of the child, scarcely leaving the mound, even to eat. Any one who attempts a near approach is greeted with the bird's shrill cries and preparations for an attack, which is made if the grave or rocking-horse is touched, and the bird invariably drives off strangers. The swan's mate endeavored for some time to induce her companion to return to the lake, but without success, and eventually died of grief. Hundreds of people have visited the cemetery to witness the singular conduct of this self-mounted sentinel.

MACHINERY HALL.—The large Machinery Hall of the Philadelphia Exhibition has been torn away. It was bought by a speculative firm for twenty-four thousand dollars, and they will multiply their money. The stone was used to build extensive oil works at Point Breeze. The rougher lumber was worked into oil sheds at Communipaw, and the immense quantity of yellow pine and other valuable woods was sold to a railroad company. Sixteen thousand pounds of cast and wrought iron were sold to a foundry, and seven thousand panes of glass were as good as new for market. The tin roofing nearly the entire building was sold to a railroad company.

THE AGED.—A Boston school-boy being asked what Rhode Island is celebrated for, replied: "It is the only one of the New England States that is the smallest."

THE BOY WHO HAS A GREAT LOVE FOR SWIMMING AND A NERVOUS MOTHER, IS ONE OF THE MOST UNHAPPY BEINGS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

A sea voyage is a good remedy for hard times. A few hours from shore and it will seem to you that everything is coming up.

THE LATEST NOVELTY IS A "BAROMETER HANDKERCHIEF." The idea is not new, however. A handkerchief pulled from a man's pocket is generally followed by a blow.

IT IS A PECULIAR FEATURE OF THE BUTTER-MARKET THAT A BAD ARTICLE OUTRANKS A GOOD ONE.

THE LITTLE GIRL LOOKS FORWARD TO THE TIME WHEN SHE CAN "DO UP" HER HAIR LIKE A LADY AS A PERIOD OF TRUE HAIR-PINESS.

KEROSINE OIL WILL FUDGLE AS WELL AS WHISKEY. ANYHOW IT MAKES A LOCOMOTIVE'S HEAD LIGHT.

IN THE RACE FOR MATRIMONY IT ISN'T ALWAYS THE GIRL THAT COVERS THE MOST LAPS THAT WINS.

BLOOMER—A WOMAN WHO PANTS FOR NOTORIETY.

ENGINEERS HAVE TO WIFFLITE FOR THEIR PAY.

WE NEVER HEARD OF A MAN SO MEAN THAT A FLY WOULDN'T BECOME ATTACHED TO HIM.

EXTRAORDINARY VERSATILITY OF WESTERN "DUSTERS."—A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman of forty-five entered a Woodward avenue clothing store, having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman said:

"Some one in here sold this duster to my son, yesterday."

"Yes, ma'am. I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment closely.

"Did you tell me this duster could be worn either to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?"

"I did ma'am, and so it can."

"Did you tell him it made a good fly-blanket when it was not otherwise needed

# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

NO. 37.

## Musical.

MISS EMMA A. PUTNAM,  
TEACHER of the PIANO.

RESIDENCE:  
PLEASANT STREET, WOBURN.  
160

F. H. LEWIS

Will resume teaching

MONDAY, Sept. 15.

At his new music rooms,

COR. MONTVALE AVENUE AND MAIN ST.  
160

Miss J. J. Campbell,  
desires a few pupils on the  
PIANO FORTE,

and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to  
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,  
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865  
Parks & Freeman,  
MACHINISTS,

And Manufacturers of  
Leather Machinery,  
GLASSING, STONING,  
Polishing and Pebbling Jacks, etc.

Mills and Steam work of all kinds. Shaving  
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings  
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short  
notice.

97, 99, and 101 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership  
entered January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,  
(Successor to Porter & Young)

MACHINIST

Steam and Gas Fitter.

MANUFACTURER OF  
STEAM ENGINES.

Mills and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaving  
Pulleys, Gearing, etc. Special attention given to  
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

THE  
CENTRAL HOUSE,  
WOBURN,

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for  
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best  
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for  
caravans for parties, the Central House will be found to  
have all the requirements of the traveling public.

LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.

For Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,

Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
hand.

4

CENTRAL HOUSE  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

G.F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.

FOWLE ST., WOBURN.

Near the Highland Station.

6

E. C. COLOMB,  
TAILOR,

Church Street, - - Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in the country, he offers his services to the citizens of Woburn, with great satisfaction, and who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

294 Washington St., Boston.

(Opposite School St.)

Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the  
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50  
paper sizes. Color prints \$2.50, and \$3.00. Posters  
8 x 10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools  
and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds  
at lowest rates.

H. S. DUNSHEE, - - Artist.

HARDWARE.

Farming Tools & Seeds,

PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,

Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,  
TOWN BILL POSTER  
AND DISTRIBUTOR.

WOBURN, MASS.  
Orders left at Poster's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,  
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill  
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-  
tended to.

11

R. C. HAYWARD,

Dealer in  
GROCERIES,

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,

12 At the Lowest Prices.

103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

MOSES BANCROFT,

139½ Main Street, Woburn.

(SOLES' BLOCK.)

SEWING MACHINES

of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments.

Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
or new ones.

13

## Elastic Stockings

FOR VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LIMBS, ETC.

The relief given by these in cases where such troubles exist is incalculable. Many that ought to wear them put off their use until ulcers form, when had they been worn in time, such decided unpleasant results would have been avoided.

Another case fitted was a man who suffered terribly over eight years with swollen limbs, and he has experienced the greatest relief from them.

Another case fitted was a man who neglected getting one, a sore formed and he was confined to his room for months.

Directions for self measurement if desired, or any information given with pleasure by

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

Opposite the Common.

149

WOBURN.

Professional Cards.

JOHN G. MIGUIRE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
168 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 6 and 7 to  
9 P. M.

George H. Conn,  
INSURANCE AGENT,  
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.  
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

Office at Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.  
Hours from 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,  
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO  
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE  
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,  
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the  
above Company for Woburn, Wincheste and Stoneham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,  
159 Main St., Woburn.  
July 1, 1879.

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team  
their coal. All who wish to purchase low,  
Coal delivered and hauled at the lowest prices.

Coal delivered and hauled at the lowest prices.

201

"Stirling Shamokin,"  
"GIRARD,"

and "Lykens Valley,"

coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.  
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all  
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail  
promptly attended.

GEO. S. DELANO,  
MEDFORD CENTRE, MASS.

25 A. B. COFFIN,  
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
NO. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON,  
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

REMOVAL.

DR. B. R. HARMON,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

Has removed to  
100 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

Particular attention paid to Surgery.

27

W. F. ESTABROOK,  
Concrete Paving & Roofing.

Work guaranteed for 10 years.

STONE MASON and CONTRACTOR,

Sand, Loom and Gravel furnished.

131

Office : Basement of Post-Office, Woburn.

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## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies, 5 cents.  
Deaths, 1 cent a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line.  
Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.  
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on the reverse side, show to what line the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1879.

### INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Page	Col.	No.
Dr. J. E. Abbott	3	3
Dr. P. Howell & Co.	4	7
Dr. E. Cutler	3	2
C. M. Monroe	4	1
W. H. Notice	3	2
To Let	3	2
Mortgage Sale—Wendell	3	4
House for Sale	3	2
A. Cummings	3	1
Conner's College	3	2
Auction in Burlington	3	4
Rep. Senatorial Convention	3	2

### WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT.—We give below a copy of an old advertisement, of a "Hotel in Woburn." If our information is correct, the house referred to, stood where the house of Hon. Horace Conn now stands, The Ichabod Parker referred to was the maternal grandfather of Judge Converse.

HOTEL IN WOBURN.—THOMAS MURPHY from Concord, has taken up his abode and commands the Hotel, newly erected by "John Shinkwin" in Woburn, a mile north of the Meeting-House, and only 9 miles from Charlestown Bridge.—Where he will be conveniently prepared to receive the learned, the toton, the young, and all who may please to call on him, in a style, if possible to suit their taste; with the best of Wines, Spirit, Cigars, &c., and taking care to have his Garden, paths, Walks, Bowing Alleys, &c., and there being a large Fish Pond near, and variety of Game, &c., not to be found in any other place affords many charms to gentlemen fond of exercise and sport.

He has a large Hall, and can accommodate Companies, &c., in the Fire Clubs, Canals, Parties, &c., at the shortest notice. The Canal (at this season) affords a quiet and agreeable walk, where the pleasure of riding, novelty and diversion may be had together. Parties from Boston, Charlestown, &c., may easily arrive at his house (only 9 miles from the Canal) and in a day, ride and return the same day, or the Boat, may be accommodated with a carriage if desired. Small Parties can take the Packet Boat, which arrives at one o'clock, and spend the day in Woburn, in riding, shooting, gunning, &c., and return next day at one o'clock, the same.

The Hotel in Woburn is just far enough to ride without stopping, and is the direct route to Billerica, Amherst, &c., as well as to Andover, Haverhill and Portsmouth. Boarders accommodated on liberal terms. Woburn, May 26th, 1813.

Probably every one has some time in his life read that charming book "Webster's Unabridged," in which the author displays a wonderful knowledge of words, although the plot of the story seems rather disconnected. Of the 114,000 words described in this work, it is not surprising that the ordinary reader should forget some, but one of our exchanges is not to be named in that class, for if he is not a linguistic glossologist we mistake our man. Here are a few of his common words:—increpitory, apopoeisis, ictic, indagation, detude, superaduent, susurration, vercundity, entokened, deuteroscopiy. Here are ten words, two of which appear in an incipitation of an oppugnant, and the others in a "boom" for the new district attorney. We fancy he must be interested in the sale of dictionaries.

We are indebted to Major H. C. Hall,—who has resided in Woburn the past year, having been engaged in the construction of the Mystic Valley Railroad,—for copies of the reports of re-unions of the First Maine Cavalry. This organization was one of the best in the Army of the Potomac, and the Major must have made a good record, for at the last re-union he was introduced in the following flattering terms:—"And I call upon one of our most gallant efficient officers, who shared all the dangers, as well as the glories, of our four year's service, and who contributed so largely to the grand success of which gave the First Maine Cavalry immortal fame—Major H. C. Hall."

TO BE SHUT OFF.—The water will be shut off from the whole town on Sunday, to give an opportunity to repair a break in the main pipe at the corner of Pond and Main streets. This is one of the disadvantages of a single main pipe, and the town ought at once to lay a second one, so that in emergencies like the present, the citizens need not find themselves entirely without water.

RETIREMENT.—We regret to learn that Mr. Charles D. Howard, of the Peabody Press, for so many years identified with journalism in that town, has concluded "for various reasons," to "step one side." Mr. Howard has made the *Press* a first class paper, and wherever his relations may lead him in the future he will take with him the kind wishes of his contemporaries.

The Soldiers Monument at Gloucester was dedicated on Thursday. Mr. Thomas H. Hill, of Commander Adams's staff was present. Rev. J. F. Lovering's address is spoken of as the most eloquent effort of his life.

At the Republican caucus in Medford last Wednesday evening, printed ballots were used and Long delegates were chosen by a vote of 57 to 41. Grammer delegates to the County Convention were chosen.

MUSIC.—Miss Emma A. Putnam offers her services to the public as a teacher of the piano-forte. Miss Putnam is an excellent teacher, and all who intend taking lessons cannot do better than by going to her.

At the present time Lt. Gov. Long has secured more delegates than Mr. Pierce, and the probabilities are that the former will have a majority of the delegates before the assembling of the convention.

Y. M. C. A.—The Young Men's Christian Association has secured the Ch. of the Independent Baptist Society, No. 218 Main St., and held their first meeting there on Monday evening.

S. S. CONCERT.—At the Sunday School Concert at the Congregational Church, Sunday evening, Mr. Moses H. Sargent will give an address. Meeting will commence at 7 o'clock.

At the Republican State Convention next Tuesday there will be 1210 delegates.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Republicans of Woburn held a caucus at their headquarters, on Saturday evening. John L. Parker was chosen chairman, and William F. Davis, secretary. A committee, consisting of J. G. Pollard, E. E. Thompson, B. Hinckley, N. J. Simonds, Charles Spear, was appointed to prepare a list of delegates to the different conventions, and they reported as follows:—

State.—W. T. Grammer, J. G. Pollard, J. M. Harlow, M. M. Tidd, Wm. F. Davis, County.—E. F. Wyer, B. Hinckley, J. W. Johnson, P. G. Hanson, John L. Parker, Councillor.—E. E. Thompson, N. J. Simonds, Horace Collamore, James Barry, G. M. Buchanan.

Editorial.—F. A. Flint, Huntington Porter, J. W. Ellard, Leonard Fowle, Albert P. Barrett.

Their report was accepted and adopted. The old Town Committee was re-elected, as follows:—J. G. Pollard, W. F. Davis, J. W. Johnson, P. G. Hanson, E. W. Gray.

Brief speeches were made by Hon. J. G. Pollard, Col. Grammer, and Capt. Wyer. No instructions were given, but it is understood that the State delegation is for Lt. Gov. Long for Governor, and the County delegation for Col. Grammer for Sheriff.

HUNTING FOR A MURDERER.—Charles E. Elwell, who was assaulted in Boston, on Friday, by Thomas H. McKay, died of his injuries Saturday evening. McKay had been employed as a lumper by Hart & Co., in Boston, and the police learned that he had been seen on John Shinkwin's team Saturday evening, and it was presumed he came to Woburn, where it is said he has relatives.

Capt. Ford, of Station Three, with Officers Parsons, Wood, and Howard started for Woburn about midnight, and on their arrival, aided by Chief of Police Conn, and Officers Walsh and Boyle, commenced a systematic search for the murderer. They visited several houses where it was thought their man could be found, and continued their quest until daylight, but with no success.

Ford and Parsons returned to Boston by the 6 o'clock train, and Wood and Howard with Conn and Welch visited Winchendon, Lexington and Arlington, in hopes of getting on his trail. Detective Wood was very sure he was on the right track when he came to Woburn, and very reluctantly gave it up.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—At the regular conclave of Hugh de Payens Commander K. T., Melrose, held Sept. 10th, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:—Sir Knight E. B. Fairchild, E. Commander; Sir Knight John Viall, Generalissimo; Sir Knight N. J. Simonds, Capt. General; Sir Knight Rev. Charles A. Skinner, Prelate; Sir Knight John P. Loring, Senior Warden; Sir Knight Rudolph Kramer, Junior Warden; Sir Knight Daniel Abbott, Treasurer; Sir Knight Daniel Devereux, Recorder; Sir Knight W. H. Dole, Standard Bearer; Sir Knight Dexter Pratt, Sword Bearer; Sir Knight R. Hodgen, Warden.

KNIGHTS OF BEVERY'S BEST.—Selection, The Puritan's Daughter, Polka Redowa, 9. Waltz, 10. Grand Finale.

HOUSEBREAKING.—Saturday night, the house of C. W. Fifield, on Pond street, was broken into. The thieves entered by the kitchen door, the key of which had been left in the lock. Entering Mr. Fifield's sleeping-room they took his wallet from his pants, containing \$23.08, and went away without disturbing any thing else. They then entered the next house occupied by W. R. Stevens, by a cellar window, and from the room of a boarder took his watch and two or three dollars in money.

FOOT RACES.—The ten mile foot race between John Weaver, of Woburn, and James Conway, of Stoneham, was won by the former, by a quarter of a mile, much to the disappointment of a large crowd that had supposed Conway could win easily. The race was started at 5:55; 18, P. M., and closed at 6:55; 15, P. M. Weaver's time was 1 hour, 2 minutes, 57 seconds, as follows:

1. March, Victory, 100. Beyer, Claus, 2. March, 100. Beyer, Claus, 3. Telephone, 100. Beyer, Claus, 4. Concert Polka, Anxil, Wiegand, Riverie.

5. Galop, Le Reveil Du Lion.

PART II.

6. March, Beyer's Best.

7. Selection, The Puritan's Daughter.

8. Polka Redowa.

9. Waltz.

10. Grand Finale.

POLICE COURT.—John Kelley, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed. John R. Burke, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas Cavanaugh, assault and battery, case placed on file, costs paid. John Sheehan, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed. Patrick McNally, drunk, \$3 and costs. Joseph McCafferty, drunk, \$3 and costs. Robert Murdock, concealing mortgaged property, bound over in the sum of \$200 for appearance at Superior Court. John McGovern, refusing to assist an officer, discharged. John H. Connolly, assault and battery, discharged on payment of costs.

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ACCIDENTS.—William Matthews at work at Kinney's, split one of his fingers on Monday with a trimming knife.

Thomas V. Sullivan, Jr., had the finger of the left hand cut off at the first joint in a machine at Russell's Shop, Thursday.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Warren B. Parker, who has lately commenced housekeeping on his own account, on Broad street, was visited Thursday evening by members of the L. W. Perham Hose Co., and presented with a marble top table, which was "just what they wanted."

LOWELL CATTLE SHOW.—The 34th annual exhibition of the Middlesex North Agricultural Society, will be held at Lowell, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23 and 24.

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Thomas V

exhibitions to a gaping crowd. The true walkers, therefore, those who walk to create a sound mind in a sound body, and not for money, should at once buckle to the shoes and begin the pedestrian campaign. —*Boston Courier.*

Burlington.

**FESTIVAL.**—The entertainment Thursday evening, in aid of the furnishing of the Town Hall, was a great success, and the net proceeds will probably reach \$100. Rev. Mr. Anderson's address, urging loyalty to the town, was an admirable presentation of a subject that is too little thought of. Mr. Pierce's readings were well received.

Winchester.

**POLICE.**—George E. Rogers and Alfred Oliver, have been appointed Special Police-men.

**CAUCUS.**—The Republican caucus is called for this Saturday evening at 7½ o'clock, in Lyceum Hall, to choose delegates for all the conventions.

**M. Fitzgerald.**—M. Fitzgerald entered the mile race for boys, at Stoneham, on Wednesday and won it in 5:15. There were five starters, but only three completed the mile.

**PEARS.**—The pear crop is unusually heavy this season, all the gardens teeming with this beautiful fruit. Pears are a drug in the provision stores, so many persons raising them.

**PERSONAL.**—Mrs. G. P. Brown and mother are in Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Allen F. Boon with their youngest son are at Newburyport. A. K. P. Joy has gone to California.

**S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.**—Mr. James W. Skillings has been elected Superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School, in place of Mr. Cobb, who has resigned on account of poor health. Mr. Skillings has made a very efficient assistant superintendent, and will undoubtedly fill the new position with credit.

**PASTORAL CALL.**—At the meeting of the Congregational Parish, last Monday evening it was voted to concur with the action of the church in extending a call to Rev. Charles Seymour, of Newburyport, at a salary of \$2,500 per year, including the parsonage at a rental of \$300. There was a degree of unanimity in the action of the Parish which was as unexpected as it was encouraging.

**BASE BALL.**—Last Saturday, the Eurekas of Woburn played a seven inning game with the Winchester High School nine with the following result:—

EUREKAS.		A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
T. Richardson, Jr.	1b.	5	2	1	1	6	2
T. Titcomb, Jr.	1b.	5	1	1	1	6	2
Flint, ss.	5	1	1	1	0	1	2
E. H. Richardson, c.	5	2	3	3	4	2	3
Ellison, rf.	5	2	3	3	0	1	2
D. Loria, 3b.	5	1	0	0	1	2	3
Bryant, 2b.	5	3	2	0	0	2	2
Fletcher, cf.	5	1	0	0	0	0	1
P. Richardson, lf.	4	1	3	6	3	0	2
Totals.	44	15	15	19	21	13	15

H. S. NINE OF WINCHESTER.		A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gendron, ss.	5	1	1	2	1	0	5
Cate, cf.	5	1	1	1	0	0	5
Flanders, p.	5	0	1	1	1	0	1
Stoddard, 3b.	5	1	0	0	0	0	1
A. Nichols, 2b.	4	1	0	0	0	0	1
Winsor, c.	4	1	0	0	11	3	2
Nichols, c.	4	3	0	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, sh.	4	2	0	0	0	0	0
Carter, rf.	4	2	1	1	0	0	1
Totals.	40	11	6	8	21	15	10

EUREKAS.		A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
E. Richardson, Jr.	1b.	5	2	1	1	6	2
T. Titcomb, Jr.	1b.	5	1	1	1	6	2
Flint, ss.	5	1	1	1	0	1	2
E. H. Richardson, c.	5	2	3	3	4	2	3
Ellison, rf.	5	2	3	3	0	1	2
D. Loria, 3b.	5	1	0	0	1	2	3
Bryant, 2b.	5	3	2	0	0	2	2
Fletcher, cf.	5	1	0	0	0	0	1
P. Richardson, lf.	4	1	3	6	3	0	2
Totals.	44	15	15	19	21	13	15

W.H.S. 2 1 2 2 1 3 15

Umpire.—W. Davis.

## Journal Club Column

A BRIBING AFFAIR.—His loving mother said, "If you take some of the castor-oil, I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much," he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful; just a spoonful," she replied.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course it will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked:—"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite, no lie," he said, as he stepped back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor-oil down me!" he exclaimed, looking round for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to; and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no lie."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy, and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes; I'll swallow that stuff, I will," he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it's take a hundred-dollar pony to trot that castor-oil down my throat."

— A small, ragged boy entered an oyster house in Salem, Mass., and asked:—"Will you sell me an oyster for a cent? I want it for my sick mother."

"What is the matter with your mother?" asked the man, as he proceeded to fill a can with oysters, thinking he would help to relieve a case of suffering.

"She's got a black eye," was the reply.

The benevolence rapidly faded from the mind of the oyster man as he put one oyster in a paper bag.

— "Well, my little boy," said a clergymen, putting a little boy on the head, "what do you expect to be when you grow up?" "Dunno," answered the boy bashfully. "What would you like to be, then?" continued the pastor, expecting to hear the youngster say that he would like to be President of the United States. But the boy's ambition soared higher than that; for he blurted out, "I'd like to be a walker, an' wax Weston."

— The tourist who went fishing in a New Hampshire trout brook and brought home a beautiful string of fish wants his friends to quit nagging at him, and lies awake nights planning revenge on the fellow who sold him horse mackerel for brook trout.

— An Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry, was suddenly called upon one Sunday to baptize three candidates. He got along very well, but after baptizing the first, he astonished his congregation by lustily shouting, "Hallelujah!"

— "You got up before breakfast, I see," said Mr. Fresh to a customer who had dropped in for some beefsteaks. "Then I got up after it," said the customer. "Then they both laughed and when they got through they smiled."

— Some wicked man asserts that it was a great mistake that potato bugs weren't introduced into the Garden of Eden, since their presence there would have kept Adam and Eve so busy that they wouldn't have had time to go foraging around for pippins.

— "It is very difficult to live," said a widow with seven girls, all in genteel poverty. "You must husband your time," said a sage friend. "I'd rather husband some of my daughters," said the poor lady.

— Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the ribs in Mrs. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly)—"All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

— A boy was leading a poor old horse through the street the other day, when a gentleman asked him why he didn't get on horseback and ride. "Horseback," replied the boy, "it chafes me to lead him."

— "Are you building air-castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?" said a lady-lad to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee-cup. "No, madam; only looking over my grounds in Java," replied Jones.

— Two Irishmen travelling on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad track came to a mile-post, when one of them said:—"Tread easy, Pat; here lies a man 108 years old; his name was Miles, from Baltimore."

— A five-year-old youngster, seeing a drunken fellow, said:—"Mother, did God make that man?" "Yes," she replied. "I wouldn't have done it!" was the answer.

— Counsel (to witness)—"You're a nice sort of fellow, you are!"

— Witness—"I'd say the same thing of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."

— The foundation for the meanest man is laid when a small boy turns the worm hole in an apple for his companion to bite from.

— A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister the other day that he was a six-button kid.

— Mary had a little lamb, with which she used to tussle; she yanked the wool all off its back and crammed it in her bustle.

— To change window-glass to tin; leave the window open when it rains, and it will beat in.

— The dentist makes almost as much per acher as the farmer.

— It is a long trip tea takes from China to China.

*Continued from first page.*  
garded as out of date and useless, had been swept into a corner for the dust-man. The deed in question had, by some accident, got among them; and Mrs. Moyse observing that it was parchment, and being a careful house-keeper, picked it up and laid it aside for the purpose for which she afterwards used it.

These particulars were communicated to Tom while Bessie brushed his hat and generally got him ready (for excitement had made him quite helpless) to go off to Mr. Sharpe's private house at once to claim the reward. Everybody appeared to have a vague kind of impression that it was all a dream, and that they had better secure the reward before they woke up. With the deed carefully wrapped in paper and in the breast pocket of his carefully-buttoned coat Tom hurried to Mr. Sharpe's, and hot and panting, began to tell his story. No sooner, however, had Mr. Sharpe comprehended the main fact that the deed was found, and assured himself of its identity, than he stopped Tom short in his narrative.

"That will do for the present," said he; "you shall tell me the rest as we go to Mr. Morpeth's."

A hansom was called and the pair were quickly at Mr. Morpeth's house.

"Is your master in?" inquired Mr. Sharpe.

"Yes, sir;" said the footman, "but he is just sitting down to dinner."

"I must see him notwithstanding," said Mr. Sharpe. "Kindly take him my card; tell him my business is urgent."

The man complied, and a moment later Mr. Morpeth threw open the dining-room door.

"Walk in, Mr. Sharpe. Ah, you have good news! I see it in your face. The deed is found!"

"Yes, sir; I'm happy to say it is, and I congratulate you with all my heart; and to you, dear Mrs. Morpeth," addressing a fair-faced, gentle-looking lady, who was seated at the head of the table.

"It is really found at last; is it?" said she. "Oh, what a relief! Then there will be no need for me to appear in that dreadful court!"

"Not the slightest need; indeed, I may almost say that the finding of the deed puts an end to the suit. The plaintiffs haven't a leg to stand upon."

"But where, when, how was it found?" inquired Mr. Morpeth.

"Here is the fortunate finder. He had better tell his own story," said Mr. Sharpe, "for as soon as I realized the deed was actually found I brought him here at once, and I scarcely know the particulars myself."

Tom told his story and produced the deed, receiving the heartiest commendation for his intelligence and acuteness.

"Excuse me one moment," said Mr. Morpeth; and leaving the room, he returned with a check still wet, requesting Messrs. Coutts & Co., to pay Thomas Halliday or order the sum of five hundred pounds.

"And now, my friends, he said, "sit down and join us at dinner, which you have so agreeably interrupted. For my own part, I feel more inclined to enjoy my dinner than I have for a twelve months past, though I am afraid the soup has got cold. Sit down Sharpe. Will you sit there Mr. Halliday, and make yourself at home?"

Tom blushed and stammered, "I thank you kindly, sir; but if you remember, I've partaken of tea and shrimps already, sir. And if you'll kindly excuse me, I think there's some one might feel hurt; I mean the truth—is my young lady waiting for me, and—I feel so proud and happy with this piece of paper that I shan't believe it real until I've shown it to Bessie, God bless her!"

"Amen, my lad; and if you or she need a friend you'll find one in me."

"And in me, too," said Mrs. Morpeth.

"And tell your Bessie I shall come and make her acquaintance very soon."

Tom and Bessie were married a few months later, Mr. and Mrs. Morpeth both insisting on being present at the ceremony.

They had made a great pet of Bessie, and gave substantial aid to the young couple in commencing housekeeping, quite apart from the £500 earned by Tom in connection with the missing deed.

Uncle Keckwidge gave the bride away, and has gradually become quite reconciled to Tom, whom he regards as a man of unlimited wealth, acquired (as is still his firm conviction) by his having found and restored to its lawful owner, a one-eyed terrier, answering to the name of Bob.

— A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answereth the rap snatches in his sleeve, and looesth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down thyself, or the boys will love as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-sheets, for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand.

Poor George could not say a word; but his red face and angry look told the whole story.

"Boys," said Miss Adams, "it has not been very kind in you to distract George, when he was filling my place."

"We thought 'would be good for him,"

whispered a bold fellow on the front seat.

George went to his seat and put his head down upon his desk and secretly brushed some hot tears away from his eyes.

That was six weeks ago, and never since has George behaved badly in school. It was a dreadful experience for him; but it took some of the mischief out of him. He is on the best of terms with his teacher, who told me about this incident; and has already learned as far as the nines in multiplication-table.—*The Independent.*

— A fellow in a cattle show, where he made himself conspicuous by his bluster, cried out: "Call these prize cattle! Why, they ain't nothing to what our folks raised!"

My father raised the biggest calf of any round our parts. "No doubt of it," said a by-stander, "and the noisiest."

— Printer's ink is an excellent moth preventative; so wrap up articles in newspapers when to be laid away.

— Colorado has a mine called "The Printer's Devil," owned by four reporters.

## Miscellaneous.

## A FROLIC THAT WAS NOT FUNNY.

George Emery is my nephew. He isn't exactly the kind of boy I would like for my nephew; yet he is not a bad fellow. His mother calls him her "precious boy;" a noble fellow with just a little naughtiness; but I hear that some people do not think so well of him.

Reports have reached us that he does not behave in school as a little gentleman ought to. The truth is, George is more fond of fun than study; and, worse yet, he has no reverence—that is, he has no respect for those who are older and wiser than himself. That, my children, is a very bad lack. If you have no reverence in your characters, you are very poor, though your fathers may be worth millions of dollars.

How I know that George has no reverence is because one day I heard him say to a white-haired old gentleman, who asked him the way to some place,—"Follow your nose, old fellow, and you'll get there." His mother insisted he must have said "Follow the road;" but I heard very distinctly, and George did not deny saying "old fellow," though he tried to get around the "nose." This shook my faith in George, and I resolved to inquire into the stories I had heard about his conduct in school. I am sorry to say I learned that he threw spit-balls at his schoolmates, and pinned papers on their coats, and marked their backs with chalk, and tipped them when they passed him; and talked aloud in a low growling way, to disturb the school; and that his teacher had been so tormented by him she had not only scolded and punished him, but even threatened to expel him.

I asked George about these things. "It was all just so," he said; "but school was so dull, and he wanted some fun. He didn't care a fig," he said, "for Miss Adams, (his teacher).

"But you ought to care to please her," I said. "She is trying to do a great deal for you."

"I know I ought to; but I don't, and I can't and I won't."

I will tell you confidently, reader, that George was twelve years old, he did know his multiplication-table, he read readily, and his spelling was about as bad as spelling can be. In a note he wrote he spelled "bute" as "bute," school "school," sister "cister," and any "eney," boat he spelled "bote," says "sex," and sugar "shuger."

So I said to him:—"George, the reason you spell so badly and can't learn the multiplication-table is because in school you study mischievous, instead of your lessons."

"I tell you aunt," said he, "I hate books. I hate good scholars. I like a fellow who isn't afraid to do a funny thing."

But one day something happened; something funny, which George did not forget. Miss Adams was called out from the school-room; and before leaving she said:

"I wish George Emery to take my place on the platform and keep order till I return."

George slunk down into his seat as far as he could, and wished there was a hole in the floor to let him through. He felt the eyes of all the school turned upon him. He heard the low snickering of his mates, and he knew they were all thinking: "The worst boy in school would make a pretty monitor!" But he began to feel that he was a coward, and that they would all call him one if he did not go; so he pulled himself out of his seat and waddled swaggeringly the platform and took the teacher's chair, trying to look as if he was master of the situation.

Miss Adams whispered a word to him and left the room. The girls bent their heads over their books, determined to be just as quiet and studious as if their teacher were present; but the boys had no such intention. In a moment spitballs began to fly across the room and even at George's head; and there was low laughter all through the room among the boys. Then they talked aloud and whistled, and the spit-balls grew faster and thicker.

Poor George! He felt as if he would go through the floor. First he thought he would take no notice of the disturbance; but the noise grew louder. Then he thought he would leave the room, but that would be cowardly—he was ashamed to do that. Then he thought he would beg them to be quiet, but he remembered how many times Miss Adams had begged him to do the same.

He stepped to the gangway and made a dive before anyone could prevent. The boat was stopped, life-preservers thrown out, and after hard work, the man was hauled aboard. The captain seized him, braced him against the cabin, and, shaking his fist under the boat's nose, exclaimed:

"Look-a-here, you miserable, sinful man, I've been put to ten dollars' trouble trying to collect your five-cent fare! After this it is understood that you are always to ride free, and if you offer to pay fare I'll lick you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

— You said put to ten dollars' trouble trying to collect your five-cent fare! After this it is understood that you are always to ride free, and if you offer to pay fare I'll lick you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

— Look-a-here, you miserable, sinful man, I've been put to ten dollars' trouble trying to collect your five-cent fare! After this it is understood that you are always to ride free, and if you offer to pay fare I'll lick you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

NO. 38.

## Musical.

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PLEASANT STREET, WOBURN.  
160

F. H. LEWIS

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## Business Cards.

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Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best  
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caring for parties, the Central House will be found to  
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Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
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## Journal Club Column

## THE PIN.

Only a pin, yet it calmly lay,  
On the tufted floor in the light of day;  
And it shone serenely fair and bright,  
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy, yet he saw that pin,  
And his face assumed a floundish grim;  
He stooped for awhile with look intent  
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair, but upon its seat  
A well-bent pin found safe retreat;  
Nor had the keenest eye discerned  
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop  
Upon that chair, when fizz-bang pop!  
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,  
And opened wide his valve de throat.

Only a yell; though an honest one,  
It lacked the element of fun;  
And boy, man, and chair,  
In wild confusion mingled there.

We have the following, upon the authority of one of the parties: The late Samuel Bowles was one day talking with a noted divine of the Connecticut Valley, when he asked the parson if he delivered a new sermon every Sunday. The parson said that he must plead guilty to going to the "barrel" occasionally. Bowles then asked how many sermons he had in his barrel. The parson replied, "Eight hundred." "Well," said Bowles, "I will have that put in the next arithmetic, 'Eight hundred sermons make one barrel,'—but, by the way, parson, should be put in the table of long or dry measure?"

A lady, not accustomed to raising poultry, set a hen on some eggs, and, in due course of time, a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend coming in four days afterward, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply, "why, I thought the hen nursed them."

An Irishman discharged an over-loaded gun at a rabbit. Having been knocked senseless, as he recovered and rose from the ground and saw the nimble rabbit making off over the hill exclaimed, "Faith and if y'd been at my end of the gun, you wouldn't be scampering about in that way, sure."

As a party of ladies and gentlemen were climbing to the top of a high church tower one hot day a gentleman remarked, "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined, "Yes, persipal," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.

Says the Boston *Advertiser*:—A certain young lady who was a little behind-hand in her summer out-fit surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up, she said because she had no little hat-yet.

If there is one thing that will disgust a man with woodcock hunting, it is to mount an old stump, while intently scanning the horizon in search of game, to awaken to the stern reality that a colony of red ants has taken possession of his trouser-legs.

"What are you doing there with that basin of water? Don't you know you'll wet your clean waist?" said his mother. "That's all right," said six-year-old, as he threw a Lucifer into the water, "I'm only watching a swimming match."

A farmer who wished to enter some of his live stock at an agricultural exhibition, in the innocence of his heart, but with more truth in his words than he dreamed of, wrote to the committee, saying, "Enter me for one jackass."

A gentleman once said he should like to see a boat full of ladies set adrift on the ocean, to see what course they should steer. A lady in the room replied: "That's easy told; they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure."

Charles—Clara, did poor Carlo have a pink ribbon when you lost him? Clara—"Yes, yes, the poor little dear; have you seen him?" Charles—"No, not exactly, but there is a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage!"

A physician's little daughter, called upon for a toast, gave: "The health of papa and mamma and all the world." But she suddenly corrected the sentiment. "Not all the world, for then papa would have no patients."

The three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are, when he gets his first pair of red-top boots, when the girls first call him "Mister," and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.

At the close of the sermon, the minister became impressive. Raising his voice he said:—"Judgment!" and a small boy near the vestibule shouted:—"Out on first!"

Dignity becomes a man, but when your hat and a gentle zephyr have about a rod the start of you, dignity becomes of as little account as a last year's calendar.

A lame Somerville man was seen drinking cool water from a well, and being asked why he had no cane, replied, "I left Mystic at home."

We suppose that when a woman has all the pin money she wants, she has attained the pin-nickle of her happiness.

A Fourth street girl says she doesn't like archery, because she can have only one string to her bow. She isn't a flirt.

An advertisement in a California paper is signed "B. Beans." His front name is perhaps "Baked."

A young lady has written a book called "My Lovers." It begins, of course at Chap. I.

A man who declared himself to be intoxicated with music was considered airtight.

Song of the belles—Be flirtuous and you will be happy.

Tramps say there's arrest for the weary.

What the wild waves say: "Let us spray."

*Continued from first page.*  
it now seemed as if the light had gone out of the world.

But if it was hard for Captain Baker to remain at home before this tragedy had overtaken him, it was still harder now. Everything reminded him of his lost son, and of the blasted hopes which had centred around him. Although ten years seemed to have been added to his age, and a slight uncertainty seemed to some to have altered the firm tread of his massive frame, yet to the outside world he preserved a steady, almost cheerful demeanor. But the sea drew him again with a strange, irresistible influence, with the glamour of a witch.

"I can't live this way, mother; I must take another 'v'y'ge, even if I don't never come back here again."

Not only did Mrs. Baker not hinder his going, but she decided to go with him; whatever be the fate before him, she would share it, and, great as was her sorrow, she knew that his was in some sort increased by the shadow of self-accusing remorse, a self-blame not wholly unnatural for a calamity which it was out of his power to prevent. Leaving their daughter and Lucy May in their house with a maiden aunt who had been invited to make her come there during absence, the faithful pair, at an age when most people are laying aside the burdens of life, sailed once more on the rough, treacherous ocean which so emphatically symbolized the troublous life of man. The gossips of the Cape, with a knowing shake of the head and pursed-up lips, acknowledged to a presentiment that he would never return, that this was destined to be his last voyage, notwithstanding that he asserted with a grim smile that he was heading for the Cape of Good Hope this time, which was true enough; for, as if to renew the days of early manhood, Captain Baker now took command of the "Dhulip Singh" for Calcutta, the port to which his voyages were made.

The voyage out was unattended by any unusual incidents. The ship reached the Hooghly in safety, and, having discharged her cargo and reloaded, she started for home. If the outward voyage had often seemed monotonously melancholy to the old sailor and his wife, oppressed by the weight of their loss and the blasting of their hopes, the homeward voyage was more hopeless, for they felt, if they did not shape their thoughts in words, that the blank dreariness of their home on their return to it would tend to re-open the heart-wounds but partially healed. Gradually the "Dhulip Singh" ploughed her way across the Indian Ocean toward the Cape of Good Hope. She had escaped the violent gales which accompany the change of monsoons, and was running before a very fresh and favorable and seemingly steady breeze on the quarter, and it was hoped that she would weather the Cape and take the southeast trades without meeting any heavy gales. But it was otherwise ordained. Having taken his afternoon nap, Captain Baker got and took a look at her scuppers, wallowing helplessly in the sea, and her end was fast approaching. Help had come to her crew just as she was about to go from under them and leave them adrift on the waste of ocean; nor was it safe for the boat to linger alongside, lest it should be sucked down by the whirling vortex caused by the death-throes of the foundering ship, liable to occur at any moment. A number of the "Rothsay's" crew had been washed off in the hurricane, and one, who had been maimed by falling spars, was already lying on the board, and was gently transferred to the boat, which then shov'd off. When it was midway between the two ships the "Rothsay" was almost down to her scuppers, wallowing helplessly in the sea, and her end was fast approaching. 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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

NO. 39.

## Musical.

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TEACHER of the PIANO.

RESIDENCE:  
PLEASANT STREET, WOBURN.  
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Miss A. A. Campbell,  
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PIANO FORTE,  
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Catering on the most satisfactory terms a  
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Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on  
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TAILOR,  
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Having had many years experience as a Tailor,  
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in the country, he offers his services to the citizens  
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all  
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At the Lowest Prices.

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Local Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange  
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OFF BEACH STREET, very pleasantly located

Inquire of J. B. McDONALD.

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FOR VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LIMBS, ETC.

The relief given by these in cases where such troubles exist is incalculable. Many that ought to wear them put off their use until ulcers form, when had they been worn in time, such decidedly unpleasant result would have been avoided. A few days ago we fitted a pair to a man who has suffered terribly over eight years with swollen limbs, and he has experienced the greatest relief from them.

Another case fitted was a man who neglected getting one, a sore formed and he was confined to his room for months.

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John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
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Advertisers retain their copy of a line. The subscriber's name on this paper, short to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1879.

### INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Page	Col. No.
Woburn By-Laws,	2
J. C. Buck & Co.,	3
Young Republican Club,	2
Hancock's Clothing House,	3
Fred. L. Lovell,	3
Men's Wanted,	3
Mortgagee's Sale—Simonds,	2
" "	2
" "	2
Administrator's Sale,	3
Grand Concert Party,	3
C. A. Smith & Son,	3

### TESTIMONIAL TO MR. PIERCE.

The following correspondence will explain itself, and will be of interest to every one of the citizens, all of whom are under obligation to Mr. Pierce, who has always generously responded whenever his services were solicited:—

WOBURN, Sept. 20th, 1879.

Mr. Elmore A. Pierce. Dear Sir:—Recognizing the talent and ability you have manifested as a public reader, and wishing to show to you our appreciation of your generously and unselfishly, at so many public and social entertainments, during the last two years, we respectfully tender you a Testimonial Concert to be given at such time and place as may suit your convenience.

John Cummings, Chas. Choate, Wm. T. Grammer, T. Marvin Parker, Nathan Weyman, Thomas H. Hill, Edward Mills, Chas. D. Adams, Charlie A. Jones, John Johnson, John L. Parker, John Clough, Jacob Brown, G. R. Gage, J. P. Roby, Frederic A. Flint, Frank A. Partridge, E. N. Blake, Geo. H. Conn, J. W. Hammond, M. S. Seeley, C. A. Smith, F. S. Burgess, C. H. Buss, C. Willard Smith, W. S. Cushing, N. J. Simonds, S. Frank Trull, Huntington Porter, P. E. Bancroft, John W. Johnson, F. H. Lewis, Jos. B. McDonald, Parker L. Converse, C. E. Cooper, Arthur W. Palmer, Frank B. Dodge, Horace J. Allen, Alexander Ellis.

WOBURN, Sept. 25, 1879.

Friends:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your very complimentary letter, and be sure you have my heart-felt thanks and grateful recognition of the high compliment which so many of my townsmen have chosen to confer on me in tendering me a testimonial concert.

I hasten to accept the honor so kindly intended, and will appoint Lyceum Hall as the place for holding the proposed concert, which will be given within a fortnight.

Sincerely yours,  
ELMORE A. PIERCE.

CAT AND SQUIRRELS.—At the house of William Shea, on Salem street, may be witnessed the curious spectacle of four young squirrels and a kitten nursing a cat. The squirrels were captured when very young with their mother who afterwards escaped. The owner realizing that they would die without their natural nourishment, ventured to put them into the nest of a cat which had but one kitten. The cat accepted the trust, and has thus far proved a faithful mother of the happy family.

PROF. WM. H. CLARKE.—The many Woburn friends of Prof. Clarke the popular organist and composer, will have an opportunity once again to listen to his masterly performance upon the organ, at the Congregational Church, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 1st. The mere mention of the fact, doubtless, will be sufficient to call together large numbers who have been charmed by his superior playing, in days gone by.

FLAGS.—The Butler flag was thrown to the breeze at half past ten o'clock Thursday morning, without ceremony. The rope from which it hangs is stretched from the roof of the wing of the Central House to the roof of Witcher's Block. A staff has been put up in the rear of Wade Block, and a cable stretched across to Masonic Hall, from which the Republican flag will be flung out next week.

FISH MARKET.—Mr. Fred F. Lowell well known to our citizens as one of our most enterprising young men, who has had some years experience in the business, has opened at 232 Main street, where a full stock of fish and oysters of the best quality will be found at the lowest prices. Give him a call.

M. R. A.—The fall meeting of the Mass. Rifle Association at Walnut Hill will be held Oct. 9 and 10. There will be three matches divided as follows:—First, State team match, open to teams of five from all organized rifle associations in Massachusetts; second, short range handicap match, open to all comers; third, long range handicap match, open to all comers. The success of the meetings of this association thus far will warrant all who wish to attend in expecting a day of real pleasure in this much needed practice which has gained largely in public attention within the short time that ranges have been established.

RAILROAD INSPECTION.—The officials of the Boston and Lowell Railroad made a part of their annual survey of the road last Tuesday. Leaving Boston at 10, A. M., in a special car, they visited Mystic Wharf, Lexington, Bedford, Concord, and Woburn. The car arrived at Woburn at 4.25. Among the party were Manager Hosford, Supt. W. M. Parker and his successor Mr. Hobart, Railroad Commissioners Judge Abbott, Judge Russell, and Kingsley, Col. John H. George, counsel for the road; Gov. Talbot, and Directors J. T. Coolidge, Morey and Burke. After a stay of some twenty minutes, the party left at 4.45 for Stowham. Wednesday they were to go to Salem, Lawrence, and Lowell.

CAMBRIDGE STREET.—The County Commissioners were in town on Wednesday and gave a view and hearing on Cambridge St., which it is proposed to widen to fifty feet, and straighten at some sharp corners.

NEW GOODS.—Read the advertisement of J. C. Buck & Co., who are offering a full stock of Fall and Winter clothing at the very lowest prices. Although their advertisement is the last on the next page, they are not the least among the dealers in their line of goods.

WANTED.—A boy at the Journal office, to learn the printing trade.

W. C. JACKSON'S CHAW.—Chaw Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

### THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

It no doubt frequently happens that persons wish to be informed on matters pertaining to books or to library administration when it is not convenient to ask for the information in the hurry of library hours. To give the fullest opportunity for communication between the public and the library, the Committee has had a box placed in front of the delivery desk, where letters can be deposited. Any suggestions with regard to the purchase of books not in the library, inquiries as to the full contents of volumes very briefly noted in the catalogue, or criticisms on library methods and regulations will receive attention. To meet the views of some who have expressed a desire to have the Reading Room kept open to a later hour, the Committee has decided to make the hour of closing, 9 P. M. instead of 8. The change will take place on the first of October. It should be noted that the new arrangement applies only to the Reading Room and to the same evenings on which the library is now open. The time for book delivery will terminate as heretofore (except on Saturdays) at 8 P. M. Since the opening of the Fall term of the public schools, the co-operation between them and the library has fairly begun to show itself. Pupils from the High and other schools are daily visiting the library in search of matter relating to their studies. The large number of volumes to be found there on historical and literary subjects, and the great variety of Cyclopedias and other books of reference give a better opportunity for the students to illustrate and broaden their technical lessons of the class room than they ever had before. This is one of the best fields in which a public library can work, and the indications are that it will be well cultivated here. To familiarize the scholars with the contents of the library, the committee has had a catalogue sent through the Superintendent to each of the school rooms in town.

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GRAND ARMY CONVENTION.—The Posts of the Grand Army in Middlesex County, held a convention at Tyng's Island, in the Merrimac River, on Tuesday. This is a lovely spot about six miles up the river from Lowell, well adapted for picnic purposes. The veterans assembled at Jackson Hall, Lowell, at half past eleven o'clock, and by courtesy of the Horseshoe Railroad Supt., free transportation was given to the steamer landing above the Pawtucket Dam. Before embarking on the "Pinafore," the party was shown over the elegant new boat house of the Vesper Club, by Comrade H. Arthur Webster. We found the captain of the "Pinafore" Captain E. B. Pierce, who by the way is also President of the Lowell Common Council, ready to make his guests entirely at home, and a right good captain too. The sail up the river was delightful, and when the steamer made fast to the bank, and the veterans landed, all were loud in their praises of the island. It contains 52 acres of land, several shady groves, a cook house and dancing hall, and is one of the best places for a camp that could be selected. The convention was held in the dancing hall, and was called to order by the President, Gen. M. B. Lakeman, of Malden. In the absence of the Secretary, E. W. Thompson, of Post 42, was chosen secretary pro tem. Comrade John A. G. Richardson, Mayor of Lowell, was invited to a seat on the platform, where were also, Comrades Ex-Mayor Stott, and J. P. Maxfield of Lowell, and Col. W. T. Grammer of Woburn. Thirteen Posts were represented by 31 delegates. A committee of three, Comrade P. A. Lindsey, of 30, J. A. G. Richardson, of 42, and G. A. Goodale, of 66 were chosen to select a board of officers for the ensuing year. They reported the following, and their report was accepted and adopted:—President, J. P. Maxfield, of Post 42, of Lowell; Vice President, W. T. Grammer, 33, of Woburn; Secretary, E. W. Thompson, 42, Lowell; Treasurer, R. B. Wight, 63, of Natick; Executive Committee, M. B. Lakeman, 40, Malden, T. H. Hill, 33, Woburn; Granville C. Fiske, 18, Ashland, John S. Beck, 66, Medford, John Kinnear, 30, Cambridgeport. Remarks were made in relation to an Encampment, by Comrades Pierce, Goodale, Kinnear, Fiske and Stott. It was voted that a circular be sent by the Executive Committee, to each Post asking their sentiment in regard to choice between an encampment and a parade. Voted that the secretary be authorized to send cards, containing a printed list of the Officers of the Association to each Post in the County. Voted, that it is inexpedient to hold either a parade or an Encampment this year. Voted, that it is the sense of the Convention that the Middlesex County Posts have an Encampment in the year 1880, at Tyng's Island, and that the arrangements be left to the Executive Committee. Adjourned for a collation. A fine collation was served by Comrade James, and after dinner speeches were made by Mayor Richardson, Ex-Mayor Stott, Colonel Lindsey, Colonel Grammer, General Lakeman, President of the Common Council Pierce, Major Maxfield and others. The comrades are under great obligations to Comrades Pierce and James, to Superintendent Chase of the H. R. R., and to the Vesper Club, for the courtesy of examining their beautiful quarters. That these obligations were appreciated was evident from the hearty cheers of the old "Vets." Tyng's Island is favorably located for an encampment, and the comrades can be rationed, there for 60 cents a day. The transportation would not be expensive, and a three days encampment some time next summer would be a splendid thing for all who should participate. The following comrades were present on Tuesday:—Post 14, Edwin A. Newton, Nathaniel Sweet, Woodville; Post 18, W. D. Cole, G. C. Fiske, Ashland; Post 29, M. N. Stevens, Waltham; Post 30, P. A. Lindsey, John Kinnear, Cambridge; Post 33, W. T. Grammer, J. L. Parker, T. H. Hill, Woburn; Post 40, Wm. H. Earl, M. B. Lakeman, Malden; Post 42, J. A. G. Richardson, A. C. Stott; J. P. Maxfield, Albert Pindar, J. S. Grush, H. W. Allen, E. W. Thompson, Wm. H. Hayes, E. B. Peirce, H. Arthur Webster, Lowell; Post 48, Augustus Lovejoy, Ayer; Post 56, Edmund Miles, D. T. Dugig, Cambridge; Post 63, Frank P. Simonds, R. B. Wight, Natick; Post 66, George L. Goodale, John S. Beck, Medford; Post 75, J. F. Berry, W. H. Morrow, Wm. Daniels, Stoneham.

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Fruit and Vegetables.—Judges in Fruit, Jonathan Carter, Otisnial Eames and Gilman Gowling. Best collection of apples, H. Allen Sheldon, \$1.50; second best, Charles W. Swain, \$1; best plate, porter apples, J. A. Shepard 50 cents; best plate Baldwin apples, C. W. Swaine, 50 cents; best collection of pears, O. A. Shepard, \$1.50; second best, Dr. Hiller, 50 cents; best collection of peaches, O. A. Carter, \$1; second best, Horace Sheldon, \$1; best plate of pears, H. A. Sheldon, 50 cents; best collection of cranberries, Jerry Doucet, \$1; second best, Dr. Hiller, 50 cents; best collection of peaches, O. A. Carter, \$1; second best, Nathan O. Eames, 50 cents.

Best Cultivated Half Ace Field Corn.—Judges, Allen Sheldon, Otisnial Eames and Ois C. Buck. Second best, Geo. Walker, \$4. Best cultivated 4 acre of potatoes, same judges, Geo. T. Eames, \$2.

Plowing Match.—Judges, Edward A. Carter, George T. Eames and Thomas A. Bancroft. Best plowing with single team, Ed. Eames, \$5; second best, H. A. Sheldon, \$4; third best, William H. Carter, \$2. Spading Match.—Judges, Frank Morris, W. S. Marsh, Stephen Bodwell and Fred. M. Carter. Best spading, Asa G. Sheldon, \$2; second best, Eugene Shaw, \$1.

Wheelbarrow Race.—Judges, Warren Parker, James Nichols and Clifford Pearson. Best in wheelbarrow race, Asa G. Sheldon, \$1; second best, Frank Kildner, 50 cents.

Potato Race.—Judges, Arthur O. Buck, Arthur B. Eames and Arthur W. Eames. Best in potato race, Arthur McDonald, \$1; second best, Nathan O. Eames, 50 cents.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

### EVERETT STREET, Sept. 25th, 1879.

" Isn't it most time to hear from the Everett street statesman?"—Wob. Ade.

Most certainly.

Did you hear the call from Faneuil Hall, By Aspinwall and Abbott; That cockatrice which they hatched twice, For you to ride and have it.

Oh! Mark, the joy of all the fays, To see you on it mounted; When the faithful fowls that stick to you, Will stand while they are counted.

Poor blind Bacchus lit your caunes, With a Loco-focus; Then came Saul, with his black pall, And guilty "Antiochus."

Such whiggy tricks to Uncle Ben, Is anything but gracious, Because he swears and wish them where?—Why! in Topet's prison spacious.

My advice to you, and the faithful few, Remember what you're doing; Let your count run shorter than it ought, When next Spring's birds are wooing.

Och! gra-ma-ree be said by me, And come to this intention, Give up your blantan carbон thrash, And sturdy erudition.

" EVERETT ST. STATESMAN."

ACCIDENTS.—On Monday Joseph J. Knox, at work on a house on Salem street, fell into the cellar, and injured himself internally. On Tuesday George Waugh, a carpenter at work for Stewart, cut himself on the forehead with a hatchet, as he was coming down stairs.

WINCHESTER.

BASE BALL.—The High School Boys beat Picked Nine, on the Common, last Saturday, by a score of 12 to 10.

JUDGE Churchill has found a verdict in the George White case, and exonerated the flagman but condemns the crossing.

Superintendent Parker, of the B. & L. R. R., retires next Wednesday, and will be succeeded by Mr. Arthur A. Hobart.

INDEPENDENT CLUB.—A call is out for a meeting of Independents, to form a club, next Saturday evening.

ACCEPTED.—Rev. Mr. Seymour has accepted the call to the Congregational church, and read his letter of resignation to his Newbury charge last Sunday.

PEDESTRIANISM.—We have received the following:—

MONTVALE, Sept. 25, 1879.

I hereby accept the challenge of Frank M. Nowell, of Winchester, to run my race, which I will find on any evening at the residence of Francis E. Maze, on Washington Street, to appoint time and place, and make required forfeit.

Yours truly,

DANIEL F. PORTER.

ROMBERY.—Sometime between Saturday night and Monday morning, the millinery store of Miss Evelyn F. Whitney, was broken into, and all of her most valuable goods, several hundred dollars worth, were stolen. The thieves gained an entrance through a rear window by forcing it up with a chisel, breaking the catch. The ribbons, laces, gloves &c., were taken from the boxes, and a rich booty secured. The robbers evidently knew what was the most valuable and made their selection accordingly. The Selectmen promptly offered a reward, and are doing everything in their power to secure the burglars. Miss Whitney has suffered in the same manner several times before, and has the sympathy of the community.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.—S. T. Sanborn, Esq., of Winchester, has had on exhibition at his home on Church street, a superb specimen of this wonderful plant in its highest state of perfection. The plant was reared by Mr. Sanborn, and has shown this season eleven of its beautiful flowers, eight of which were in bloom at the same time, displaying most gorgeously their delicately tinted pistil, their countless stamens tipped with golden pollen, and their graceful curving corolla. The Night-blooming Cereus, as our readers are aware, is one of the cactus family. It is native of the West Indies and the northern part of South America. Its fragrant and beautiful flowers begin to open in the evening, and are quite closed and faded before morning. The petals are white, set in a calyx of golden yellow, enclosing a vast number of re-curved stamens and opening not unfrequently to a diameter of nine to twelve inches.

WILMINGTON.

THE ANNUAL FAIR.—Wilmington put on a gala day appearance last Friday, on the occasion of the annual town fair, and gave a hearty welcome to the hundreds of visitors from other towns. The attendance was larger than at any previous fair, and the church was never so full. The exhibit hall was unusually fine as to fancy and artistic work, and the show of vegetables was good. Mrs. Dr. Hiller exhibited 61 varieties; there was a box of 52 potatoes which weighed 604 pounds. It is estimated that 3,000 persons were in attendance at the fair. The address by Mrs. Dr. Hiller, was the chief attraction, the church being crowded with persons anxious to hear what she knew about farming. We give the address in full on our first page, and it will be found well worthy of perusal.

After the short speeches were made by Hon. W. A. Russell, Representative in Congress from the Seventh District, Hon. N. W. Fye, of Lowell, A. C. Varnum, Esq., of Lowell, Major Emery, of Lawrence, Major Ladd, of Lowell, W. B. Harris, of Woburn, and others. The Woburn Band entertained the excitements with some first-class music. The following is a list of premiums:—

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Fruit and Vegetables.—Judges in Fruit, Jonathan Carter, Otisnial Eames and Gilman Gowling. Best collection of apples, H. Allen Sheldon, \$1.50; second best, Charles W. Swain, \$1; best plate, porter apples, J. A. Shepard 50 cents; best plate Baldwin apples, C. W. Swaine, 50 cents; best collection of pears, O. A. Shepard, \$1.50; second best, Dr. Hiller, 50 cents; best collection of peaches, O. A. Carter, \$1; second best, Horace Sheldon, \$1; best plate of pears, H. A. Sheldon, 50 cents; best collection of cranberries, Jerry Doucet, \$1; second best, Dr. Hiller, 50 cents; best collection of peaches, O. A. Carter, \$1; second best, Nathan O. Eames, 50 cents.

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